

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
WESTERN PARTS OF ENGLAND,
RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A FEW REMARKS ON THE PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES
OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, M. A.
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN
NEW FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

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1798.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY ADDINGTON,
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH your inquiries and pursuits have always been of a much higher nature than the subject of these papers, yet I take the liberty of presenting them to you, as I am persuaded you do not disapprove in others, what the rigid economy of your own time will not suffer you to pursue with much attention yourself.

My book would gladly, however, still offer itself to your notice, from some little personal affinity. It describes a country, through which you

have often travelled; and in which your property chiefly lies.

But if this plea have less weight, it hath one more, from which it hath a better hope of procuring a favourable reception. The profits of it are intended to lay the foundation of a little fund, which you, my dear Sir, and a few other kind friends, have obligingly engaged to countenance at some future period.

As to the book itself, it has lain by me these twenty years, in which time it ought to have gained—and I hope it has gained—some little advantage. One advantage is, that I have had opportunities of adorning several of the scenes it describes, with contrasts taken from other countries, which have occasionally fallen in my way. It was always a particular amusement to myself,

DEDICATION.

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self, and I hope it may be also to others, to see how *variously* Nature works up the *same modes* of scenery, in different parts of the world.

At the same time, so long a date hath occasioned some little anachronisms. I met with a few improvements in different places, of later date than the body of the work itself. These indeed I might have inserted in notes; but I thought the occasion did not require much chronological exactness, and therefore blended them with the text.

After all, my dear Sir, to tell you the plain truth, in my address to you, I consider my book only as a vehicle. The fact is, I had the vanity to wish it known, that I could call one of the most amiable and respectable men I am acquainted with, my friend: and I hope you will excuse my not communicating

nicating to you this piece of vanity, as I had determined to indulge what I feared you might wish to repress.

I beg, dear Sir, you will believe me to be, with the truest esteem, respect, and affection,

Your most obedient, and

obliged humble servant,

WILL. GILPIN.

VICAR'S-HILL,

April 23, 1798.

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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
WESTERN PARTS OF ENGLAND.

S E C T. I.

OUR road led us first to Epsom through Nonfuch-park. The very vestiges of the splendid palace and sumptuous gardens of Nonfuch, where Henry VIII. and Elizabeth held their royal revelries, cannot now be traced; except here and there, in the form of a canal, or a terrace. Impressions made upon the *ground itself*, are commonly more lasting than any of the *works of art*, which are constructed on its surface. They are generally more enormous; and the materials of no value. Thus we have numberless tumuli—intrenchments—mounds—and ditches, of Roman and Saxon construction, which will probably see as many ages as they have already seen: while

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the architectural remains of those nations are either gone, or falling fast into ruin. The ruin however of Nonfuch had an earlier date than happens to most great houses. The prudent foresight of the duchess of Cleveland, to whom Charles II. presented it, was the cause of its speedy dissolution. She feared a resumption, and pulling it in pieces, sold the materials. It is somewhat remarkable that her father, Lord Francis Villiers, one of the handsomest men of his time, was killed, in the preceding reign, in a skirmish with a party of Cromwell's forces, on this very spot.

But though the building of Nonfuch was splendid, and the gardens sumptuous beyond any of the royal houses of that time, the situation has little merit. At this day, a situation is generally the first point attended to, as indeed it ought, in building a grand house; but formerly the very worst situations seem to have been chosen; as if on purpose to shew the triumphs of art over nature. Indeed our ancestors had little taste for the beauties of nature; but conceived beauty to reside chiefly in the expensive conceits and extravagances of art; in which this palace particularly abounded. The body of the edifice formerly stood in a field,

field, across the road, opposite to a little farm, now known by the name of the *Cherry-garden*. If it had been carried a quarter of a mile higher, where a detached building appendant upon it, called the *banqueting-room*, formerly stood, its situation would have been much better. It might have commanded a view over a country, which is in some parts pleasing.

Of the numerous appendages of this sumptuous pile, nothing remains but a house, now modernized, which is said to have been formerly the habitation of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour. In the garden was a large chalk-pit, containing about an acre of ground, which has been planted, and formed into a pleasing little sequestered scene by Mr. Whately, late secretary to the treasury, who wrote *Observations on Modern Gardening*. His brother now possesses that estate, which was formerly the demesne of the palace.

From Nonsuch we pass through Ewel to Epsom. Ewel is chiefly remarkable for a copious spring of limpid water, which arising in several parts of the village, forms itself into a

considerable stream. The baths collected from it, are chill, and pure in a great degree. Epsom hath been described by the pen of Toland; who exercised the powers of a wanton imagination with more innocence on this subject, than on many others. All that can now be said of it with truth (and it is *now* much improved since the days of Toland) is, that it is a large pleasant village, built in the form of a crescent, in an open country; and that it contains a few elegant houses. Of these the most remarkable is a house belonging to the late Lord Baltimore; though it is now neglected, and the park thrown into farms.

The chief recommendation of Epsom, is its situation on the skirts of that open country, called Banstead-downs, celebrated for hunting, racing, cricket-matches, and mutton. These downs consist of beautiful sweeps of intersecting grounds; disfigured indeed here and there by a chalky soil, but adorned with rich and very picturesque distances.

On these downs stands a hunting-seat of Lord Derby's, called the *Oaks*; which that nobleman

bleman brought into repute (for it was formerly an inn) by a very expensive summer-evening entertainment, which he gave upon his marriage. General Burgoyne celebrated both the place and the occasion, in a small dramatic piece, called the *Maid of the Oaks*.

Though this little villa is whimsical and singular, it has its beauty. It commands about twenty acres, in an oblong form. In the centre stands the house, which is a kind of tower; but yet unfinished. One half of the ground is laid out in close walks, winding among *oaks*, from whence the place has its name: the other is a hanging lawn, interspersed with fir, flowering shrubs, and beeches. The oaks are ordinary; and the firs scarcely yet half-grown; but some of the beeches are of the grandest form. The whole is surrounded by a sunk fence; and like an enchanted island in a desert, appears a beautiful spot from every part of the downs in its neighbourhood; and has itself a grand view over them, as far as the towers of London.

From Epsom we proceeded to Leatherhead, skirting Lord Suffolk's park at Ashted: which

is a pleasant scene, including a great variety of ground, and some fine oaks and elms, within a walled circumference of about two miles. The house is not grand; but compact, and comfortable*.

* The house is now rebuilt. Sir Robert Howard, in Charles the Second's time, was the architect of the old house, which I thought, having often seen it, a very good one.

S E C T. II.

AT Leatherhead, instead of continuing along the great road to Guilford, we turned short on the left, to take a view of Mr. Lock's house at Norbury-park; which stands about half-way between that town and Dorking, on the banks of the Mole. Nothing in these parts is so well worth a traveller's attention.

The beauties of the Mole itself deserve but little commendation. It is a lazy stream; and sinking into the ground in some places, leaves its channel dry, in drougthy seasons. Its banks, however, are beautiful in various parts; but in no part more so than where Mr. Lock's woods and lawns rise loftily above them.

On entering the gate from the road, and passing the Mole, we wind round the hill on the right towards the house, which stands on the summit,

summit, removed from the sight, as we approach it; though from various parts of the country it is a conspicuous object.

Among other wood, which adorns this ascent, is a profusion of box. This plant grows here in full luxuriance, in its native uncultivated state; marking the road on the right with great beauty. A regular clipped box-wood hedge is an object of deformity: but growing wildly, as it does here, and winding irregularly, at different distances, along the road, it is very ornamental. The box itself also is a pleasing object: in winter it harmonizes with the ground; and, in summer, with the woods, which surround it. Box has a mellow, a more varied, and a more accommodating tint, than any ever-green. One other circumstance of advantage attends it. Almost every species of shrub, in a few years, outgrows its beauty. If the knife be not freely and frequently used, it becomes bare at the bottom; its branches dispart, and it rambles into a form too diffuse for its station. But box-wood long preserves its shape: and in the wild state in which we found it here, is far from regular; though its branches, which are never large, are close and

and compact. I should, however, mention holly, as having all the picturesque qualities of box, except the variety of its tints. But in the room of these it throws out its beautiful clusters of coral berries, which have a pleasing effect among its dark green polished leaves. Like box it grows slowly, and alters leisurely.

After winding about a mile up the hill, we arrive at the house, which is encircled with groves of lofty, full-grown beech. The *back-front* (if I may be allowed an awkward expression for want of a better) overhangs the steep part of the hill; and commands, as you survey it from the windows of the house, a very grand vale; not like the winding rocky vales of a mountainous country, but such as we sometimes find (though rarely on so ample a scale) among the downy hills of a chalky soil; though here the chalk rarely offends. This vale is a flat area of cultivated ground, about five or six miles in length, and one in breadth. Sometimes indeed, though but rarely, it takes the form of a lake or bay of the sea; which it exactly resembles when it happens to be overspread by a thick white fog, such a fog as from its gravity,

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and the want of air to disturb it, sinks to a level like water; and like water also describes the prominences of the vale around the bases of the hills.

Generally indeed these heavy fogs are mischievous, when they float over sea-marshes, and other moist lands. A gentleman once fitted up a house near the coast of Suffolk, which was often subject to them. It stood on a small eminence, in the midst of a rich woody vale; the whole surrounded by hills. Here the fogs would sometimes appear, in an autumnal evening, winding along the vale like a river, and sometimes like a lake; not with that indistinct and vapourish surface which fogs commonly assume, but flat, clear, and transparent; forming distinctly all those little indentations which a water-line would have described. These beautiful exhibitions, though frequently presented, never failed to please. In the mean time the family were all seized with agues, fevers, and bilious disorders; and in three years found out, that these beautiful fogs were the cause of their complaints. When the master of the scene therefore had just gotten his house and grounds completed, he was constrained to leave them.

Norbury

Norbury park, however, is not subject to this beautiful mischief. It is but rarely that its vale is thus filled with a sleeping fog; and when it is, the house stands so proudly above it, that it despises its bad effects.

The side-screen of this vale, on the right, as you still survey it from the windows, consists of a downy hill, marked with various large irregular channels, and planted with ancient oak and beech. Through these woods, a walk is conducted along its sloping side; from whence you have descending views into the vale below: some of which seen through the spreading arms of an oak or a beech, as through the frame of a picture, have a pleasing effect.

The other side-screen of the vale consists of that boast of Surrey, the celebrated Box-hill; so called from the profusion of box which flourishes spontaneously upon it. This hill, from its downy back and precipitous sides, exhibits great variety of pleasing views into the lower parts of Surrey; and the higher parts of the neighbouring counties. But we have here only to do with it, as itself an object in a retiring scene; in which it fills its station with great beauty; discovering its shivering precipices, and downy hillocks, every where inter-

spersed with the mellow verdure of box, which is here and there tinged, as box commonly is, with red and orange.

This hill, and the neighbouring hills, on which this beautiful plant flourishes in such profusion, should be considered as making a part of the natural history of Britain. Affer, in his Life of Alfred the Great, tells us, that Berkshire had its name from a wood, *ubi buxus abundantissimè nascitur*. No trace of any such wood now remains: nor is there perhaps a single bush of indigenous box to be found in the whole country. All has been rooted up by the plough. If it were not therefore for the growth of box on the Surrey hills, whose precipitous sides refuse cultivation, it might perhaps be doubted, whether box were a native of England. As to the common tradition of the country, that it was planted by an earl of Arundel, it is certainly fabulous: for there are court rolls still existing, which mention *the box-wood on the bill*, before any such artificial plantation could have taken place*.

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* Insignificant as this shrub appears, it has been to its owner, Sir Henry Mildmay, a source of considerable profit. It is used chiefly in turning. But the ships from the Levant brought such quantities

The end-screen which shuts in the beautiful vale just described, consists of the range of hills beyond Dorking; and the rising grounds of Deepden; where in a clear day, a new house, built by the Duke of Norfolk, makes a conspicuous object. A little to the left of Dorking hills, the high grounds gradually falling, admit a distant catch of the South downs, which overhang the sea.

Such is the situation of this elegant villa; though, like all other situations, it hath its favourable and unfavourable lights. It is seen to most advantage in an evening. As the vale points almost directly south from the house, the west is on the right. In the evening therefore the woods of that screen are all in

quantities of it in ballast, that the wood on the hill could not find a purchaser; and not having been cut in 65 years, was growing in many parts cankered. But the war having diminished the influx of it from the Mediterranean, several purchasers began to offer: and in the year 1795 Sir Henry put it up to auction; and sold it for the immense sum of twelve thousand pounds. Box attains its full growth in about fifty years; in which time, if the soil be good, it will rise fifteen feet, and form a stem of the thickness of a man's thigh. The depredations made on Box hill, in consequence of this sale, will not much injure its picturesque beauty; as it will be twelve years in cutting, which will give each portion a reasonable time to renew its beauty.

shadow,

shadow, which is flung in one vast mass over the bosom of the vale : while the setting sun, having just touched the tops of the trees, as its rays pass over, throws a beautiful light on the guttered sides of Box-hill.

This view over the vale, (beautiful as it is,) is subject, however, to inconvenience. Every house should, if possible, overlook its *own domains*, as far at least as to remote distance. All the intermediate space, in which objects are seen more distinctly, may suffer great injury from the caprice of different proprietors : and, in fact, this view has, in two or three instances, suffered injury from the interference of neighbours. This is indeed one reason, among others, why noble palaces, with extensive property on every side, are most adapted to these commanding situations.

Norbury-house pretends only to comfort and convenience ; except in the drawing room, which is an object of great curiosity. It is an oblong of 30 feet by 24. The walls are covered with a hard and durable stucco, and are painted by Barret. The whole room represents a bower or arbour, admitting a *fictitious*
sky

sky through a large oval at the top, and covered at the angles with trellis-work, interwoven with honey-suckles, vines, clustering grapes, and flowering creepers of various kinds. The sides of the room are divided by slight painted pilasters, appearing to support the trellis roof; and open to four views. That towards the *south* is *real*, consisting of the vale inclosed by Box-hill, and the hills of Norbury, and Dorking, which hath been just described. The other three are *artificial*. Two of them, which are the two end-views, cover the whole sides of the room from the ceiling to the base.

The scene presented on the *west* wall, is taken from the lakes of Cumberland. It is an exact portrait of none of them; but a landscape formed from a collection of some of the happiest circumstances which belong to all. No real view could present so beautiful and complete a picture. A large portion of the lake, under a splendid calm, is spread before the eye, surrounded by mountains perfectly well shaped and stationed. Nature is not very nice in the moulds in which she commonly casts these enormous bodies; and as they have various

various forms of beauty, so have they of deformity ; but here we have some of the most pleasing shapes culled out, and beautifully grouped. Woods are scattered about every part, which give these scenes a greater richness than nature hath given to any of the lakes in Cumberland. The smaller ornaments also of buildings, figures, and boats are judiciously introduced, and have a good effect. All this scenery is contained in various removes of distance ; for no part of the lake comes close to the eye. The near ground is composed of bold rocks, and other rough surfaces, with which the banks of lakes commonly abound. Among these a wild torrent, variously broken, pours its waters under the surbase of the room, which intercepts it. This torrent the painter has managed so well, that its spirit and brilliancy produce no lights which interfere with the calm resplendency of the lake, but rather contrast it.

In describing this noble landscape, I have thus far considered it chiefly as a *whole*. But all its *parts* are equally excellent. On the foreground particularly are two birch-trees, which are painted with great beauty. The roots, the bark, and the foliage, are all admirable.

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The other grand landscape occupies the *eastern* wall of the room. It is, I think, inferior to that on the *west*; yet it is a noble work. The scene is sylvan, and the objects of course less grand. The foreground, where we admire particularly some beautiful trees, is tumbled about in various forms; but in the distance it sinks into a rich flat country, through which a sluggish stream, winding its course, discharges itself into the sea. The same observations might be made on this picture, which were made on the other, with regard to composition, and the judicious management of the several parts.

The *north* side of the room, opposite to the windows, offers two more landscapes; divided by the breast of the chimney; which is adorned with a pier-glass, let into the wall, and covered thick with a frame-work of honey-suckles, vines, wild-roses, and various creepers in flower; all painted with great beauty. These two pictures on the *north* are a continuation of the scene exhibited on the western wall, which they unite with the landscape on the *east*. Clustering vines, and wild flowers, form a frame-work to all these beautiful pictures, both at the base, and along the

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trellis-

trellis-work of the fides ; so as to give them the resemblance of being seen through the openings of the arbour.

With this *unity in the subjects* of these landscapes, the *light* also, and other *particulars* coincide. The *season* represented, is autumn. Every where round the room the year is in its wane. Each tree, and bush, is touched with its autumnal hue. The *time of the day* is about an hour before the sun sets, which, after a rainy afternoon, is breaking out from the watery clouds that are scattered before a gentle breeze, in too high a region of the air to affect the surface of the lake. The rainy clouds, which are broken in the *west*, hang heavy in the north ; and give a dark lurid tint to the lake below. In the *north-east angle*, a ray of sunshine, breaking through the gloom, gilds a castled cliff : but the clouds condensing again, fall in a heavy, though a partial shower on the landscape in the east.

As the sun is represented setting on the *western* side of the room, it is *supposed* to illumine the several objects in *all* the pictures ; and when the *natural hour* corresponds with the *hour represented*, there is a coincidence of *artificial* and *natural* light. All the landscape,
both

both within and without the room, appears illumined by the same sun. The union too between the *natural* and *artificial* landscape, is still farther assisted by a few straggling trees, which are planted before the windows, with a view to connect the picture with the *country*.

We dwell the longer on this curious and interesting room, as it is the only one of the kind perhaps in England. There is a room painted by the celebrated Gasper Pouffin, at the villa of Monte Dragone, near Rome, on a plan something like this; but Gasper has paid no attention to the union of the several *lights*, nor to the *characteristic agreement* of the several views.

Added to the house is another grand room, full of much curiosity. It was built by Mr. Lock, as a painting room for the amusement of his eldest son, whose genius, taste, and knowledge in painting contend with our best artists. This room is adorned with a rich collection of statues, models, casts, and bas-reliefs; all excellent in their kind: and an adjoining closet is filled with heads, hands, feet, trunks, and other parts of the human body; so that the whole together is a complete study for a painter.

Among the casts is a very fine one of the Venus of Medici. It is not common to see so

good a substitute of this figure. I have sometimes heard her *attitude* called in question. Instead of that modest demeanor, which is commonly ascribed to her, I have known her reproached for prudery, and theatrical affectation. We can, in truth, say but little for her moral character. Her *attitude*, however, I think may be defended. The sculptor, I suppose, meant her to be viewed with her face towards you. In that position she makes the most elegant figure.

— Shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, —

she received the shot of the prophane eye that surprised her, as our modern heroes in duelling receive a bullet, by instantly drawing her body into a profile. In both cases nature teaches the easiest and most commodious posture.

But this collection, though it consist chiefly of casts, contains some genuine antiques; particularly a Discobolus, which is esteemed, I believe, the first statue in England. It turns on a pivot; and exhibits (what few statues are able to exhibit) *on every side* the justest proportions and the most pleasing attitudes. But
what

what chiefly engages the attention in this statue, is its *expression*. It is a great beauty in any figure to appear to have some object in view, which always gives animation to it. I mean not that strong degree of action, which the ancient masters sometimes gave their figures ; as in the Laocoon, the fighting gladiator, and the Torso, as far as we may judge of that fragment from the swelling of the muscles. *Strong expression*, no doubt, is highly beautiful, when it is well executed. But I would here only observe the effect of some *easy action*, or *expression*, in opposition to *none at all* ; as in the Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the listening Slave, or the Farnesian Hercules, resting from one of his labours. All these gentle modes of *action* or *expression* are certainly much more beautiful than the uninteresting vacancy of a consul standing erect in his robes. Interesting he still may be, all I contend for is, that such a statue is not *so* interesting as if it had some object in view. The Discobolus before us possesses this beauty in a distinguished manner. He has just delivered his quoit ; and with an eager eye, and right arm still extended, is watching its success. The expanded hand indicates, that the mind is yet in suspense.

pence*. His left hand holds another quoit; as, I suppose, each Discobolus had two. It is probable, however, the statuary might have disposed the left hand to more advantage, if he could have described a quoit flying through the air. But he thought it necessary in some way to shew in what mode of action his figure was engaged. Nature could not have told the story with more expression†.

As the statuary has generally a single figure only to manage, there is much artifice necessary to shew who he is; or, if he be employed, what he is about; and sometimes this is done very awkwardly. We might produce many instances; but few perhaps more remarkable than M. Angelo's celebrated statue of Moses. Unless the original greatly exceed any of the copies we have of it, it certainly deserves less praise than it has found. The face is incumbered with beard, and the body with drapery. But what I mean to remark at present is, the conceit with which the statuary has *charac-*

* The right hand, in this statue, is modern; but there is a repetition of this figure in the Musæum Clementinum at Rome, which shews, I am informed, the hand to have been well copied.

† This statue is now in the hands of Mr. Duncombe of Yorkshire, who purchased it of Mr. Lock.

terized

terized Moses. Some symbol was necessary to distinguish him from a Roman consul, sitting in his curule chair. M. Angelo has given him *borns*, by which he has turned him into a satyr. From whatever silly conceit the *idea* of giving horns to the great Jewish lawgiver originally sprang, it is certainly absurd in the last degree, to see that *idea realized in marble*. How much better might Moses have been characterized simply by his *rod*, and the *two tables of the covenant*; which latter, well managed, might have made a broad contrast with the drapery, while in part they might have been covered with it.

Among so many copies from the antique, it is difficult to forbear remarking, that the hair in some of them is very awkwardly expressed. I have the Laocoon particularly in view. The hair and beard of this statue have an uncommonly bad effect; for as the face is turned from the eye, the locks of hair, which are in round curls, are confounded with the features themselves, presenting a number of small cavities, whose dark shadows diminish the effect of those in the nostrils, mouth, and eyes, which should give character and expression to the face. It is a difficult thing, no doubt, to give the

the ease of hair to a block of marble: yet it may be done in two ways. We have examples of both. The hair may be represented very short, just covering the head, approaching nearly to baldness, as we often see it expressed; or it may be represented in an easy flow. This is more difficult; yet we sometimes see it well executed; and when it is so, it is certainly more beautiful than to express the hair in small ringlets, as it is in the Laocoon, and in many other antiques.

Before we leave this room, I cannot forbear mentioning a head, which has a place there, with hair of another kind. It plainly indeed appeared allied neither to the Greek nor Roman models, among which it stood, (for the mouth was frightfully bad,) yet the *upper part* of the face was executed with simplicity, and had something in it like taste and beauty. On inquiry we found it was a great curiosity, being the workmanship of a native of Otaheite; and seemed a convincing proof, that a love for the imitative arts is innate. But what particularly struck us in this head, was its being adorned with *real hair*, which had a still worse effect than the beard of Laocoon. The mixture indeed of *reality* and *imitation*, is very disgusting;
and

and I doubt not would have appeared so on a little more knowledge and experience, to the ingenious sculptor of the head himself. But we need not wonder at such absurdity in an artist of Otaheite, when we see among ourselves so many shocking statues, *painted after the life*; and vile waxen images with wigs and drapery; things to shudder at, rather than to admire. The plain marble makes no pretence to any thing but *imitation*. It means not to put a *trick* upon us, by substituting itself for *real life*. But when we look at a waxen figure, arrayed in *real drapery*; yet with *rigid limbs*, and *glazed and motionless eyes*; that is, with every appearance of life about it but motion, in which the very essence of life consists, we are shocked. The fact is, that when the *art of imitation* (applied to human life) is so perfect as to produce a *real, though momentary illusion*, it presents, by its *near approach to life*, an image of *death*. For the instant we perceive that a figure of this kind wants motion, we pursue it to the next stage, where motion ceases, which is *death*. A *representation of a dead body* may be beautiful and pleasing; but a figure which presents you with the appear-

ance of death, when you expected life, not only disgusts you by the suddenness of the transition; but also from the mind's having been even for a moment imposed on by so paltry a trick.

From such effects, therefore, it seems to follow, that an *art calculated to please by an imitation of life*, should, when applied to the human figure, though *necessarily imperfect*, be made *intentionally* more so; lest by too near an approach to *life*, it should shock us with the idea of *death*.

Besides the shock which these representations give to the senses, they grossly oppose every idea of taste. When we see a stuffed skin in a Museum, we expect only an object of curiosity, and are satisfied. But when a thing of this kind is shewn as an *object of beauty*, it sets all taste (which in natural objects seeks for nature) at defiance; and we consider a mummy, which aims at nothing but what it is, by many degrees the more respectable figure.

As we leave this elegant mansion and descend the hill, the views are more *picturesque* than those over the valley from the back-front. They consist of oblique sweeps of descending
fore-

fore-grounds, every where well-wooded, and set off with remote distances. This is the *simplest mode of landscape*; but where the foreground and distances are good, though there is a strong opposition between them, they are not unpleasing.

A little to the right, as we descend from the house, the beech-woods, consisting of lofty full-grown trees, sweep down to the vale; though in less luxuriance, as they gradually descend. When the descent becomes precipitous, the channelled sides of the hill are, in many parts, bare of vegetation, and discover the soil, which is not chalk, though of a chalky tendency, and rather grey than white. Patches of earth are mixed with these patches of barren soil, in which box-wood grows profusely; and here and there, where the soil allows, a luxuriant beech. Down this hill an Alpine road winds into the vale, and adds much to its beauty and character. It is still rendered more interesting by opening, in various parts, towards Box-hill; which presents its flanks in these partial views, with a very mountain-like appearance. The whole scene makes a good Alpine picture.

Our remarks on this place should have been more cursory, if the plan of the whole, the situation, and the embellishments of it had not been all uncommon. Great houses in general resemble each other so nearly, that it is difficult to find among them any characteristic features. Here the whole is new.

S E C T. III.

FROM Norbury-park we returned to Leatherhead, and passed the Mole again in our way to Guildford. The country on the left consists chiefly of open downs, which are rather narrow in this part, as they are drawing to a point. They are interspersed also with plots of cultivation. As these downs are generally high, we had, from many parts of them, a variety of beautiful distances on the right; not so expansive as those from Banstead-downs; but more picturesque, as they are more within the command of the eye. The great beauty of such scenes consists in the richness of their parts, in the removal of one distance beyond another, discoverable chiefly by lengthened gleams of light, and in the melting of the whole into the horizon. If a distance be deprived of *any* of these characteristics, it is imperfect; but the last is most essentially necessary. A *hard edge* of distance checking the view, (which is often the case when the distance is not remote,) is exceedingly disgusting.

When

When the distance indeed is bounded by mountains, it falls under other rules of picturesque beauty.

Of the elevated situation of these downs much advantage hath been taken. Many elegant houses are built upon the edge of them for the sake of the various prospects they command. The whole country indeed from Leatherhead almost to Guildford is thus richly adorned. Two of the most beautiful of these villas, are those belonging to the late Admiral Boscawen and Lord Onslow. The latter is esteemed one of the best houses in Surrey. The grounds about it seem well disposed; but we only rode past them.

A little to the left, near three parts of the way to Guildford, we were directed to look out, about half a mile from the road, for a beautiful scene called the *Sheep-leas*; consisting of lawns, divided from each other by woody copses. We easily found it; and were much gratified with the appearance it presented of a simple Arcadian retreat.

Few parts of this adorned tract of country between Leatherhead and Guildford, (through a space of about eleven miles,) can be called picturesque; yet from the variety it affords, it is
very

very amusing. One of the great nuisances of the landscape here, as well as in other parts of the neighbourhood of London, is the formal manner which prevails of lopping trees, especially elms. They are entirely deprived of the beautiful ramification of all their lateral branches, and you see them every where formed into mere poles, with a bush at the top. *We* considered them only as objects of deformity: but the *skilful woodman*, I have heard, considers such mutilation as very detrimental to the timber. One reason given for lopping the elm is, that it may be the better converted into a hollow trunk to convey water under ground. Elm is the wood chiefly used for this purpose, as it continues long sound if it be kept from the air; but perhaps not one in fifty of these mutilated trees is converted to this use.

Guildford is a town both of antiquity and curiosity; but is in no part picturesque. It consists of one long street, running down precipitately to the river Wey; from whence the road on the other side rises still more abruptly.

ruptly*. In the highest part of the town stands the castle, which consists of a heavy tower, though in one or two points it is not unpicturesque. The Wey is navigable as far as Guildford; and beyond it, for timber, which is brought down the river from the contiguous parts of the country.

Floats of timber are among the pleasing appendages of a river, when the trunks are happily disposed. This disposition, however, I fear, must be the result of chance, rather than of art. It is hardly possible to pack a float picturesquely by design. These cumbrous machines are navigated each by a single man with a pole; and as they glide gently down the stream, the tremulous reflections they form on the still surface of the water, and their contrast with trees, bushes, and pasturage, as they float along, are pleasing.

But cumbrous as these rafts are, they are as nothing compared with those which are often floated down the Rhine. In the neighbourhood of Andernach, great quantities of timber, brought down by various streams, from the forests of Germany, are there constructed into

* It has lately been much eased.

a float of vast dimensions. Some of these floats are a thousand feet long, and ninety broad; and are each furnished with five hundred men. For the accommodation of such a company, a street of cabins is built upon the surface of the float. When all is ready, and the several men are at their posts, (many of whom are in rafts and boats, both behind and before the float, to conduct it properly,) the pilot stands up, and taking off his hat, with a loud voice cries out, "Let us pray:" on which the whole body of the workmen on board fall down on their knees, and beg a blessing on the expedition. The anchors and cables are then drawn on board, and the whole machine is put in motion. As it sails majestically down the Rhine, it draws all the inhabitants from the towns and villages on the banks of the river to see it pass, till it arrive at Dort in Holland, the place of its destination; where being broken up, the sale of its several parts continues many months, and raises often the sum of thirty thousand pounds*.

To these timber floats we may add one of a very singular kind on the Nile, constructed of earthen vessels. Large jars, to preserve water

* See a longer account of these floats in a very ingenious and entertaining work, intitled "A Journey through Holland, &c. by Anne Ratcliffe."

in dry seasons, are in great request in many parts of Egypt. These, of various sizes, are manufactured chiefly in the clayey grounds of the upper parts of the country. When the potter has gotten a sufficient number ready for market, he begins to form his float. In some convenient place near the river, he ranges his largest jars, empty, but well-corked, in rows of a proper length and breadth. These he braces tight with flexible twigs: and with the same art ranges above them several tiers of smaller jars, till he has made up the quantity and kind of goods his market demands. Over all he constructs a seat for himself. By this time the waters of the Nile, whose increase he calculates, begin to ripple round his earthen raft, which is presently after afloat. Having victualled it with a bag of parched rice, and put on his blue linen shirt and cap, he takes his seat, and paddles his vessel into the middle of the channel. The wondering stranger eyes from the shore this odd species of navigation; and though assisted by his pocket-perspective, cannot conceive its construction. In the mean time it glides down the stream. Neither storms nor rocks it fears, with which the Nile is little acquainted; and if
it

it even touch the ground, its motion is so gentle, and the ooze so soft, that its construction is not in the least disturbed. Nothing can be more ingenious than to make a cargo of heavy materials its own vehicle; at the same time, such a float could hardly be an object of beauty.

The elegant author of the *Elegy in a Church-yard* seems to have had a float of this kind in his view, in the last lines of the following beautiful description of the Nile.

What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile (redundant o'er his summer-bed)
From his broad bosom, life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watry wings,
If with adventurous oar, and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or, on *frail floats* to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise, and *glitter* o'er the ambient tide.

From Guildford to Farnham the form of the country is singular. The road is carried through the space of eight miles, over a ridge of high ground with a steep descent on each side. This grand natural terrace, which the country people call the *Hog's back*, presents on each hand extensive distances. On the

right the distance is very remote, consisting of that flat country through which the Wey, the Mole, and the Thames, though none of them objects in the scene, flow with almost imperceptible motion. On the left the distance is more broken with rising grounds interspersed through various parts of it.

Though the distance on neither hand forms a picture, except in a few places, for want of foregrounds and proper appendages proportioned to the scene; yet on both sides we study a variety of those pleasing circumstances, which we look for in remote landscape. As we draw near the close of this terrace, the two distances unite in one, forming a kind of grand amphitheatre in front.

Such violent contrasts as these, in which lofty grounds break down *precipitately* into extensive plains, are rather uncommon in nature, as these different modes of country are generally more imperceptibly united. We have several scenes, however, of this kind in different parts of England; particularly in the view over the vale of Mowbray*; and in that over the vale of Severn†; in both which the union is abrupt.

* See Northern Tour, vol. ii. p. 191.

† See the Wye, p. 8.

As England, however, is a country only on a small scale, compared with the vast tracts on the continent, its scenes are more in miniature. Its rivers, its lakes, its mountains, and plains, though generally more picturesque, as more suited to human vision, yet do not strike the imagination with so much grandeur. Many instances might be brought from the continent of sublimer effects in all modes of landscape. A very abrupt transition from the most magnificent sylvan scenery to entire sterility, I met with lately in an account of the productions of Boutan and Thibet, communicated in the Philosophical Transactions *. Where Boutan, says the author of those remarks, joins the territory of Thibet, the boundary is marked by such a line, as is perhaps hardly to be seen in any other part of the earth. From the eminence where we stood, the mountains of Boutan, which ranged above us, appeared every where beautifully arrayed in wood, mantling down to our very feet. This view was towards the south. When we turned towards the north, the eye is received by a vast dreary waste, descending far and wide, composed of extensive

* Vol. lxxix.

ranges

ranges of hills and plains; but, from the woody spot where we stood, through the whole unbounded distance, there is not the least appearance of vegetation.

Farnham consists chiefly of one long, thorough-fare street, and is principally remarkable for its being the summer-residence of the Bishop of Winchester.

Farnham-castle stands high, and was formerly a fortress of considerable reputation. It was built by a Bishop of Winchester in the time of King Stephen, when castles were much in fashion, and made some figure in the troubled reign of that prince. It afterwards figured in the times of Lewis the Dauphin, in the insurrections of the barons, and in the civil wars of the last century. During these last troubles it was blown up by Sir William Waller; though not with that *picturesque judgment* with which many castles in those times were demolished. Very little is left that can make a pleasing picture. After the restoration it deposited its military character, and was changed again into an episcopal palace by Bishop Morley; but it has ever since been neglected. The present

sent bishop is the first who has paid any attention, for many generations, to Farnham-castle. He has greatly improved the house, and has fitted it up in such a manner, as will probably make it an object to every future bishop. The keep, or inner castle, is left standing in its ruins, and is still a curious piece of antiquity. It is surrounded by a deep ditch, which, together with the area of the castle, containing about two acres, makes an excellent kitchen-garden.

Behind the house extends a park, about four miles in circumference, which the bishop found as much neglected and out of order as the house itself. It was cut with unlicensed paths, the trees were mangled to browse the deer, and a cricket ground had so long been suffered, that the people conceived they had now a right to it. This last was a great nuisance. Such a scene of riot and disorder, with stands for selling liquor, just under the castle windows, could not easily be endured. The bishop took the gentlest methods he could to remove the nuisance; and at length, though not without some difficulty, got it effected.

Having thus removed nuisances from his park, he began to embellish it. He improved the

the surface, he laid out handsome roads and walks, he planted young trees, and protected the old trees from farther ill usage.

Across the park runs an avenue a mile long, of ancient elms. The bishop could not persuade himself to remove this monument of antiquity; and I think with great judgment hath left it in its old form; for though an avenue is neither a pleasing nor a picturesque arrangement of trees, yet the grandeur of this gives it consequence; and its connection with the antiquity of the castle gives it harmony. Here the poet, after mourning the loss of other avenues, may exult:

Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn

Your fate unmerited: once more rejoice

That yet a remnant of your race survives.

About a quarter of a mile from the house arises in the park an eminence, on which stands a keeper's lodge. The situation is conspicuous, but the object unpleasing. A few acres, therefore, around it are inclosed, a green-house is built to screen the lodge, and walks are cut, and adorned with different kinds of curious shrubs in high perfection.

From this eminence are several openings into the country, particularly one towards

Moor-park, where that enlightened genius, Sir William Temple, (retiring in disgust from state affairs, when Charles II.'s politics received a tincture from France,) cultivated every part of literature with an elegance of taste uncommon at that day. His heart lies buried, according to his will, in a silver urn, under a dial in his garden. A singularity of this kind, in preferring a garden to a church-yard, rather favours the opinion which Bishop Burnet gives us, of Temple's religious sentiments.

In most of the views from the park at Farnham-castle, Crooksbury-hill is a distinguished feature; which, tradition says, Sir William Temple always considered as one of the greatest ornaments of his place. This shews his love for nature; though in laying out his grounds, the awkward idea of the times misled both his theory and practice.

From the terrace before the castle, the view is singular. We overlooked the town of Farnham, and a tract of country, which may properly be called the *vale of hops*: for we saw nothing but ranges of that plant, which was now in full leaf, and made a curious, though very unpleasing, appearance. The hop and the vine, in a *natural* state, are among the

most picturesque plants. Their shoots, their tendrils, their leaves, their fruit, are all beautiful: but in their cultured state they are perfect samples of regularity, stiffness, and uniformity; which are, of all ideas, the most alien to every thing we wish in landscape.

Nothing shews so much the prejudice of names, as the value fixed on Farnham hops. Those produced in this parish fell at Weyhill, and all the great fairs, at a considerably greater price than those which grow even in the next parish, though divided only by a hedge. To keep up this idea of excellence, the Farnham farmers agree every year on a secret mark, which they affix to all their own bags. The value of the hops, spread under our eye from the terrace on which we stood, was supposed to be at least ten thousand pounds.

S E C T. IV.

FROM Farnham to Alton, the road passes through pleasant lanes. Holt Forest occupying the left, forms an agreeable woody horizon. Sometimes it breaks the line, and advances a little nearer the eye; but it generally keeps the same distance, and runs along the higher grounds, through the space of several miles. But though it is higher than the neighbouring country, it is itself a tract of level land. We rode through it, and were much pleased with its woods and lawns.

In the midst of it stands a house which formerly belonged to Mr. Bilson Legge. A very extensive lawn is cleared before it, interspersed with combinations of trees; and though it is a perfect flat, yet the line of its woody boundary being varied, and removed to different distances by retiring woods, the whole has a good effect; which is not a little assisted by some handsome trees on the foreground.—A flat, if it be *very extensive*, may convey a *grand*

idea; but when we have a *small piece of flat* ground to improve, all we can do, unless we vary its surface, is to adorn it with wood. Surrounded with artful scenery, as it is here, it may form a landscape in which the eye may find great entertainment. The water which adorns this lodge, we thought but indifferently managed; though we were told it was contrived by the late Lord Chatham.

From Alton to Alresford, and from thence to Winchester, we find little that excites attention. The road is in general close, till within a few miles of Winchester, where the downs begin to open. They are heavy uninteresting swells of ground: but as we proceeded farther, we admired some of the intersections of their vast heaving forms, and had at least the pleasure of surveying a large tract of country in its original state; on which neither Romans, Saxons, Danes, nor Britons seem to have made any impression*.

* More impression has been made on these downs within these last half dozen years, than had been made before in as many centuries. Large portions of them are now inclosed, and thrown into tillage.

In a valley among these downs, watered by a considerable stream, lies Winchester. As we descend into it, the great church, and the *King's House*, as it is called, are capital features, and give it an air of grandeur.

The south side of the great church is a piece of heavy unadorned Gothic. But this was owing to accident. Formerly the buildings of a monastery covered this side of it, and the architect, William of Wickham, who could not foresee the dissolution of monasteries, thought it of no consequence to adorn a part of his church, which could never be seen. But when the monastery was removed, the defect became glaring.— Why the tower, in the hands of so elegant an architect, was left so ill proportioned, is a question of surprise. It certainly contributes to give the whole building an air of heaviness. I doubt whether a spire was ever intended, as it was not, I believe, among the Gothic ornaments of that day.

The inside, however, of this cathedral is very grand, except about the transept, where there seems to have been some awkward contrivance. The nave, which is three hundred feet

feet in length, is perhaps the most magnificent in England. But it is injured by some monuments, particularly that of the founder, which trespass upon it: they are placed between the pillars, and bulge out into the middle aisle of the nave. Indeed I know not whether monuments at all in such churches as pride themselves on their architecture, can in any shape be considered as ornamental: the nave of Westminster-Abbey, for instance, is injured, *as a piece of architecture*, by the several monuments introduced into it, which, like spots of light in a picture, injure the *whole*; they break in upon its simplicity and grandeur. Thus too I doubt whether the introduction of monuments will be any advantage to St. Paul's. I should fear they might injure the grandeur of the dome, which the judicious architect had already adorned, as much as he thought consistent with the sublimity of his idea. In all cathedrals there are cloisters and other recesses, which are the proper situations for monuments: and even here every thing should not be admitted that comes under the name of a monument, and pays the fee. Plain tablets may be allowed; but when figures and ornaments are introduced, they should be such as neither dis-

grace the sculptor, nor the person whom he meant to honour. It would be of great advantage also to class monuments, as we hang pictures in a room, with some view to symmetry and order; and, if different professions were ranged by themselves, it would still make it more agreeable to examine them.

The choir of Winchester cathedral is greatly adorned, but without any taste. The *love of ornament* is one of the greatest sources of deformity; and it is the more to be lamented, as it is very *expensive*, and very *universal*. It prevails from the churchwarden, who paints the pillars of his parish-church blue, and the capitals yellow; to the artist, who gilds and carves the choir of a cathedral. A taste of this kind prevails here.

In the first place, the situation of the organ seems injudicious. A view along the whole range of the church, no doubt, is grand; but not, I think, of consequence to remove the organ into the awkward situation in which it now stands, in the middle of one of the sides, where it has no correspondent part: besides, an organ, if judiciously adorned, is a proper finishing to one end of the choir, as the communion-

munion-table and its appendages, are to the other.

The wood-work in the choir is elegant Gothic ; but it is greatly injured by a blue band, spangled with golden stars, with which the ground behind it is adorned. What the meaning of this strange conceit is, I could not conjecture.

But the decoration of the altar-piece is the most offensive. The choir is separated from the chapels beyond it, by a lofty screen. The tabernacle work of this screen still remaining, shews it to have been of the purest Gothic. It is divided into twelve compartments, which are supposed to have held statues of the twelve apostles. But these having been destroyed in the time of the civil wars, each Gothic niche is injudiciously filled with a Roman urn.

But the projection over the communion-table is still more offensive. It is a sort of pent-house hanging over the table, and adorned with festoons of flowers. They are said to have been carved by Gibbons, and probably were; but all the elegant touches of his chisel are destroyed. At Hampton Court, at Chatsworth, and wherever we have the works of this master,

master, great care has been taken to preserve them in their original purity. I believe not even a varnish has been suffered. But here they are daubed all over with brown paint, totally at variance with every thing around them ; and as if that were not enough, they are also adorned with profuse gilding.

Inshrined amidst all this absurdity, hangs West's picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus, which is by no means, in my opinion, among the best works of this master. The *composition* did not please me. The whole is divided formally into three parts, with too little connection among them. Jesus and his disciples stand on one side, the spectators on the other ; Lazarus and his sisters occupy the middle. Neither is the *effect of light* nor the *harmony of the colouring* more pleasing. The colouring particularly, which both the story and the situation of the picture required to be peculiarly modest, is inharmoniously glaring. The *parts* did not appear to more advantage than the *whole*. There is but little of those passions, and varied expression, which the story is meant to excite. In *drawing*, Mr. West is acknowledged to be a perfect master. But there is one thing in the picture which is particularly

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displeas-

displeasing. Every painter should so far provide for the *distant effect* of his picture, that no improper or disagreeable idea may be excited in the *general view* of it. As you approach this picture, without knowing what the subject is, a figure at the foot of Lazarus gives the whole too much the appearance of *une femme accouchée*.

The skreen which separates the choir from the nave and the aisles, is beautiful *in itself*; but we are astonished that such an artist as Inigo Jones should not see the absurdity of adorning a Gothic church with a Grecian skreen. The statues of James I. and Charles I. however they come there, would have been in themselves more pleasing, if their unclassical insignia of crowns and sceptres had been removed.

The *King's House* was built by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles II. It stands on the site of the old castle of Winchester, loftily overlooking the city, and is, I think, a beautiful piece of architecture. Magnificent it certainly is, extending in front above three hundred feet; and if it had been completed in the grand style in which it was conceived, with its lofty cupola, and other appendages; its gardens

dens and parks laid out in ample space behind; a noble bridge in front over the ditch; and the street opened, as was intended, to the west end of the cathedral, with which its front is parallel; it would have been perhaps one of the grandest palaces in Europe. The death of Charles put an end to the scheme. It had afterwards another chance of being completed; having been settled on Prince George of Denmark, if he had survived Queen Anne. Its last tenants were six thousand French prisoners, from whose dilapidations it will not speedily recover*.

Winchester was not only a regal seat in Saxon times, but one of the first towns in Britain. Its history is full of curiosity; and the antiquities with which it abounds confirm its history: but among its antiquities I recollect no *object of beauty*, except an old cross in the high street, which is an exquisite piece of Gothic architecture; and shews that the artists of those days could *adapt their ideas of proportion* as well to works of miniature as of grandeur. This little structure rises from a basement of

* It has since been much more respectably occupied by a body of emigrant French priests; but is now, I believe, converted into a barrack.

half a dozen steps, with curious open work, in a pyramidal form. It is ornamented in the richest manner; but its ornaments are becoming, because they are introduced with proportion, uniformity, and symmetry. If the edges had been gilt and adorned with Chinese bells, it would have been ornamented in a taste something like that employed in the choir of the cathedral.

S E C T. V.

FROM Winchester to Salisbury the road still continues along downs, the parts of which often fold beautifully over each other. This sort of country, though in itself unpicturesque, affords a good study for a landscape-painter. It gives him a few large masterly strokes, and forms an outline which the imagination fills up. About a mile short of Stockbridge, we had a good distance on the left.

As we gain the higher grounds about two or three miles before we reach Salisbury, the lofty spire of the cathedral makes its first appearance, and fixes the spot to which the road, though devious, will certainly carry us at last. It is amusing to see a destined point before us, as we come up to it by degrees. It is amusing also to transfer our own motion to that of the object we approach. It seems, as the road winds, to play with us, shewing itself here and there, sometimes totally disappearing, and then rising where we did not expect to find it. But the most pleasing circumstance in approaching
a grand

a grand object, consists in its depositing by degrees its various tints of obscurity. Tinged at first with the hazy hue of distance, the spire before us was but little distinguished from the objects of the vale. But as it was much nearer than those objects, it soon began to assume a deeper tint, to break away from them, and leave them behind. As we get still nearer, especially if a ray of sunshine happen to gild it, the sharp touches on the pinnacles shew the richness of its workmanship, and it begins gradually to assume its real form.

Salisbury is a pleasant town, with the sweet accommodation of a stream of limpid water running through every street. But the only thing in it worth the attention of a picturesque eye, is the great church and its appendages.

Salisbury cathedral is esteemed the only pure specimen we have of the early style of Gothic architecture. It marks the period when Saxon heaviness began first to give way. It wants those light and airy members which we find in the cathedrals of York, Canterbury, Lincoln, and others of a later period: but it possesses one beauty which few of them possess, that of symmetry in all its parts. The spire is esteemed the loftiest structure of the kind in England.

England. It is very light: yet its great height, especially when seen either from the east or west, appears rather disproportioned; and indeed, on the whole, I think, no spire can be so pleasing an object as an elegant Gothic tower. The tower is capable of receiving all the beauties of Gothic ornament. Those of many of our cathedrals, indeed of many of our parish churches, as of Derby for instance, are adorned with great elegance; but the spire, tapering to a point, does not present a sufficient surface for ornament. The bands round that of Salisbury are rather a deformity: nor do I see what Gothic ornaments so tapering a surface is capable of receiving; for which reason, though a plain well-proportioned spire may happily adorn a neat parish church, and make a picturesque object rising among woods, or in the horizon, I think it is not so well adapted to the rich style of a Gothic cathedral: and indeed succeeding architects, as the Gothic taste advanced in purity, laid aside the spire, and in general adopted the tower. Pinnacles, which are purely Gothic, are very beautiful: and for this reason the tower part, or foundation of the spire at Salisbury, which is adorned with them, is the only part of it that is interesting.

If

If instead of the spire, something of a Gothic dome, or rich open work, had been carried up a moderate height, I think it would have been more beautiful. As it is, the chief idea seems to have been to carry stones higher into the air, than they were ever carried before.

The inside of Salisbury cathedral is more beautiful than the outside. The assemblage of its various parts, so harmonious among themselves, and its simple ornaments, though of the rudest Gothic, are very pleasing.

There is one beautiful circumstance in it which I remember not to have seen, with so good an effect, in any other cathedral, except that of Wells. To the east end of the choir St. Mary's chapel is attached; and appears separated from it only by three large pointed open arches behind the communion-table. The internal part of the chapel, with its east window and pillars, seen through these arches, gives the conjunct idea of space and perspective, which is very pleasing.

But this cathedral also, though in itself a noble piece of architecture, has been much injured by what is called *beautifying*. The nave of the church and side aisles were painted, as if they had been arched with brick. Nothing could

could be more absurd or disgusting. The choir also was coloured with three tints ; which had a bad effect. If the whole had been washed with one uniform stone-colour, the natural lights and shades would have been seen to more advantage. The prebendal stalls also, and the organ, were all decorated in the same awkward manner. The ceiling too was patched over with circles containing ugly figures of legendary saints : and indeed the whole was a profusion of bad taste.

To remove all this deformity, and beautify the cathedral, Mr. Wyatt was engaged by the Bishop and Chapter, and fully answered the expectation that was raised. The figures on the roof are obliterated. The whole is washed over with one uniform stone-colour ; and the ornaments of the Bishop's seat and the prebendal stalls are beautiful ; though rather perhaps in a style of later Gothic than the rest of the church.

Across the middle of the choir, from wall to wall, just under the roof, ran a massy beam eighty feet long, and four feet square. It was a very disgusting incumbrance ; but as it had rested there beyond the memory of man, and was thought to bind the two walls together, to

prevent their spreading, it had never been touched. Mr. Wyatt, however, examined it, and being persuaded it had no connection with the walls, ventured to remove it; and has done it without any bad consequence. It was supported in two or three places by scaffolding; and the middle part being sawn and taken away, the ends were easily removed.

The next question was, what should be done with the three large arches which open the view into St. Mary's chapel? Should they be filled with tracery-work, like the east windows of some cathedrals? Or, should they be left open, as they had always been? The latter mode, which was certainly the better, was adopted. Tracery-work would have been out of place in this cathedral; which was built before that mode of ornament was introduced. Besides, a great beauty would have been lost, which arises from a perspective view into the chapel.

This question being settled, another arose. A very beautiful altar-screen was constructed out of the ornaments of a little chapel, which had formerly been attached to the church, and which Mr. Wyatt found it necessary to remove. The question was, where should this

skreen be placed? Some thought it might be placed best at the end of St. Mary's chapel, so that it might be seen to advantage through the arches, which were to be left open entirely to the bottom. In this case the communion-table was to be moveable; and to be brought forward into the choir only when it was wanted. Others were of opinion, that the communion-table should stand fixed where it had ever stood; and the skreen, which was a very low one, should be placed just behind it, so as merely to hide the *bases* of the pillars, and the pavement of St. Mary's chapel; permitting at the same time a perspective view into it above the skreen. The former of these opinions prevailed, though some thought it might have been more *proper*, and more in *taste*, to have taken the latter. It might have been more *proper*, because it would have made a separation between the church and the chapel, which is as desirable at one end, as the separation made by the skreen and the organ, between the choir and nave, is at the other. Besides, the communion-table is a natural adjunct to the choir, and could not be removed, without making an *improper* break. It might also be thought indecent by many people, and give offence. This

separation might likewise have been more in *taste*, because the eye, not having so good a criterion of distance as would be afforded by seeing the *bases* of the pillars, and *pavement* of the chapel, would have conceived the distance to the east-window of the chapel greater than it really is : so that the idea being thus in part curtailed, would in fact have been enlarged. It is an undoubted rule in painting, that an *exact delineation* of a grand object injures its sublimity. Whatever is discretely left to the imagination is always improved. These remarks, however, are founded only in theory ; and it is possible the skreen may have a better effect where it stands at present.

The east window of St. Mary's chapel is adorned with a picture of the Resurrection, in painted glass. Sir Joshua Reynolds gave the design ; in which, though he had represented our Saviour rising, he had left the tomb still closed and sealed. The Bishop remonstrated, that he had given the fact contrary to the truth of Scripture ; where, it is said, the seal was broken, and the stone removed. Sir Joshua, however, still persisted ; contending, that by not breaking the seal, he had made the miracle so much the greater ; and it was not without
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some difficulty that the Bishop got him persuaded to correct his design. The truth, I suppose, was, Sir Joshua had not fully, at first, attended to the circumstances of the story; and did not care to be at the trouble of altering his picture. How far this window, in the hands of so eminent a master, may be beautiful, I know not. It was not finished when I was last at Salisbury. But if it be not better than the other east-window, given by Lord Radnor, (which is esteemed good in its kind,) it will in my judgment be a disagreeable ornament. Indeed, if colours cannot be better blended on glass, and harmonized, than I ever saw them, I own I should never wish to see an historical subject painted in this way. The gloom of a painted window in an old cathedral is pleasing: but I should desire only ornamental scrawls. The best painted windows I remember to have seen, were (I believe, in the chapel) at Magdalen College in Oxford. They are single figures, and only in clair obscure. They are the best, because they are the least glaring.

The choir of Salisbury cathedral, thus improved under the able hands of Mr. Wyatt, is now one of the most beautiful pieces of Gothic
archi-

architecture in England. The deformities of the nave and grand aisles, I fear, will not soon be removed; as there is a deficiency in the fund; but they greatly call for improvement.

Adjoining to the church is a square cloister opening into a chapter-house. In abbies, we suppose, the cloister was a place for the monks to enjoy exercise under cover. But, from the connection of this cloister with the chapter-house, we are led to imagine it was intended also as a place for tenants and suitors to wait under shelter, till each was called into the chapter-house to settle his respective business. The chapter-house and cloisters are in the same way connected at Gloucester; and may probably be so in other cathedrals.

The cloister and the chapter-house at Salisbury belong to an age of much better taste in architecture than that of the cathedral itself. They are both of very pure and elegant Gothic. The former is a light airy square (of about forty feet on each side. The latter is an octagon of fifty feet in diameter, with a pointed roof, supported by a light column (rather perhaps too light) in the centre. Nothing in architecture, I think, can be more pleasing than these buildings; nor does any thing militate
so

so much against a servile attachment to the five orders. The Greek and Roman architecture, no doubt, possess great beauty : but why should we suppose them to possess *all* beauty? If men were left to their own genius and invention, (as the founders of the Gothic probably were,) we might, it is true, have many absurd compositions, which we have even *now*; but we should certainly have greater *variety*; and amidst that variety, no doubt, several new and elegant models. But the five orders have drawn the art so much to themselves, that it would be heresy in architecture to oppose their canons.

Rules, we allow, must confine *every art*; but what rules are necessary to confine *architecture*, except those of *utility*, *symmetry*, *proportion*, and *simplicity*? *Utility* respects the purposes for which an edifice is raised; *symmetry* the general purity and sameness of the style; *proportion* the relation of parts; *simplicity* the modesty and propriety of ornaments. I know not in which of these requisites the Gothic does not equal the Roman. If in any it may be thought to fail, it is in the ornamental part.

In

In what taste the private buildings of those times were constructed, when Gothic architecture was in its splendor, we know not. It is probable they were not designed by the eminent professors of the art, but by low mechanics, according to every man's humour, without rule or knowledge. Many of them, no doubt, were inconvenient enough, as well as wretchedly adorned. But in the *public* buildings of those times, there is generally such propriety of ornament; that is, each ornamental member *arises so naturally from the building itself*, and is so much of a *piece with it*, (which seems to be all we wish in ornament,) that in the best specimens of Gothic architecture, the eye is nowhere offended, or called aside by the contention of parts; but examines all, *whole* and *parts* together, in one *general view*. In the *interior*, perhaps, the Gothic architect is commonly more chaste than in the *exterior*, in which he allows himself more to wanton; and indeed seems to have had a worse choice of proper ornaments. But in our best compositions, the outside as well as the inside is highly beautiful. For myself, I freely own, I am as much struck with the cathedral of York,

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or with this cloister and chapter-house, covered as they are with ornaments, as with the noble simplicity of the cathedral of St. Paul's. Each style is beautiful.

But in comparing the Gothic and Grecian ornaments in architecture, the comparison holds merely with regard to such ornaments as are *fanciful and ideal*. In portraying or combining such ornaments as have *nature for their original*, either in human or in animal life, the Gothic sculptor is in general miserably deficient. He had little knowledge of Nature in *forming*, and less of Art in *combining*: and yet he is often offending with some gross representation of this kind.

In the chapter-house at Salisbury, for instance, which gave occasion to these remarks, amidst all that beautiful profusion of *fancied ornaments*, so elegant in themselves, and so well adapted to the building to which they are applied, there is likewise a great profusion of historical sculpture. The several sides of the room are divided into stalls for the members of the church. I believe there are not fewer than fifty; and the little angular divisions between the stalls are adorned with bas-relief. As Gothic workmanship, it is not bad; though it is

very inferior to Roman or modern sculpture. There is no idea either of grace or taste, or even of proportion in the figures themselves; nor in the mode of combining them. They all represent scripture stories; some of which are very ill-managed. In the story of Noah, two beasts are looking out of a window in the ark, sufficient to load it; and Noah himself praying at the poop is sufficient to sink it. After the civil wars, the parliament commissioners sat in this chapter-house; and have left behind them marks of their rough ideas of religion. At this sculpture they seem to have taken particular offence, and have hacked it miserably. They began as they entered, on the left; and for a while erased every thing before them: but they seem to have grown tired as they proceeded in their work: the middle part, therefore, is but little injured, and the figures on the right are perfect. If, however, the inside of this elegant building were washed over with one uniform stone-colour, the sculpture obtrudes itself so little on the eye, that bad as it is, it might easily pass unobserved. Both the cloister and chapter-house are in so decaying a state, that it would require a great sum to restore them; though there is now in the library
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an estimate given in about an hundred years ago, from which it appears that the whole might then have been completely repaired for 150 l. It appears also from another paper in the library, of ancient date, that the cathedral cost 42,000 marks in building, about twenty eight thousand pounds; which is a much larger sum than we should have supposed it could have cost at that early day.

Near the cathedral stands the bishop's palace, which till very lately was one of the most gloomy mansions that can well be imagined. It was a large incumbered house, with about a dozen acres of flat ground, by way of garden, lying behind it. This garden was bisected with a broad canal, and confined within an embattled wall. Such an assemblage of awkward circumstances are not often united.

The present Bishop of Salisbury * has, at great expence, entirely new-modelled this gloomy palace. He has altered the rooms, enlarged the windows, made a new entrance, and given a new appearance to the whole place. One great and very expensive improvement was, to arch over a wide drain, which

* Bishop Barrington.

was carried along the whole back-front of the palace. It was passed, at different places, by two or three bridges; and was such a nuisance, that we are surprised it had been suffered so long.

As to the flat grounds which were bisected with the canal, laid out in vistas, and circumscribed by an embattled wall, it was impossible to do more, than to remove a few of the formalities of the place, and carry a neat gravel walk round it, which near the house plays among a few irregular plantations.

But one improvement he has introduced, which adds a grandeur to the garden, beyond what any episcopal seat in England can boast. He has brought the cathedral into it, in one of its most pleasing points of perspective. Between the palace and the cathedral ran formerly a wall, which included a piece of ground belonging to the bishops of Salisbury, and used as a kitchen-garden.

This wall, and the kitchen-garden, Bishop Barrington has removed; and has not only obtained a *noble object*, but he has exchanged the disagreeable appearance of a long straight wall, for a very grand boundary to his garden. The cloister and chapter-house are the parts

immediately introduced, whose several abutments and projections are pleasing circumstances. From these rises the body of the cathedral; and the spire having here a larger base, appears more in proportion.

About a mile from Salisbury Old Sarum formerly stood. Its situation and establishment were both very singular.

Imagine the *ridge* of a hill falling into a *plain*; from the end of which a part having been artificially separated, forms a round knoll of about two thousand feet in diameter. Cooped within this narrow compass, stood on a still higher knoll in the centre a formidable castle; and just below it a cathedral. Here also stood the bishop's palace, together with the houses of his chapter; and the whole was surrounded with immense ditches and ramparts, which strike us with astonishment even at this day.—So close a union between a castle and a cathedral, insulated as they were, and seated so loftily, must have made a very singular appearance, though probably they never had much picturesque beauty.

Many

Many retainers no doubt there were on so large a foundation ; but it does not appear that any houses, except those of the chapter, were admitted within the precincts of the fortress. Other appendages seem to have been placed as a suburb under its walls.

Here the bishops of Salisbury lived like temporal princes; till king Stephen, suspecting the bishop of that day was attached to the empress Maud, dispossessed him of his castle of Sarum, together with two other castles which he held; one at Sherborn, from whence the see had been removed by William I. and the other at the Devizes.—The castle of Sarum was given to a Norman earl, who held a garrison in it for the king.

This became matter of continual contest. The clergy and the garrison were at constant variance. Once the bishop and his clergy returning from a procession, found the gates shut against them.

Wearied at length by repeated insults they complained to the pope, and at length got a dispensation to remove the see of Salisbury to its present situation. This was soon found to be so very convenient in comparison of the old one, that it drew the inhabitants of
Old

Old Sarum by degrees after it. The castle was left by itself; and in a few years it also was deserted, and Old Sarum became only a heap of ruins. But these ruins, deserted as they are, preserve a substantial proof of their antient dignity in being represented by two members in parliament.

S E C T. VI.

FROM Salisbury our first excursion was to Longford Castle, the seat of the earl of Radnor. It was built about the time of James the First on a Danish model; probably by some architect who came into England with the queen. Its form is triangular, with a round tower at each corner; which gives it a singular appearance. It stands in a vale, which approaches nearly to a flat; as the Avon, which passes through the garden, does to stagnation. Longford Castle therefore borrows little from its situation. All its beauty is the result of art, which cannot rise beyond what may be called *pleasing*. But the principal objects here are the pictures. The whole collection is good. The following we thought some of the best.

A Return from the Chace, by Teniers. The composition of this master is rarely so good as it is here. His colouring is always pleasing.

A boy, by Rubens.

Peter

Peter de Jode's family, by Vandyck. The heads in this picture are perfect copies from Nature.

A view of Tivoli.

A landscape by Hobima. The composition, the light, and the execution in this picture are all good.

Tobias, by Spagniolet.

Two pictures by Pouffin. In these, as in many of this master's works, there is a great deficiency in point of general effect; but the classical spirit in which they are painted, with the pure taste of design and correctness in the parts, will always give value to the works of Pouffin. These I think are executed with a firmer pencil and more spirited touch than most of his works.

A landscape by Ruysdaal.

Two small paintings by Callot. It is surprising with what smart touches this master enlivens his figures. His pictures have all the spirit and precision of his etchings.

But the two most admired pictures in this collection, are two landscapes by Claude, which exhibit the *rise* and *decline* of the Roman empire in a pleasing allegory. The for-

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mer is represented by a sun-rise, and the landing of Eneas in Italy : the latter by a sun-set, and several Roman buildings in ruin. Nothing can exceed the colouring of both these pictures. The hazy light of a rising sun, and the glowing radiance of a setting one, are exactly copied from nature ; and therefore *nicely distinguished*. An eye accurate in the effects of nature, will easily discern with which species of light the summit of the wave, or the edge of the battlement is tipped. And yet Claude has in none of his pictures that I have seen, discriminated the *shadows* of the morning, which are certainly much darker than those of the evening. He does not indeed appear to have marked the difference between them. Nor do we observe that painters in general are more accurate. Now and then, with Nature before him, Claude possibly may give a morning-shadow its character ; but when an effect is very rare, it appears to be the result of *imitation*, rather than of *principle*.

With regard to *aërial landscape*, Claude excelled all masters. We are at a loss, whether to admire more the *simplicity*, or the *effect* of his distances.

But

But when we have bestowed this commendation on him, we have summed up his merit. It all lay in colouring. We rarely find an instance of good composition in any of his pictures, and still more rarely an exhibition of any grand scene or appearance of Nature. As he lived in Italy, he had frequent opportunities of seeing much sublime scenery: but as it seldom struck him, we cannot help inferring that his genius was not sublime. If a Dutch master who has seen nothing but a flat country, introduces neither rocks, nor cascades, nor the sloping sides of hills, into his pictures, it is no wonder; but if a painter who has studied among the Alps and Appennines rejects them, it is evident that he has no taste for this species of scenery. Claude and Salvator received, or might have received, their ideas from the same archetypes: they were both Italian painters: but Claude studied in the Campagna of Rome; Salvator among the mountains of Calabria. While the one therefore admired the tamer beauties of Nature, the other caught fire and rose to the sublime. I do not mean to insinuate that Claude painted like a Dutchman: but only that his genius was less sublime than Salva-

tor's. It is true, the objects he painted are of the *grand species*: he saw no other. But as he seldom made the best use of them by bringing them forward, and producing *grand effects*; it is plain he saw them with indifference; and we conclude it was much the same to him, whether he painted by the side of a stagnant canal at Harlem, or under the fall of a cascade at Tivoli. In short, he seems to have had a knack of colouring certain objects, skies, and distances in particular; and this is accounted for by his residing chiefly in the Campagna. —As to his figures and foregrounds, if they do not disgust the eye, it is all we expect. His buildings too are often unpleasing and incumbered; and seem calculated rather to shew his skill in architecture than in the production of picturesque beauty. —It is saying however much in favour of Claude, that he had been bred a pastry-cook; and that if he did not do all that might have been done, he did much more than could have been expected.

S E C T. VII.

OUR next expedition from Salisbury was to Stonehenge and Wilton.

Stonehenge, at a distance, appeared only a diminutive object. Standing on so vast an area as Salisbury Plain, it was lost in the immensity around it. As we approached, it gained more respect: and we could now trace a large ditch round the whole, confined within a gentle mound. But when we arrived on the spot, it appeared astonishing beyond conception. A train of wondering ideas immediately crowded into the mind. Who brought these huge masses of rock together? Whence were they brought? For what purpose? By what machines were they drawn? Or by what mechanic powers erected?

Many have attempted to solve such questions as these, but none have gone farther than conjecture. Even the very purpose for which these stones were brought together, is not sufficiently ascertained. Mr. Walpole remarks, that whoever has examined this monument,
has

has ascribed it to that class of antiquity of which he himself was most fond. This was at least the case of the celebrated Inigo Jones. On his return from Italy, having nothing but Italian architecture in his head, he found out that Stonehenge was a Roman ruin.

Many idle things, no doubt, have been written on this subject. It is a happy field for conjecture. On the whole, perhaps, the laborious inquiries of Dr. Stukeley have been attended with the most success; for though neither he nor any man could answer all the inquiries which curiosity is apt to make on this subject; yet he seems to have contributed more towards a just idea of this wonderful monument, than any other antiquarian. He has gone upon principle. He has traced it by its *measures*, and other data, into Druid times; and (as far as appears) conviction follows his researches. In his long discussion, he may, in some parts, be whimsical; and in many certainly tedious: but allowances should be made for a man full of his subject, who, of course, will see many things which he supposes to be of consequence, and which he cannot, in few words, make apparent to others.

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Of these stones there are an hundred and forty: and by calculation it appears, that each of the largest of them would require the strength of an hundred and fifty oxen to move it.

The outer circle has been formed by a combination of two uprights and an impost; yet each combination of these three stones is detached, and without any connection with the rest, except that of coinciding in the form of a circle. Many of these uprights still remain; but only five with the imposts annexed.

The inner circle never had any imposts, but consisted only of upright stones. Ten of these are still standing out of forty, of which the original number is supposed to have consisted.

Besides these circles, there are some internal parts formed of stones, placed elliptically; some of which also have had imposts. These Dr. Stukeley conceives to have been the recesses of the priests. In this part of the circle also is placed a stone, which he supposes to have been an altar.

Rough as all this work appears now to be, after having been exposed to the storms of two thousand winters, it has been originally constructed with wonderful art. All the stones
seem

seem to have been chiseled, on the inside especially, with great care; and the imposts have all been let into the uprights by mortices, and tenons very curiously wrought.

But it is not the *elegance of the work*, but the *grandeur of the idea*, that strikes us. The walk between the two circles, which is a circumference of three hundred feet, is awfully magnificent: at least it would have been so, if the monument had been entire. To be immured, as it were, by such hideous walls of rock; and to see the landscape and the sky through such strange apertures must have thrown the imagination into a wonderful ferment. The Druid, though savage in his nature, had the sublimest ideas of the object of his worship, whatever it was. He always worshipped under the canopy of the sky, and could not bear the idea of a roof between him and heaven. I have known the idea sometimes taken up by pious christians, who have confessed they found their minds most expanded, when they worshipped in the open air.

Stonehenge is supposed to be the grandest structure of the kind that exists. We meet with many other Druidical remains of this form, though of inferior size. But I have
some-

somewhere heard of one in France, inferior indeed to Stonehenge in magnificence, but superior to it in elegant construction. The imposts *uniting with each other*, form one continued circle of stone on the top of the uprights; which makes a more pleasing appearance than Stonehenge, where each impost, resting on two uprights, stands detached from its neighbour.

Wonderful, however, as Stonehenge is, and plainly discovering that the mind, which conceived it, was familiar with great ideas, it is totally void, though in a ruinous state, of every idea of picturesque beauty; and I should suppose was still more so in its perfect one. We walked round it, examined it on every side, and endeavoured to take a perspective view of it, but in vain; the stones are so uncouthly placed, that we found it was impossible to form them, from any stand, into a pleasing shape.

Besides these stones, there are others of immense size in different parts of the island; though none, I believe, so large. Near Borough-bridge two or three of the largest are found, which are known by the name of the *Devil's Arrows*.

Volney, in his Travels through Syria, mentions three stones of white granite, among the

ruins of Balbeck, each of which was twelve feet thick ; and which together extended above fifty-eight yards. And in an adjacent quarry, he found a stone lying, half chiseled, which was sixty-nine feet long, and in breadth and thickness about thirteen. It was probably too large to be carried from the spot *.

About two miles from Dol in Bretagne, in the middle of an orchard, Mr. Wraxall tells us, there is a single stone fixed in the earth, of a conic form, which is about forty-five feet high, and nearly as many broad. It had long puzzled the antiquarians of the country, and gave rise to various conjectures. Some of them however endeavoured to get at its foundation. There they found it was really a natural production, being fixed to a stratum of solid rock several feet below the surface †.

The plain, on which Stonehenge stands, is in the same style of greatness as the temple that adorns it. It extends many miles in all directions, in some not less than fifty. An eye unversed in these objects is filled with astonish-

* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Tour through France, p. 36.

ment in viewing waste after waste rising out of each new horizon.

————— Such appears the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
Ruin of ages, nods.——

The ground is spread, indeed, as the poet observes, *like the ocean*; but it is like the ocean after a storm, it is continually heaving in large swells. Through all this vast district, scarce a cottage or even a bush appears. If you approach within two or three miles of the edge of the plain, you see, like the mariner within soundings, land at a distance, houses, trees, and villages; but all around is waste.

Regions, like this, which have come down to us rude and untouched, from the beginning of time, fill the mind with grand conceptions, far beyond the efforts of art and cultivation. Impressed by such views of nature, our ancestors worshiped the God of nature in these boundless scenes, which gave them the highest conceptions of eternity. Such were the grand ideas of the patriarch, as he ranged the wide regions of the east, and set up his monumental pile, not adorned with vases or statues, but a mound of earth, a rude pillar, which he called

God's House, or some vast heap of stones, of a fabric, firm as the ground on which it stood, like this before us, which has seen in succession the ruins of innumerable works of art, and will probably remain undiminished till the end of time.

All the plain, at least that part of it near Stonehenge, is one vast cemetery. Every where, as we passed, we saw tumuli or *barrows*, as they are called, rising on each hand. These little mounds of earth are more curiously and elegantly shaped than any of the kind I remember elsewhere to have seen. They commonly rise in the form of bells, and each of them hath a neat trench fashioned round its base; though in their forms, and in the ornamental circles at their bases, some appear to be of more distinguished workmanship. They are of various sizes, sometimes of thirty, sometimes of forty or fifty yards in diameter. From many places we counted above an hundred of them at once; sometimes as if huddled together without any design; in other places rising in a kind of order. By the rays of a setting sun the distant barrows are most conspicuously seen. Every little summit being tipped with a splendid light, while the plain is in shadow,

is at that time easily distinguished. Most of them are placed on the more elevated parts of the plain ; and generally in sight of the great temple. That they are mansions of the dead is undoubted ; many of them having been opened, and found to cover the bones both of men and beasts ; the latter of which were probably sacrificed at the funeral. We suppose also that some of them contained the promiscuous ashes of a multitude, as Virgil describes them.

—*Confusæ ingentem cædis acervum,*
 “ *Nec numero, nec honore cremant. Tunc undique*
 “ *vasti*
 “ *Certatim crebris collucent ignibus agri.*
 “ *Tertia lux gelidam cœlo dimoverat umbram ;*
 “ *Moerentes altum cinerem, et confusa ruebant*
 “ *Ossa focus ; tepidoque onerabant aggere terræ.*”

Indeed this mode of burial, as the most honourable, seems to have been dictated by the voice of nature. We meet with it in Homer ; we meet with it in Herodotus. The vestiges of it are found on the vast plains of Tartary ; and even among the savages of Guinea.

That we do not ascribe more antiquity to these temples and cemetaries, than rightly belongs to them, the antiquarian hath shewn by many learned arguments. I shall subjoin another

other of classic origin ; from which it will appear probable, that the furniture of these vast plains was exactly the same in Cæsar's days, as it is now.

That chief, in the first book of his Commentaries, describing the place, which was agreed on to be the scene of conference between him and Ariovistus, tells us, it was an extensive plain, in which was a large artificial mount. *Planities erat magna, et in ea tumulus terreus satis grandis.* I translate *terreus* by the word *artificial*, because it certainly implies something factitious. No correct writer, speaking of a *natural hill*, would use such an epithet. It would be a mere redundancy ; and just as improper as if he had said, *Planities erat magna terrea.* But in describing an *artificial mount*, it is certainly proper ; because such a mount might have been constructed of other materials besides *earth*.

That Cæsar's *tumulus* was intended also as a memorial for the dead, is probable from the common use of the word *tumulus* ; especially when accompanied with the epithet *terreus* ; for we know no other use for which these *tumuli terrei*, or *artificial mounts*, were constructed, but that of being memorials of the dead ;

dead ; and for this use we know they certainly were constructed. We find Æneas likewise haranguing his troops from a tomb of this kind :

——— “ Socios in cætum littorē ab omni
“ Advocat Æneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur.”

Having thus settled Cæsar's *tumulus terreus* to have been a *barrow* ; and knowing also from him, that the Druids frequented Gaul, we are led to believe, that his *planities magna*, and *Salisbury Plain*, were places of the same kind ; both of them most probably Druid scenes. Cæsar indeed mentions but one tumulus on his plain : but as he was describing only a particular spot, not the general scene, we may easily suppose there might be many other barrows, and perhaps a Stonehenge also in the neighbourhood of it.

It is probable also, (as Cæsar tells us the Druid discipline was carried originally into Gaul, from Britain, which was the great source of Druid-learning*,) that Salisbury Plain might

* “ Disciplina hæc in Britannia reperta ; atque inde in Galliam
“ translata esse, existimatur : et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cog-
“ noscere volunt, plerumque illò, discendi causâ, proficiscuntur.”
Lib. iv.

have

have been a scene of great antiquity many years before the time of Cæsar.

Though Salisbury Plain in Druid times was probably a very busy scene, we now find it wholly uninhabited. Here and there we meet a flock of sheep, scattered over the side of some rising ground; and a shepherd with his dog, attending them; or perhaps we may descry some solitary waggon winding round a distant hill. But the only resident inhabitant of this vast waste is the bustard. This bird, which is the largest fowl we have in England, is fond of all extensive plains, and is found on several; but these are supposed to be his principal haunt. Here he breeds, and here he spends his summer-day, feeding with his mate on juicy berries, and the large dew-worms of the heath. As winter approaches, he forms into society. Fifty or sixty have been sometimes seen together.

As the bustard leads his life in these unfrequented wilds, and studiously avoids the haunts of men, the appearance of any thing in motion, though at a considerable distance, alarms him. I know not that he is protected, like the partridge and pheasant, by any law; but his own vigilance is a better security to him than
an

an act of parliament. As he is so noble a prize, his flesh so delicate, and the quantity of it so large, he is of course frequently the object of the fowler's stratagems. But his caution is generally a protection against them all. The scene he frequents, affords neither tree to shelter, nor hedge to screen, an enemy; and he is so tall, that when he raises his neck to take a perspective view, his eye circumscribes a very wide horizon. All open attempts therefore against him are fruitless. The fowler's most promising stratagem is to conceal himself in a waggon. The west country waggons, periodically travelling these regions, are objects to which the bustard is most accustomed; and though he retires at their approach, he retires with less evident signs of alarm, than from any thing else. It is possible therefore, if the fowler lie close in such a concealment, and with a long barrelled gun can direct a good aim, he may make a lucky shot. Sometimes also he slips from the tail of a waggon a couple of swift greyhounds. They soon come up with the bustard, though he runs well; and if they can contrive to reach him, just as he is on the point of taking wing, (an operation which he performs with less expedition

dition than is requisite in such critical circumstances,) they may perhaps seize him.

Some encroachments have been made by the plough, within these few years, upon Salisbury Plain. But these inroads, though considerable in themselves, bear little proportion to the vastness of these downy grounds. The plough is a heavy invader; and its perseverance only can produce a visible effect in so vast a scene.

Another reason also may operate powerfully in preserving these wide domains in a state of nature. The soil is, in most places, very shallow, not above five or six inches above a rock of chalk; and as the tillage of two or three years exhausts it, without more expence than the land will answer, it hath been thought but ill husbandry to destroy a good sheep-walk, for a bad piece of arable land.

But though Salisbury Plain is a remarkable scene in England, it is nothing in comparison of many scenes of this kind on the face of the globe, in which the eye is carried, if I may so phrase it, *out of sight*; where an extent of land, flat, like the ocean, melts gradually into the horizon. Such are many parts of Poland and Tartary. The plains of Yedesan, on the borders of Bessarabia, are among the most extraordinary,

ordinary. Baron de Tott describes them on his journey to the Cham of Tartary, as so immense, that he tells us, (somewhat I think hyperbolically,) the piercing eyes of the Tartars, who rode before him, could distinguish the heads of the horsemen in the horizon, when the *convexity of the earth hid the rest of their bodies*. His description is more natural afterwards, when he says, he saw the sun rise and set on these plains, as navigators do at sea. Their singularity consists both in their vastness and in certain regular vallies which bisect them. These vallies are distant from each other about ten or twelve leagues, and run in parallel lines across the plain. They are totally void of the usual ornaments of our vallies, variety of ground, a foaming rivulet, and woody banks: they are mere trenches, cut out by Nature, about twenty yards deep, and sometimes a quarter of a mile broad; so that as you traverse the plain, the eye passes over them like sunk fences, and all appears one boundless waste. Through the middle of each of these vallies is a muddy rivulet, and as there is no elevation of ground, it is almost stagnant. The course of these rivulets, such as it is, leads from north to south; and at the end of the plain they form

small lakes, which communicate with the Black Sea. In these vallies the Tartars of Yedefan fix their tents, while their numerous herds of horses, oxen, dromedaries, and sheep graze the plains. These herds are continually wandering from home in summer, especially the larger kinds; and the chief employment of the Tartar is, to gallop about in quest of them. He takes a quantity of roasted millet in a bag, mounts his horse, and rides till sun-set. Then if he find not what he sought, he clogs his horse, and leaves it to graze; and as he is always at home, he sups, wraps himself in his cloak, and sleeps till morning, when he begins his search again. Having given this general account of the plains of Yedefan, Baron Tott speaks of his first day's journey over them. The conclusion of it was the nearest valley, at about ten leagues distance. The sun was now setting; and after a long journey, "I still
 " saw nothing before me," says he, "but a vast
 " melancholy plain, when I suddenly felt my
 " carriage descend, and looking out, I saw a
 " range of tents, extending to the right and
 " left. We crossed a rivulet over a bad bridge,
 " and found three tents on the other side out
 " of the line, one of which was intended for me.

" It

“ It was a kind of large hen-coop, constructed
 “ in a circular form, with a sort of dome open-
 “ ing at the top, and was covered with a felt
 “ of camels hair. The paling was connected
 “ by slips of raw hides, and finished with
 “ great strength and delicacy *.”

But of all the plains of which we meet with any account, those of the deserts of Arabia are the most forbidding. Perhaps no part of the globe, of equal circumference, is so totally destitute of Nature's bounty, and of every kind of vegetable furniture :

———The whole

A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky.

The Tartarean plains, just described, are bisected with streams and vallies, such as they are, covered with herbage. But the barrenness of the Arabian plain in no part intermits. The tents, horses, and camels of the caravan, to which the traveller is attached, are the only objects he sees. If he should fix one end of an immense cord at these tents, the other might be carried round, along the rim of a boundless horizon, without sweeping over any inequality. All this vast circle is covered

* See Memoirs of Baron de Tott, vol. i. p. 46.

with

with grey sand, like the ashes of a furnace. Over all hangs the canopy of heaven undiversified by a single cloud to break the rays of a scorching sun; while a breeze, if it can be called such, glowing with heat, often fills the air with clouds of overwhelming dust; or totally destroys its vital spring.

—— Breathed hot

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, even the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.

In the mean time a universal silence reigns over the whole vast scene. None of the cheerful sounds of nature are heard; neither of beast, nor of bird, nor even of humming insect. All is still as night. With such a country as this, Moses threatens the people of Israel on their disobedience. *The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust. From heaven shall it come down upon thee, till thou be destroyed*.*

—— There is, however, an appearance in these

* Deut. xxviii. 23, 24.

deserts,

deserts, taken notice of by Sir John Chardin, which is rather picturesque. A splendor or vapour is sometimes formed by the repercussion of the rays of the sun from the sand, which seems at a distance a vast lake. But as the thirsty traveller approaches in hopes of finding water, it retires before him, or totally disappears *. Q. Curtius takes notice of the same effect in one of the marches of Alexander.

Thus we see how *differently* Nature works up the *same modes* of scenery; and there is great amusement in bringing these several scenes together, and in following her steps through all her similar, but varied operations.

* Sir J. Chardin's MSS. as quoted by Harmer.

S E C T. VIII.

HAVING satisfied our curiosity on Salisbury Plain, and performed the due rites at Stonehenge by pacing its dimensions, and counting the stones, we proceeded to Wilton. The point of Salisbury spire, just emerging from the horizon, guided us across the open country; and as we got into the more cultivated part, we turned out of the Salisbury road, and fell down into Wilton, which lies in a vale on the edge of the plain. We cannot expect a very beautiful scene in the neighbourhood of such a waste. Nature's transitions are generally gradual. The true picturesque vale is rarely found in any country, but a mountainous one. Great plenty of wood and water however give an agreeable air to the vale of Wilton.

Wilton was once the capital of all this country, to which it gave its name. But Salisbury drawing Old Sarum within its vortex, drew Wilton also. At present this village is chiefly remarkable for the splendid palace of the Earls of Pembroke.

Wilton-house was formerly an Abbey; and felt the full weight of the inquisition set on foot in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The ladies of Wilton-abbey were accused of too great an intimacy with the monks of a neighbouring house. Stories of this kind were listened to at the time of the dissolution with great attention; though often perhaps void of any foundation. Both houses however fell together; and the demesnes of Wilton were given to the Pembroke family, in whose hands they still continue. The earl of that day began immediately to turn the abbey into a mansion: but the plan was not completed in its present state till late in the reign of Charles I. The garden-front by Inigo Jones is admired by all judges of architecture. The portico boasts the hand of Hans Holbein. There are some things however yet wanting to give the house an air of magnificence. The entrance is particularly awkward and incumbered*.

As the morning threatened rain, we thought it better to take a view of the garden, before we entered the house: it occupies the centre

* Since this was written, it has been altered.

of a wide valley, adorned with a river. This river was fashioned, by the conductors of taste in the last age, into an immense canal. It is now changed again into an irregular piece of water. But though its banks are decorated with rich garden-scenes, it still retains enough of formality to suggest the old idea. It forms however the grandest view in the garden. Salisbury church comes in very happily as an object at the bottom of it; and is of sufficient magnitude to shew that it was not constructed for the purpose.

Garden-scenes are never *picturesque*. They want the bold roughness of nature. A principal beauty in our *gardens*, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, is the smoothness of the turf: but in a *picture*, this becomes a dead and uniform spot; incapable of light and shade, and must be broken insipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures; — that is, I suppose Mr. Walpole means, by such figures as commonly frequent garden-scenes, which are of all others the most unpicturesque. And yet I have been informed that Mr. B. Wilson made a good landscape even of this scene. He took it, however, from that end which is nearest to Salisbury, where he got a *rougher*

foreground than he could find in the garden. In a *distance*, he might more easily disguise a *garden-scene*.

Opposite to the house, the river Willy enters the canal. It is a river only of small dimensions, but over it is thrown a magnificent Palladian bridge.

I have sometimes thought the Palladian bridge may be considered as a species of bombast in architecture. It is like expressing a plain *sentiment* in a *pompous phrase*. Merely to pass a trifling stream, a plank with a simple rail is sufficient; and in a *pastoral* scene, it is all you require. In such a scene as *this*, indeed, a simple plank would be *out of place*. You are composing *in heroics*. But a certain species of simplicity is required even here; and as in all *literary compositions* turgid expressions offend, why should they not offend in *every* mode of composition? Here we allow a handsome bridge is necessary. But why *more* than a bridge? What have pillars—walls—pediments—and roofs to do with a bridge? A bridge in itself is one of the most beautiful of artificial objects: but dressed in this bombast style, it offends: it offends at least the simplicity of a picturesque eye. If you want a cool, airy building

building to receive the refreshment of a summer breeze, as it passes over the lake, erect one in some proper place, and if it be well disposed, nobody can take offence. But let it stand for what it is. Do not leave people in doubt whether it is a house or a bridge, by *uniting* modes of architecture, which are in themselves *distinct*; and giving one the ornaments that belong to another. From these criticisms we except such bridges as are situated, like the Rialto at Venice, which, connecting the parts of a large city, may be allowed to assume a correspondent air of grandeur; and may with propriety even be covered with a roof. But here no such accommodation is necessary; and what is unnecessary is always affected.

From the Palladian bridge and banks of the river, the ground rises beautifully, consisting of a hanging lawn, encompassed with wood, which is broken into pleasing parts. But here, though in sight of the Palladian bridge, we have another ornament full as much out of *place* as the other was out of *form*.

On the summit of the hill is erected a triumphal arch, with Marcus Aurelius mounted on horseback on the top of it.

Now

Now if we only recollect the intention of a triumphal arch, we shall see how grotesquely such a fabric is erected here.

When a Roman general triumphed, it was the custom to raise these arches, through which the procession passed to the city; and they were sometimes constructed and adorned in a very magnificent manner, and left as memorials of the great event on which they were at first erected. All this was noble, and admirably adapted to the intended purpose. But we have here a triumphal arch set upon the top of a hill, totally unconnected with any thing near it. A triumphal arch would be perhaps too pompous a structure to form a part of the *approach* to the house; yet in that capacity it might have been *suffered*; it might have had some analogy at least to its situation. But as it now stands, however good it may be in itself, it is certainly an absurd ostentatious ornament.

The rain coming on obliged us to leave the rest of the garden unseen, and drove us into the house. It prevented also our seeing the stables, which are very grand; and what we still regretted more, a row of cedars of Libanon, which are esteemed the finest in England.

We

We saw them afterwards from the windows of the house, but probably to some disadvantage, as they did not answer the expectations we had formed of them.

The grand collection of statues in Wilton-house entitle it very deservedly to the attention of every traveller. When we enter the great hall, we are struck with the profusion of them.

At the first view of such a collection, it becomes matter of wonder how Italy can be so inexhaustible a fund of ancient statues. Besides their peopling all the palaces of that country, there is not a cabinet in Europe which is not more or less inhabited by them. All come from Italy. Italy has been supplying the curious with antiques for many centuries; and they who have money may buy antiques in Italy still.

The wonder will, in some degree, subside, when we consider the rage for sculpture which possessed the ancient Romans. Statues were the chief ornaments of old Rome, and had for ages been collected there by all ranks of people.

The conquest of Greece brought them first into repute. As they became more admired; prætors and proconsuls made them every where
the

the objects of rapine. Not only Greece, but the Ægean isles, Asia, and Egypt, were pillaged. Statues, bas-reliefs, busts, pillars, every thing that could be severed from the buildings to which they belonged, were swept away to Rome. Temples, baths, porticoes, and other public places, were first adorned. The conquered provinces could not supply the demand. Artists were called from Greece: Parian marble was imported; and statues were erected to the Gods, and heroes of Rome, as had been erected before to those of Greece:

——— Italusque, paterque Sabinus
 Vitifator, curvam servans sub imagine falcem;
 Saturnusque senex; Janique bifrontis imago,
 Vestibulo adstabant; aliique ab origine reges,
 Martia qui ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.

The rage for these beautiful ornaments next seized *private persons*. Every one who had a consular, or a prætorian ancestor, wished to see him erected in brass or marble, till at length it became as common in Rome to have a likeness taken by a statuary, as it is in London to have one taken by a portrait painter. Artists, no doubt, there were, of all kinds; and prices adapted to every rank. The mechanic, therefore, as well as the senator, might see his house adorned

adorned with himself, his wife, and his family, all sculptured to the life in stone. Many of these ignoble statues might, in length of time, deposit their plebeian forms, and visit foreign countries, as Scipios, Cæsars, and Octavias. It is not every connoisseur who can detect them by their garb.

From what has been observed, we may easily judge what an inexhaustible fund of antiques Rome, and its colonies, (for the rage spread over all the neighbouring parts of Italy,) might produce. Quantities, no doubt, of these works are still laid up in those magazines of ruin and rubbish which Goths and other barbarous invaders have heaped upon them.

The statues, busts, and bas-reliefs, which we now survey, were chiefly collected by the cardinals Mazarin and Richlieu; and the Earl of Arundel, in Charles the First's time. Additions have been made since. Some, I have been told, were presented by one of the Dukes of Tuscany, to whom an Earl of Pembroke had shewn particular civilities, during his stay in England. The collection, no doubt, is very magnificent, (one of the first, perhaps, in Europe, if we except royal and classic ground,) and many of its contents are excellent pieces of art.

art. In general, however, they may be classed, as Martial classes his epigrams, into good, bad, and indifferent. It is impossible, that in so numerous a collection the whole can be valuable. In many of those, however, which are indifferent, some of the parts may be good, and afford useful studies.

Among the busts which struck us most, (on the transient view we were able to give them,) were those of Miltiades—Hannibal—Pindar—Adrian—Cleopatra, the sister of Alexander—Lepidus—Sophocles—Pompey—Nerva—Labienus Parthicus—Semiramis—Marcellus the younger—Metellus imberbis—Diana—Lucan—Caracalla—Alcibiades—Cecrops—Vitelius—and Galba. Pyrrhus of Epire is particularly fine. The air of this bust is very noble; and is impressed with the whole character of the hero. A collossean bust too of Alexander the Great is striking; but the head seems rather too long. Probably it might be covered, though I do not recollect the circumstance, with a Grecian helmet. If so, the head-piece and visor, connected without a joint, when thrown back, would make the head too long by the addition of the length of the face.

P

Among

Among the alto-relievos, we admired two Cupids—Curtius—Saturn—some Boys eating grapes—Ulysses in the cave of Calypso—Saturn crowning the Arts—Cupid sucking Venus—The story of Clælia—Silenus on his ass—Galatæa—Cupids and Boys—A Boy on a sea-horse.—A Victory, the composition of which is very good—A Priestess sacrificing, in which the animals are particularly fine—A Nuptial Vase, both the form and sculpture of which are elegant.

Among the statues, we thought the best were—A small Meleager—An Amazonian Queen, less than the life, the attitude and expression of which are both excellent—A dying Hercules: part of this group is good, particularly the expression of Pean; but the principal figure, though in miniature, is monstrous, and the character is unpleasing—A Colossean Hercules—Saturn holding a Child—The Father of Julius Cæsar; the attitude of this figure is very noble—Mark Anthony; the attitude of this too is admirable—Venus holding a Vase; this figure, if looked at on the side opposite the vase, is pleasing, but on the other side it is awkward.—A Naiad, the upper part of which is beautiful—

tiful—Apollo in the Stone-hall; the body is better than the hands—Cleopatra and Cæsarion are esteemed; we did not see much merit in them. There is at least no feminine beauty in Cleopatra. The pillar too in the outward court may here be mentioned; the whole of which has an elegant appearance, and the statue is beautiful.

It is not easy to avoid remarking that these antiques might possibly have been arranged in a more judicious manner. The *apartments* of a noble house should not suffer their *ornaments* to obtrude *foremost* upon the eye. Each apartment should preserve its *own dignity*; to which the *ornamental* part should be *subordinate*. In every work of art, and indeed of nature also, it is a breach of the most express picturesque canon, if the *parts* engage the eye more than the *whole*. The hall, therefore, the staircase, the saloon, and other apartments, might be adorned with a few busts and statues; but to receive the whole collection, perhaps a long gallery should have been *professedly* built. In this they might have been arranged in *profusion*.

In constructing such a gallery, little ornament would be required. Here the *statues*

would be the objects, not the *room*. To *them* therefore the *whole* should be subordinate: they would constitute the *whole*.

Two things in such a gallery should chiefly be considered; the colour of the walls, and the distribution of the light. If the walls were stained with a darkish olive-tint, they would perhaps shew the statues to the best advantage; and yet a lighter tinge might probably give them more softness. The experiment might easily be tried.

With regard to the *light*, it should be high, but not vertical. If the antiques were ranged on one side of the room, the light might be introduced from high windows on the other. Such a light would not certainly be the most picturesque, as each figure, at least when studied, would require a side light, appropriated to itself. But this in a degree might be obtained by the means of curtains.

Much of the beauty of such a room would depend on the mode of arranging the antiques. The bas-reliefs might be put in plain square frames, and affixed to the wall; the busts might stand on brackets between them, or in recesses; and the statues might occupy the
front.

front. Or perhaps, on examining the whole collection together, some more happy arrangement might be formed.

As nobody in England but the Earl of Pembroke could fit up such a gallery, it should not perhaps be made entirely a private concern. It would be generous and noble to lay it open to artists, when well recommended; and to let them study in it, under proper restrictions. It would bring Italy, as much as could be, into England.

But statues are not the only furniture at Wilton: it contains many very valuable pictures.

Those we admired most were,

A Cattle-piece, by Rosa of Tivoli. Few masters are better acquainted with composition, colouring, and the distribution of light. This picture, though not a capital one, is an instance of his skill in all these respects.

A whole-length of the first Lady of the second Earl Philip, and a half-length of the Countess of Castlehaven: both these are by Vandyck, and both are excellent.

Mrs. Kelligrew and Mrs. Morton, by Vandyck: the latter we admired very much.

Mr.

Mr. James Herbert, by Lely.

A Carpet and Boar's-head, by Maltese. The composition is a strange one, but the picture is well painted.

An old Woman with Fish, by Snyders. The fish are masterly, but the composition is disagreeable.

An old Woman reading, by Rembrant.

Christ taken from the Cross, by Albert Durer. They who admire the works of the old masters, will find a very good one here.

A large Fruit-piece, with Figures, by M. Angelo delle Battaglio. It is a tradition in the family, that M. Angelo kept this picture in his possession as a favourite piece; and that Sir Robert Gere bought it of his widow for three hundred pistoles.

Democritus, by Spagnolet. The style of painting in this picture is admirable; but the character of Democritus is bad.

Four Children, by Rubens. For composition and colouring we seldom see a more pleasing picture, either by this master, or any other.

The Virgin with Christ, by Cantarini. The manner is indistinct, but the boy is a beautiful figure.

The

The division of Christ's Garments, by Carracci. This picture is well painted, but the light is ill-managed.

The Princess Sophia, habited like a Shepherdess, by Huntorst.

A good Virgin, by Carlo Dolce.

An admirable portrait of Titian, by himself.

The Woman taken in Adultery, by Janeiro. The story is not well told; but the figures are beautifully grouped.

A good Schalken.

An old Man selling Plumbs to Children, by Francis Hals. This is a happy subject to shew pleasure and disappointment in young faces; and the painter has been as happy in his expression of them.

In one of the rooms I remember meeting with a picture of Pietro Testa, which is uncommon. There is great spirit in it.

But the capital picture at Wilton, is the large family-piece by Vandyck. Of the excellence of this picture we are told many stories; that it is Vandyck's master-piece; that it is celebrated through Europe; and that it might have been covered with gold, as a price to obtain it. This latter is a compliment which I have often heard paid in great houses to favourite pictures; and

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as the King of France is supposed to be the richest man in Europe, he is generally introduced, on these occasions, as the bidder. For myself, I own I am not entirely of the King of France's opinion. I have examined this picture with great attention; and reluctantly own I cannot bring myself to admire it, either in the *whole*, or in its *parts*. Vandyck's portrait of King Charles I. over a chimney at Hampton Court*, which consists only of a single figure, I freely own I should prefer to this, though it consists of thirteen.

Vandyck seldom appears to advantage when he has *several figures* to manage. His master Rubens early saw this, and desired him to relinquish history, and apply to portrait. He did; but here he is again engaged in history; that is, he has a number of figures at full length to manage in one large piece, which extends twenty feet by twelve. The composition of such a work required more skill than he possessed.

In the first place, there is no attempt at *design*. Some little family-scene should have been introduced, which might have drawn the figures *into one action*. Thus Titian represents

* I believe it is now removed.

the

the Cornaro family joining in an act of devotion *. Without something of this kind, the figures had better have been painted in *separate pictures*.

Composition too is wanting as well as *design*. The figures are ill-grouped, and produce *no whole*.

The *colouring* too is glaring. Yellow, red, and blue are the sources, when *properly blended*, of every harmonious tint; but here they stare in raw colours. Every gaudy figure stands foremost to catch the eye; except the principal figures, which are attired in black. The young people are all so richly dressed, that it seems as if their father and mother had ordered them to put on their best clothes, and come down to be painted; and that the painter had drawn them so attired, just as he saw them, without any distinction or choice of drapery. To destroy the harmony still more, a large escutcheon of the Pembroke arms hangs in one corner of the picture, filled with such a profusion of red and yellow, that it catches the eye at once, and may properly be called one of the principal figures.

If from a *general* view of the picture, we proceed to *particulars*, I fear our criticisms must

* This picture belongs to the Duke of Northumberland.

be equally severe. Never painter, it must be owned, had that happy art which Vandyck possessed, of turning earths and minerals into flesh and blood. Never painter had that happy art of composing a single figure with the chaste simplicity of nature, and without affectation or artifice of any kind; and some of the figures in this picture are, no doubt, composed in this style, particularly the Earls of Pembroke and Carnarvon. But the figures in general, when considered apart, are far from capital. Some of the attitudes are forced: you look in vain for Vandyck's wonted simplicity. But what disgusts us most, is a want of harmony. In all pictures, whether the faces are old or young, the *same coloured light*, if I may so express myself, should be spread over all,—the mellow or the bluish tinge, arising from the state of the atmosphere, whatever it is, through which the light is thrown upon them: but here this rule is so far from being observed, that even allowing the variation of different complexions, the faces of all, though of one country, belong to different climates. A yellow-faced boy particularly, among the front figures, has a complexion, which nothing but a jaundice or an Indian sun could have given him. For the rest,

rest, some of the carnations are very beautiful ; particularly the hands of the Countess of Pembroke.

All this censure, however, must not be laid to the charge of Vandyck. His pencil could never have been guilty of such violence against Nature. I have been assured *, that about a dozen years ago, this picture was retouched by a painter, I think, of the name of Brompton. I saw it before that time, and some years after ; and as far as my memory serves, it was altered much for the worse. This may account for most of the faults that may be found with the *carnations*.

It would have been a happy thought to represent the dead children by little cherubs hovering in the air ; if the picture had had an *emblematical* cast. In *serious portrait*, the thought seems rather out of place.

At Wilton-house the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney (whose beloved sister was married to the Earl of Pembroke) wrote his *Arcadia* ; a work of such fancy, that although not accommodated to the refinement of this age, it was greatly admired in the last, and went rapidly through eight editions.

* By the late Lord Orford.

S E C T. IX.

FROM Wilton we returned to Salisbury; and from thence proceeded to Fonthill, the seat of Mr. Beckford. The road conveyed us through lanes, along the edge of the plain. About Denton the ground lay beautifully; the hills descending gently on each side.

Fonthill is a noble house, situated in a park, which contains great variety of ground. It takes its name from a woody hill and fountain hard by it, from which rises a stream that assists in forming an artificial river, decorated by a very sumptuous bridge. If the bridge had been more simple, the scene about it would have been more pleasing. The ground, though *artificially formed, slopes well* to the river on each side, and beyond the bridge opens into a sweet retiring valley.

Mr. Beckford seems also to have been assiduous in making a collection of pictures; and in point of numbers, he has succeeded. A Socrates, by Salvator, is most esteemed. But though a capital picture, it seems ill-coloured, being a mere yellowish clair obscure; nor has Socrates any character. I must add, however, that





that I have, oftener than once, judged falsely on the first sight of Salvator's pictures, which have pleased me more on a second view. This, however, is certainly a fault. We expect from a good picture, as from a good man, a favourable impression at sight.

But if there be few good pictures at Fonthill, there is abundance of splendor; not without a little dash of vanity and ostentation. What is wanting in taste, is made up in finery. Never house was so bedecked with all the pride of upholstery. The very plate-glass in one room cost fifteen hundred pounds*.

From Fonthill we proceeded through Hendon to Stourhead, the seat of Mr. Hoare, along downs overlooking an extensive distance on the left. We soon came in sight of the house and plantations, adorned with towers stretching in a line along the horizon. The plantations, which seemed to stand on a flat, appeared, in this distant view, very regular, and

* Since this was written, I have been informed that Fonthill hath been much improved; particularly that a cathedral hath been built of the full dimensions of a genuine one. As Mr. Wyatt was the architect, it must be a noble edifice; and if it be properly stationed, it must be a grand decoration.

gave

gave us but an unfavourable idea of the place. The mystery, however, of this apparently unpleasing situation, was unravelled when we came upon the spot.

Mr. Hoare purchased Stourhead about forty years ago, of Lord Stourton, who takes his title from a village of that name in the neighbourhood. The improved grounds consist of three parallel vallies; all of them closed at one end by an immense terrace, running several miles in length, with little deviation either to the right or left. This was the horizontal stretch of unpleasing ground, which we saw at a distance. The vallies run from it nearly at right angles; and were entirely screened from the eye, as we approached.

But though Mr. Hoare has taken all the three vallies, consisting of several miles in circumference, within his improvements, he has *adorned* that only which lies nearest his house. The other two are planted and cut into rides; but the wood is yet young.

The house is built on an elegant design by Colin Campbell, the architect of Wanstead-house in Essex. It consists of a basement; one grand floor, and an attic. We enter a handsome hall, and pass into the saloon, which
is

is a noble room, sixty feet in length. On each side of these rooms range the apartments.

Several good pictures adorn them. Those we admired most, were

Some Market peasants, by Gainsborough. Both the figures and the effect of this picture are pleasing.

The Conference between Jacob and Esau, by Rosa of Tivoli. This is a capital picture, and abounds with amusement, though it is neither painted in the master's best manner, nor are the figures well-grouped.

A small landscape, by Lucatelli.

A Holy Family, by Caracci.

A landscape, by Rembrandt. The background and sky are dark ; and the figures sitting on the fore-ground, and seen by fire-light, have a good effect.

A Baptist's Head in a Charger, by Carlo Dolci.

A good copy of Reuben's Boys at Wilton.

Elisha restoring the Widow's Son, by Rembrandt. This is esteemed the most capital picture of the collection ; but it wants a *whole*, and the prophet a *character*.

From the house we went to view the improvements around it. That valley near which
the

the house stands, and which I have mentioned as the most adorned, contains a very noble scene. It is called the valley of *Six-wells*, from six heads of the river Stour, which arise here, and which the Stourton family take for their arms. The produce of these springs is collected into a grand piece of water; in which, and the improvements on its banks, consist the beauties of the scene.

In the common round, we are carried first to the lower parts, along the margin of the lake, which we cross in a narrow part, by a superb wooden bridge, and still continuing along the water, are amused with a grotto, which has more propriety in it, than these places commonly have. Here arises one of the heads of the Stour, which a well-cut river God (*Deus ipse loci*) pours from his urn.

There is another grotto also near this, in which the springs are collected into a marble bath. It is adorned with the statue of a sleeping nymph, under whom you read these lines:

Nymph of the grot, these sacred streams I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah! spare my slumbers; gently tread the cave;
And drink in silence; or in silence lave.

Leaving





Leaving these grottos, we ascend the higher grounds, and so proceed from one ornamental building to another, every where entertained with different views of the lake, and its banks.

One of these buildings is very beautiful. It is called the Pantheon, as it is built on something like the model of the Pantheon at Rome. Though it is only the *ornament of a garden*, it is a *splendid edifice*. The rotunda, which is the grand part of it, is lighted from the top, and is thirty-six feet in diameter. To this is added a portico, and an apartment on each side. The inside of the rotunda is adorned with statues and bas-relievos; and in the centre stands an excellent Hercules, by Ryfbrach.

This statue was the work of emulation. Ryfbrach had long enjoyed the public favour without a rival. Schemaker first arose as a competitor; and afterwards Rubiliac, both artists of great merit; the latter of uncommon abilities. Ryfbrach, piqued at seeing the applause of the public divided, executed this statue as a proof of his skill. He composed it from the selected limbs of six or seven of the heroes of Broughton's amphitheatre; a scene

of diversion, at that time, in high repute. The brawny arms were taken from that chief himself; the chest from the *coachman*, a champion well known in his day by that appellation; and the legs from Ellis the painter, who took more delight in Broughton's amphitheatre, than in his own painting-room.

Having finished our circuit round the garden, we were on the whole much pleased. There is a greatness in the *design*, though sometimes a littleness in the *execution*. The buildings, in general, are good; but they are too numerous and too sumptuous. The gilt-cross is a very disgusting object. Indeed, simplicity is everywhere too much wanting. Many of the openings also are forced; and the banks of the lake in some places formal; the paths are mere zig-zags; the going off of the water, and all the management about the head of the lake, which is always a business difficult to manage, is awkward and perplexed; and as to the grounds near the house, they are still in the old style of avenues and vistas. We saw many things at the same time which pleased us, particularly the *line of the lake*, in general, along its shores; the woody skreens that environed it; and the effect

effect of some of the buildings in the landscape, *when seen single*, especially that of the Pantheon. On the whole, we spent an agreeable summer evening at Stourhead, and found more amusement than we generally find in places so highly adorned.

The next morning we visited the more distant parts of Mr. Hoare's improvements, the other two vallies and the terrace. The vallies will be more beautiful, as the woods improve; at present they are but unfurnished; and yet in their naked state we saw more clearly the peculiarity of the ground. Three vallies, thus closed by an immense terrace, is a singular production of nature. Some parts of the terrace command a most extensive distance. At the point of it, where it falls into the lower ground, a triangular tower is erected for the sake of the view. Over the door is the figure of King Alfred, with this inscription:

In Memory of Alfred the Great,
Who, on this summit,
Erected his Standard
Against Danish Invaders.
He instituted Juries;
Established a Militia;
Created and exerted
A Naval Force :
A Philosopher and a Christian ;
The Father of his People ;
The Founder
Of the English Monarchy,
And of Liberty.

From the tower of Alfred, we returned to
Stourhead, after a ride of at least eight miles
through the different parts of Mr. Hoare's
plantations.

S E C T. X.

FROM Stourhead to Froom, we passed through an inclosed country, which is barren of amusement. On our right, we left Maiden-Bradley, an old house belonging to the Duke of Somerset; and went a few miles out of our road to see Longleat, the mansion of Lord Weymouth.

Longleat is a noble old fabric, the workmanship of John Padua, about the year 1567. This architect was much esteemed by the Protector Somerset, whose house in the Strand he built. Sir John Thyn, who employed him here, was one of the Protector's principal officers. The style, however, of Longleat has more a cast of the Gothic, than that of Somerset-House, which makes a nearer approach to Grecian architecture*. Neither possesses enough of its respective style, to be beautiful in its kind. The Gothic style perhaps at best is but ill adapted to private buildings. We

* Somerset-House in the Strand is now pulled down, and an expensive edifice for various offices erected in its room.

chiefly admire it, when its clustered pillars adorn the walls of some cathedral; when its pointed ribs spread along the roof of an aisle; or when the tracery of a window occupies the whole end of a choir. Gothic ornaments in this style of magnificence lose their littleness. They are not considered as *parts*, but are lost in *one vast whole*; and contribute only to impress a *general* idea of richness.

We sometimes indeed see the *smaller appendages* of cathedrals decorated very beautifully in the Gothic style; as the chapter-house at Salisbury, and that most elegant building at Ely, called the *Parish-church*. But in these buildings the *proportions* chiefly fill the eye: for which such ornaments are contrived, as have a good effect. Ornaments of this kind I have never seen used in any *private house* of Gothic construction. Nor indeed are they proper. As they are only found in sacred buildings, it might perhaps have been esteemed a mode of profaneness, to adopt them in private structures. This idea, indeed, the Gothic architects themselves seem to have had, by never using them but in churches.

On the whole, the Grecian architecture seems much better adapted to a private dwelling-

ing-house, than the Gothic. It has a better *assortment*, if I may so speak, of proper ornaments, and proportions for all its purposes. The Gothic ornaments might dress up a hall or a saloon; but they could do little more: we should find it difficult to decorate the flat roof of an apartment with them, or a passage, or a stair-case.

Nor are the *conveniencies*, which the Grecian architecture bestows on *private buildings*, less considerable, than the beauty of its *decorations*. The Gothic palace is an *incumbered* pile. We are amused with looking into these mansions of antiquity, as objects of curiosity; but should never think of comparing them in point of convenience with the great houses of modern taste, in which the hall and the saloon fill the eye on our entrance; are noble reservoirs for air; and grand antichambers to the several rooms of state that divide on each hand from them.

Longleat has nothing of the Grecian grandeur to recommend it. It is a large square building, with a court in the middle; which is intended to enlighten the inner chambers. The whole is certainly a grand pile; but it has little beauty, and I should suppose less convenience.

nience. It is at present however exceedingly in dishabille, and the furniture seems to be the relics of the last century. The family of the Thynnes cover the walls in great profusion. We rarely see so numerous a collection of portraits without one that is able to fix the eye.

Be the inside of the house and its contents however what they may, when we view it seated, as it is, in the centre of a noble park, which slopes down to it in all directions, itself a grand object, evidently the capital of these wide domains, it has certainly a very princely appearance.

Somewhere among the woods of this mansion, was first naturalized the Weymouth-pine. This species of pine is among the most formal of its brotherhood; and yet the planter must consider it, in point of variety, as an acquisition. The patriarch-pine, Mr. Walpole tells us, still exists, but we did not see it.





S E C T. XI.

FROM Longleat we pursued our road through Froom to Wells. The first part of our journey presented nothing very interesting. As we approached Mendip-hills, the road divides; one branch leading *over* those high grounds, the other *under* them. We chose the latter, which afforded us, on the right, those hills for a back-ground; and on the left, an extensive distance, in which Glastonbury-tor, as it is called, is the most conspicuous feature.

Our approach to Wells, from the *natural* and *incidental* beauties of the scene, was uncommonly picturesque. It was a hazy evening; and the sun, declining low, was hid behind a deep purple cloud, which covered half the hemisphere, but did not reach the western horizon. Its lower skirts were gilt with dazzling splendor, which spread downwards, not in diverging rays, but in one uniform ruddy glow; and uniting at the bottom with the

mistiness of the air, formed a rich, yet modest tint, with which Durcote-hill, projecting boldly on the left, the towers of Wells beyond it, and all the objects of the distance, were tinged ; while the foreground, seen against so bright a piece of scenery, was overspread with the darkest shades of evening. The whole together invited the pencil, without soliciting the imagination. But it was a transitory scene. As we stood gazing at it, the sun sunk below the cloud, and being stripped of all its splendor by the haziness of the atmosphere, fell, like a ball of fire, into the horizon ; and the whole radiant vision faded away.

Wells is a pleasant town, and agreeably situated. The cathedral is a beautiful pile, notwithstanding it is of Saxon architecture. The front is exceedingly rich, and yet the parts are large. In the towers, the upper stories are plain, and make a good contrast with the richness of the lower. But this circumstance appears to most advantage when the towers are seen in profile ; in front there is too much ornament. In the inside the Saxon heaviness prevails more. The choir-part is in better taste ; and the retiring pillars of the chapel be-

yond the communion-table, produce an unusual and very pleasing effect, like that at Salisbury. The chapter-house is an elegant octagon, supported by a single pillar. One of the parish churches also at Wells is adorned with a very handsome Gothic tower, and is itself a beautiful pile.

Near Wells is a famous cavern, called Okey-hole. It lies under Mendip-hills, which in this place form a beautiful recess, adorned with rock and wood. A recess of this kind appears of little value to those who are acquainted with mountainous countries; but in the south of England it is a novel scene. As to the cavern itself, it runs about three hundred yards underground, dividing into three large apartments. But no cavern that I know, except that at Castleton in Derbyshire*, is worth visiting in a picturesque light. Caverns, in general, are mere holes, and have no connection with the ground about them. That at Castleton has a grand entrance, and the rocky scenery, with which it is hung, forms a most magnificent approach. But in the cavern here, there is no

* See an account of it in Mr. G.'s Northern Tour, vol. ii. p. 210.

grandeur of this kind ; so that it contributes little to the beauty of the recess in which it lies.

From Okey-hole we returned to Wells ; and from thence proceeded to Glastonbury ; the ruins of which had highly raised our expectation.

S E C T. XII.

THE ground on which the abbey of Glastonbury stands, is higher than the neighbouring district, which is a perfect flat; inso-much, that tradition says, it was formerly covered with the sea. If that was the case, the ground which the abbey occupies, if not an island, was at least a peninsula. To this day it bears the name of *the Isle of Avelon*; and the meadows around it seem plainly to have been washed and relinquished by the sea.

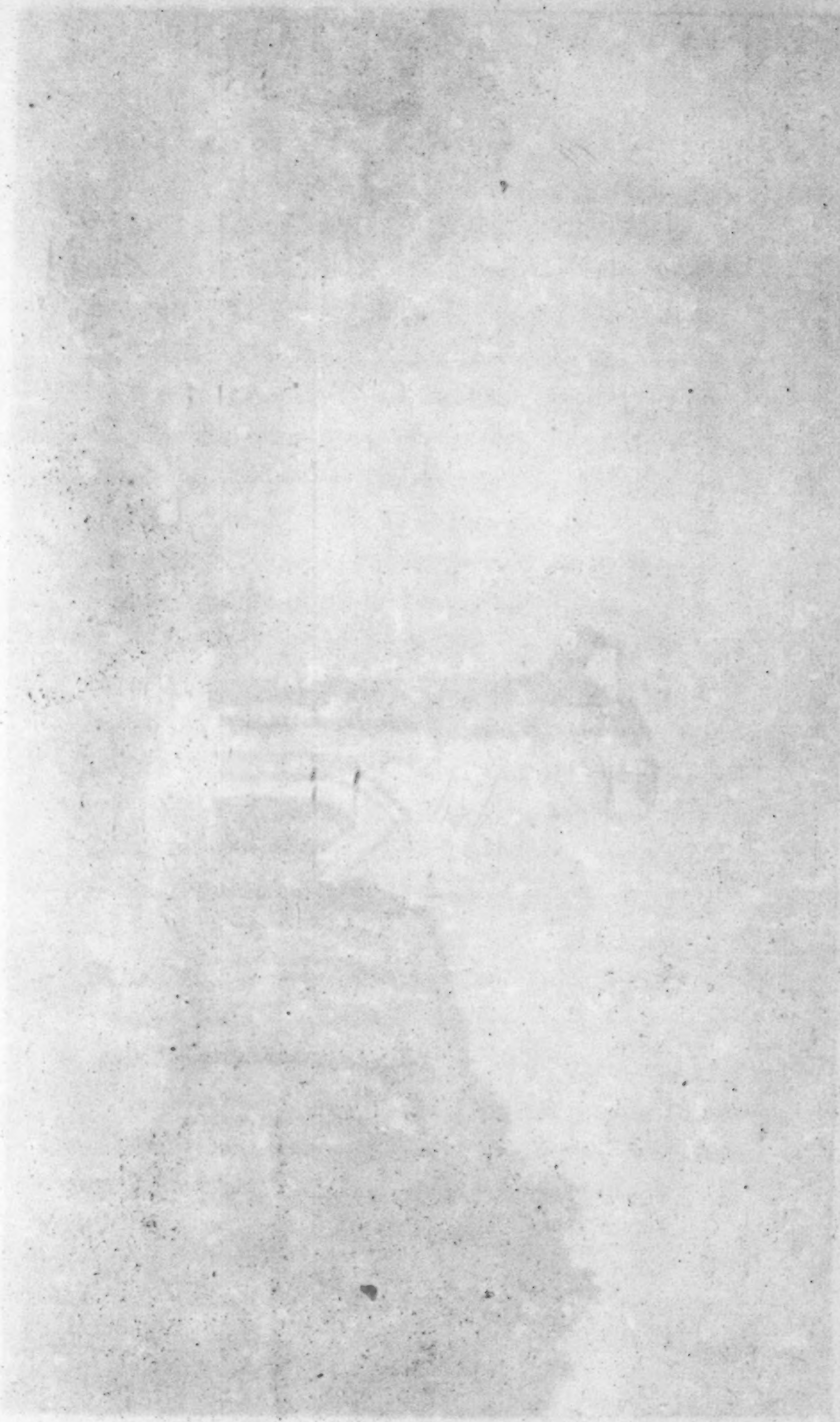
The abbey of Glastonbury, therefore, does not enjoy that choice situation which the generality of religious houses possess. *Original foundations*, like this, were generally fixed by accidental causes. An escape from a shipwreck; a battle; a murder; the scene of some prince's death; with a variety of other circumstances, have commonly determined their site; so that if they enjoy a good situation, it seems to be accidental. Those religious houses whose situation we particularly admire, I should conjecture, have been chiefly colonies, or off-sets from

from the great religious houses. In *these* there might be a *choice of situation*.

The event which settled the situation of this abbey, is firmly attested, on the proof of Romish legends. When Joseph of Arimathea came to preach the Gospel in Britain, as it is asserted he did, he landed on the Isle of Avelon; and fixing his staff in the ground, (a dry thorn-saplin, which had been his companion through all the countries he had passed,) fell asleep. When he awoke, he found, to his great surprise, that his staff had taken root, and was covered with white blossoms. From this miracle, however, he drew a very natural conclusion, that as the use of his staff was thus taken from him, it was ordained that he should fix his abode in this place. Here, therefore, he built a chapel, which, by the piety of succeeding times, increased into this magnificent foundation.

Of this immense fabric nothing now remains, but a part of the *great church*, *St. Joseph's chapel*, an *old gate-way*, part of the *abbot's lodge*, and the *kitchen*.

Of the *great church*, the south side is nearly entire; some part of the east end remains; a little of the crossisle; and a remnant of the tower;
all









all of the purest and most elegant Gothic. The north side was lately taken down, and the materials were applied to build a meeting-house. From this defalcation, however, the ruin, as a picturesque object, seems to have suffered little. In *correspondent* parts, if one only be taken away, or considerably fractured, it may possibly be an advantage. But we greatly regret the loss of the west end, which was taken down to build a town-hall. Still more we regret the loss of the tower; as the eye wants some elevated part to give an apex to the whole. Besides, in that part of the tower which remains, there is rather a formality. Two similar points, which have been the shoulders of a Gothic arch, arise in equal dimensions, and do not easily fall into a picturesque form.

St. Joseph's chapel, which stands near the west end of the great church, is almost entire. The roof indeed is gone; but the walls have suffered little dilapidation. This chapel was probably more ancient than the church, as it has evidently a mixture in it of Saxon architecture; but the style is very pure in its kind; and the whole is rich and beautiful. It is no little addition to its beauty, that ivy is spread
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about over the walls, in such just proportion, as to adorn without defacing them.

On the south-west of St. Joseph's chapel, stands the *Gate of strangers*, which seems to have been a heavy building, void of elegance and beauty. Not far from the Gate of strangers, and connected with it in design, are shewn the foundations of the Linguist's lodge: but no part of it, unless it be a postern, is now left. This was a very necessary part of an endowment, which was visited by strangers from all parts of the world.

The *Abbot's lodge* has been a large building. It ranges parallel with the south side of the church; and was nearly entire within the memory of man. It was a suit of seven apartments on a floor; but very little of it is now left. In the year 1714 it was taken down to answer some purpose of economy, though it seems never to have been a structure of any beauty.

Hard by the Abbot's lodge stands the *Kitchen*, which is to this day very entire, and is both a curious remnant of antiquity, and a noble monument of monkish hospitality. It is a square building, calculated to last for ages. Its walls are four feet thick, and yet strengthened with
massy

massy buttresses. They have, indeed, an immense roof to support, which is still in excellent repair. It is constructed of stone, and seems to be a work of very curious masonry, running up in the form of an octagonal pyramid, and finished at the top in a double cupola. The under part of this cupola received the smoke, in channels along the inside of the roof; and the upper part contained a bell, which first called the society to dinner, and afterwards the neighbouring poor to alms. The inside of the Kitchen is an octagon; four chimnies taking off the corners of the square. It has two doors, and measures twenty-two feet from one to the other, and a hundred and seventy from the bottom to the top. In this Kitchen, it is recorded, that twelve oxen were dressed generally every week, besides a proportional quantity of other victuals.

These are all the visible remains of this great house. Foundations are traced far and wide, where, it is conjectured, the cloisters ran; the monks cells; the schools; the dormitories; halls; and other offices. The whole together has been an amazing combination of various buildings. It had the appearance indeed of a considerable town, containing perhaps the largest so-

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ciety

ciety under one government, and the most extensive foundation that ever appeared in England in any form. Its fraternity is said to have consisted of five hundred established monks, besides nearly as many retainers on the abbey. Above four hundred children were not only educated in it, but entirely maintained. Strangers from all parts of Europe were liberally received ; classed according to their sex and nation ; and might consider the hospitable roof, under which they lodged, as their own. Five hundred travellers, with their horses, (though they generally, I should suppose, travelled on foot,) have been lodged at once within its walls. While the poor from every side of the country waited the ringing of the alms-bell ; when they flocked in crowds, young and old, to the gate of the monastery, where they received, every morning, a plentiful provision for themselves and their families: all this appears great and noble.

On the other hand, when we consider five hundred persons, bred up in indolence, and lost to the commonwealth ; when we consider that these houses were the great nurseries of superstition, bigotry, and ignorance ; the stewes of sloth, stupidity, and perhaps intemperance ; when we consider, that the education received
in

in them had not the least tincture of useful learning, good manners, or true religion, but tended rather to vilify and disgrace the human mind ; when we consider that the pilgrims and strangers who resorted thither, were idle vagabonds, who got nothing abroad that was equivalent to the occupations they left at home ; and when we consider, lastly, that indiscriminate alms-giving is not real charity, but an avocation from labour and industry, checking every idea of exertion, and filling the mind with abject notions, we are led to acquiesce in the fate of these great foundations, and view their ruins, not only with a picturesque eye, but with moral and religious satisfaction.

This great house possessed the amplest revenues of any religious house in England. Its ancient domains are supposed *now* to yield not less than an annual income of two hundred thousand pounds. I have heard them calculated at much more.

Within a mile of the abbey stands the *Torr*, which is by much the highest land in the island of Avelon, and had been our land-mark through an approach of many leagues. The summit of this hill is decorated with a ruin, which has its effect, though in itself it possesses

no beauty. It is a structure of ambiguous intention. One tradition supposes it to have been a sea-mark, for which it is well adapted. Another makes it an oratory. To the abbot it certainly belonged.

Here the holy man, when Satan led him aside, might sometimes ascend, and looking round him, might see all the country his own; houses and villages filled with his vassals; meadows covered with innumerable flocks and herds to support the strength of his table; rivers and woods abounding with fish and game to furnish its delicacies; fields waving with corn to fill his granaries and his cellars; and, among other sources of luxury, no fewer than seven ample parks, well stocked with venison. Here was a glorious view indeed! His heart might dilate, as the vision expanded: and if he were not well upon his guard, he might easily have mistaken an earthly reverie for holy joy and religious gratitude.

Near the bottom of this hill are found great quantities of that species of putrefaction which resembles a coiled serpent; or, as it is often called, an *Ammon's horn*.

The ruins of Glastonbury-abbey occupy a piece of ground, about a mile in circumference,

rence, which has no peculiar beauty, but might be improved into a very grand scene, if it were judiciously planted, and laid out with just so much art, as to discover the ruins to the best advantage. But such schemes of improvement are calculated only for posterity. A young plantation would ill accord with such antique accompaniments. The oak would require at least a century's growth, before its moss-grown limbs could be congenial with the ruins it adorned.

I should ill deserve the favours I met with from the learned antiquarian, who has the care of these ruins, though he occupies only the humble craft of a shoemaker, if I did not attempt to do some justice to his zeal and piety. No picturesque eye could more admire these venerable remains for their beauty, than he did for their sanctity. Every stone was the object of his devotion. But above all the appendages of Glastonbury, he revered most the famous thorn which sprang from St. Joseph's staff, and blossoms at Christmas. On this occasion he gave us the following relation.

It was at that time, he said, when the King resolved to alter the common course of the year, that he first felt distress for the honour of
the

the house of Glastonbury. If the time of Christmas were changed, who could tell how the credit of this miraculous plant might be affected? In short, with the fortitude of a Jewish seer, he ventured to expostulate with the King upon the subject; and informed his Majesty, in a letter, of the disgrace that might possibly ensue, if he persisted in his design of altering the natural course of the year. But though his conscience urged him upon this bold action, he could not but own the flesh trembled. He had not the least doubt, he said, but the King would immediately send down an order to have him hanged. He pointed to the spot where the last abbot of Glastonbury was executed for not surrendering his abbey; and he gave us to understand, there were men now alive who could suffer death, in a good cause, with equal fortitude. His zeal, however, was not put to this severe trial. The King was more merciful than he expected; for though his Majesty did not follow his advice, it never appeared that he took the least offence at the freedom of his letter.

The death of the last abbot of Glastonbury is indeed a mournful tale, as it is represented by the writers of those times, and was calculated

culated to make a lasting impression on the country.

This abbot is said to have been a pious and good man; careful of his charge, kind to the poor, and exemplary in his conduct. He is particularly mentioned as a man of great temperance; which, in a cloister, was not, perhaps, at that day, the reigning virtue. What was still as uncommon, he was a lover of learning; and not only took great care of the education of those young men, who were brought up in his house, but was at the expence of maintaining several of them at the universities. He was now very old, and very infirm; and having passed all his life in his monastery, knew little more of the world than he had seen within its walls.

It was the misfortune of this good abbot to live in the tyrannical days of Henry VIII., and at that period when the suppression of monasteries was his favourite object. Henry had applied to many of the abbots, and by threats and promises had engaged several of them to surrender their trusts. But the abbot of Glastonbury, attached to his house, and connected with his fraternity, refused to surrender. He was conscious of his own innocence; and thought guilt
only

only had to fear from the inquisition that was abroad. But Henry, whose haughty and imperious spirit, unused to control, soared above the trifling distinctions between innocence and guilt, was highly incensed; and determined to make an example of the abbot of Glastonbury to terrify others. An order first came down for him to appear forthwith before the council. The difficulties of taking so long a journey, appeared great to an old man, who had seldom travelled beyond the limits of his monastery. But as there was no redress, he got into an easy horse-litter, and set out. In his mode of travelling, we see the state and dignity, which certainly required some correction, of the great ecclesiastics of that age. His retinue, it is said, consisted of not fewer than an hundred and fifty horsemen.

The King's sending for him, however, was a mere pretext. The real purpose was to prevent his secreting his effects; as it was never intended that he should return. Proper persons, therefore, were commissioned to search his apartments in his absence, and secure the wealth of the monastery. His steward, in the meantime, who was a gentleman of the degree of a Knight, was corrupted to make what discoveries he could.

could. It was an easy matter in those days to procure evidence, where it was already determined to convict. In one of the abbot's cabinets some strictures upon the divorce were either found, or pretended to be found. Nothing else could be obtained against him.

During this interval, the abbot, who knew nothing of these proceedings, waited on the council. He was treated respectfully; and informed, that the King would not *force* any man to do what he wished him to *do freely*. However, as his Majesty intended to receive his final determination on the spot, he was at liberty to return.

Being thus dismissed, the abbot thought all was now over, and that he might be permitted to end his days peaceably in his beloved monastery.

He was now nearly at the end of his journey, having arrived at Wells, which is within five miles of Glastonbury, when he was informed, that a county-court (of what kind is not specified) was convened there on that day, to which he, as abbot of Glastonbury, was summoned. He went into the court room accordingly; and as his station required, was going to take his place at the upper end of it, among

the principal gentry of the country ; when the crier called him to the bar, where he was accused of high treason.

The old man, who had not the least conception of the affair, was utterly astonished ; and turning to his steward, who stood near him, asked, if he knew what could be the meaning of all this ? That traitor, whispering in his ear, wished him not to be cast down, for he knew the meaning of it was only to terrify him into a compliance. Though the court, therefore, on the evidence of the paper taken out of his cabinet, found him guilty of high treason, he had still no idea of what was intended. From the court he was conveyed to his litter, and conducted to Glastonbury ; still in suspense how all this would end.

When he arrived under the walls of his abbey, the litter was ordered to stop ; and an officer riding up to him, bad him prepare for instant death. A priest, at the same time, presented himself to take his confession.

The poor old abbot, utterly confounded at the suddenness of the thing, was quite unmanned. He begged with tears, and for God's sake, they would allow him some little time for recollection. But his tears were vain.

Might

Might he not then just enter his monastery ; take leave of his friends ; and recommend himself to their prayers ? All was to no purpose. He was dragged out of his litter, and laid upon a hurdle, to which a horse being yoked, he was drawn along the ground to the Torr, and there, to make the triumph complete, was hung up, in his monk's habit, and in sight of his monastery. It was a triumph, however, that was attended with the tears and lamentations of the whole country, which had long considered this pious man, as a friend, benefactor, and father.

How far this shocking story, in all its circumstances of strange precipitancy, and wanton cruelty, may be depended on, considering the hands through which it is conveyed, may be matter of doubt : thus much, however, is certain, that if the picture here given of the royal savage of those days be not an exact portrait, it bears evidently a striking resemblance.

S E C T. XIII.

HAVING given a last look at the picturesque ruins of Glastonbury, we left them with regret. That pure style of Gothic, in which this grand house was composed, it is probable, gave the key-tone in architecture to all the churches in this neighbourhood; for it is certain a better taste prevails among them, as far as we observed, than in any other part of England through which we had travelled.

From Glastonbury we took the road to Bridgewater, and passed through a very fine country.

About three miles beyond Piper's Inn, we mounted a grand natural terrace, called the heights of Pontic.

On the right we had the whole range of Mendip hills, which, though inconsiderable in themselves, made some figure in this view, with pleasant savannahs stretching among them. Beyond the hills appeared the sea, and the island of Steep-holms. The nearer grounds, between this distance and the eye, were filled

with ample woods, which ranged, not in patches here and there dispersed, but in one extended surface of tufted foliage; for we saw little more from the heights on which we stood, than the varied tops of the woods beneath us. The whole country, I believe, is a scene of cultivation; and the woods little more, in fact, than hedge-rows. But one row succeeding another, the intermediate spaces are concealed, together with all the regularity of that mode of planting; and the whole appears, in the distance, as one vast bed of foliage.

On the left we had the same kind of country; only the hills on this side of Pontic are much superior to those of Mendip on the other. Among the savannahs on this side, shoot the extensive plains of Sedgmore, which stretch far and wide before the eye. Here the unfortunate Monmouth tried his cause with his uncle James; and all the country was afterwards the scene of those acts of brutality, which Kirk and Jefferies committed, and which are still remembered with horror and detestation.

This vast distance, which we surveyed from the heights of Pontic, not only filled the eye with its grandeur as a whole, but was every where interspersed with amusing objects, which adorned

adorned its several divisions. In one part Lord Chatham's obelisk pointed out the domains of Pynsent. In another part we were told, the rich scenes before us were the woods of Sir Charles Tint. The tall spire which arose on the right belonged to the great church at Bridgewater; and the several little spots of water, glittering under the sun-beams, were reaches of the river Parret,

Inlaying, as with molton-glass, the vale,
That spread beyond the sight.——

At the distance at which we stood, we could not well unite all these bright spots of the river into a winding course; but the imagination easily traced the union.

The distances, indeed, from the heights of Pontic, are both grand and picturesque; picturesque, when thus reduced into parts; though in their immensity greatly too extensive for painting. The whole scene was a translation of a passage in Virgil, bringing before our eyes,

——Mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,
Littoraque, et latos populos.——

We have the same view elsewhere:

——From the mountain's ridge,
O'er tufted tops of intervening woods,
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.

I can-

I cannot forbear contrasting this grand view with a few bold strokes of distance, which Moses gives us, when he tells us, "he went up
 " from the plains of Moab to the top of Pis-
 " gah; from whence the Lord shewed him all
 " the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naph-
 " tali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh,
 " and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost
 " sea; and on the south the plain of the valley
 " of Jericho unto Zoar."

On Mr. Hoare's terrace we had seen the spot where Alfred the Great mustered his scattered troops to oppose the Danes. The country near Bridgewater affords a scene, where, on another occasion, he appeared in a different character.

Where the Thone and the Parret join their waters, they form between them a piece of ground, containing about two acres, which is called the Isle of Athelney. In Saxon times it was not only surrounded by water, but with woods and marshes to a great extent, and was in every part of very difficult access. Here the gallant Alfred retired in his distresses, when he fled before the Danes, after the battle of Wilton. At first he considered it only as a place of refuge, and sustained himself by shoot-
 ing

ing the wild deer with his arrows. But by degrees getting together a few of his friends, he fortified the island, and particularly the only avenue that led to it. From hence he often made successful inroads upon the Danish quarters; and retreating among the marshes, eluded pursuit. From hence too, in the habit of a minstrel, he made that celebrated excursion to their camp, in which, under the pretence of amusing them with his songs and buffooneries, he took an exact survey of their situation. He then laid his measures so judiciously, and fell upon them with so much well-directed fury, that he entirely broke their power during the remainder of his reign. In after-times, when success had crowned his enterprizes, he founded a monastery in the island, in memory of the protection it had once afforded him. But its site, which had nothing to recommend it, except this personal circumstance, was in all respects so inconvenient, that it never flourished, though it existed till the times of the dissolution.

S E C T. XIV.

THERE is very little in Bridgewater, which was our next stage, worth a traveller's attention. Its great boast is the celebrated Blake, one of Cromwell's admirals, who was born in this town, and represented it in several parliaments.

The name of Blake can hardly occur to an Englishman without suggesting respect. If ever any man was a *lover of his country*, without being actuated by *party*, or *any other sinister motive*, it was Blake. Whether in a divided commonwealth, one side or the other should be *cordially chosen* by every citizen, is a nice question. Some of the ancient moralists have held the affirmative. But a man may see such errors on both sides, as may render a choice difficult. This seems to have been Blake's case. The *glory of his country* therefore was the only part he espoused. He fought, indeed, under Cromwell; but it was merely, he would say, to *aggrandize Old England*. He often disliked the protector's politics. With the death

of Charles he was particularly displeased; and was heard to mutter, that to have saved the King's life, he would freely have ventured his own. But still he fought on; took an immense treasure from the Portuguese; beat the Dutch in two or three desperate engagements; burnt the Dey of Tunis's fleet; awed the piratical States; and, above all, destroyed the Spanish plate-fleet in the harbour of Santa Cruz, which was thought a piece of the most gallant seamanship that *ever* was performed. Some things in the mean time happened at home which he did not like, particularly Cromwell's treatment of the Parliament: but he still fought on; and would say to his captains, *It is not for us to mind state matters, but to keep foreigners from fooling us.* What is singular in this commander is, that all his knowledge in maritime affairs was acquired after he was fifty years of age. He had the theory of his profession, as it were, by intuition; and crowded as many gallant actions into nine or ten years, as might have immortalized as many commanders. One personal singularity is recorded, which gives us a sort of portrait of him. When his choler was raised, and he was bent on some desperate undertaking, it was his custom to twirl his whif-
kers

kers with his fore-finger. Whenever that sign appeared, those about him well knew something dreadful was in agitation.

Such a *peculiarity*, however, could not easily be made intelligible in a picture; and therefore it is more proper for *history* than *representation*. And yet I can conceive a portrait of Blake, in this attitude, if well managed, to have a good effect. His fleet might lie in the offing ready to sail. At a distance might stand a castle, which he meant to attack, firing at his fleet, and involved in smoke. Blake, with a few of his officers around him, might stand on the fore-ground, occupying the principal part of the picture; and ready to embark in a boat, which was waiting for them on the strand. Blake himself might be represented in the attitude above described, throwing a dreadful look at the castle; but this dreadful look must be in the hands of a master, or it will infallibly become grotesque and caricature. After all, though this disposition might make a good picture, I know not that it would be intelligible enough to make a good portrait.

All this coast, between Bridgewater and Bristol, is low, and subject, in many parts, to overflowing tides. In the memorable storm

of November 1703, it was a melancholy scene. The sea broke over it with great outrage, and did surprising damage. In many places, as you travel through it, you see marks set up by the country people, to show how far the sea poured in at that time. But, indeed, every part of the Bristol channel is subject to very high tides at all times. In Bridgewater-river it often rises in an uncommon manner, and comes forward in such rapid swells, that it has been known sometimes to overset ships. It affects the river at Bristol also, and all the rivers on the coast; and, if I am not mistaken, on the opposite coast likewise.

S E C T. XV.

AS we left Bridgewater, we drew nearer the sea. In our way we passed Sir Charles Tint's plantations, which we had before seen as parts of a distance. They appeared now stretching to a great extent along the side of a hill, and beautifully interspersed with lawns. They were adorned with too many buildings, which would, however, have had a better effect, if they had not been painted white. A seat or small building, painted white, may be an advantage in a view : but when these white spots are multiplied, the distinction of their colour detaches them from the other objects of the scene, with which they ought to combine : they distract the eye, and become separate spots, instead of parts of a whole.

In the neighbourhood of Sir Charles Tint's, lies Enmore-castle, the seat of Lord Egmont. It is a new building, in the form of an old castle. A dry ditch surrounds it, which you pass

pass by a draw-bridge. This carries you into a square court, the four sides of which are occupied by the apartments. It is called whimsical; and, no doubt, there is something whimsical in the idea of a man's inclosing himself, in the reign of George the Second, in a fortress that would have suited the times of King Stephen. But if we can divest ourselves of this idea, Enmore-castle seems to be a comfortable dwelling, in which there is contrivance and convenience. The situation of the stables seems the most whimsical. You enter them through a subterraneous passage, on the right of the great gate. There was no occasion to carry the idea so far as to lock up the horses within the castle. If the stables had been placed at some convenient distance, nobody, who should even examine the castle under its antique idea, would observe the impropriety; while the inconvenience, as they are placed at present, is evident to every one who sees them.

But if the house be well contrived within, it is certainly no picturesque object without. The towers, which occupy the corners and middle of the curtains, are all of equal height, which gives the whole an unpleasing
 2 appear-

appearance. If the tower at the entrance had been more elevated, with a watch-house at the top, in the manner of some old castles, the regularity might still have been observed; and the perspective in every point, except exactly in the front, would have given the whole a more pleasing form.

But even with this addition, Enmore-castle would be, in a picturesque light, only a very indifferent copy of its original. The old baronial castle, in its ancient state, even before it had received from time the beauties of ruin, was certainly a more pleasing object than we have in this imitation of it. The *form* of Enmore is sacrificed to *convenience*. To make the apartments regular within, the walls are regular without. Whereas our ancestors had no idea of uniformity. If one tower was square and low, the other, perhaps, would be round and lofty. The curtain too was irregular, following the declivity or projection of the hill on which it stood. It was adorned also with watch-towers, here and there, at unequal distances. Nor were the windows more regular, either in form or situation, than the internal parts of the castle, which they enlightened. Some jutting corner of a detached hill

hill was also probably fortified with a projecting tower. A large buttress or two perhaps propped the wall, in some part, where the attack of an enemy had made it weak: while the *keep*, rising above the castle, formed generally a grand apex to the whole. Amidst all this mass of irregularity, the lines would be broken, the light often beautifully received, and various points of view presented, some of which would be exceedingly picturesque. Whereas Enmore-castle, seen in every point of view, presents a face of *unvaried sameness*. Even taken in perspective, it affords no variety. We see three similar towers, with two similar curtains between them, on one side; and three similar towers, with two similar curtains between them, on the other. On the whole, therefore, as it obtains no *particular convenience* from its castle-form, and evidently no *particular beauty*, it might, perhaps, have been as well if the noble founder had built, like other people, on a modern plan.

S E C T. XVI.

FROM Enmore-castle we ascended Quantoc-hills. Our views from the heights of Pontic were chiefly *inland*; but from the high grounds here, as we now approached the sea, we were entertained with beautiful coast-views, which make a very agreeable species of landscape.

The first scene of this kind was composed of Bridgewater-bay, and the land around it. We saw indeed the two islands of Flat-holms and Steep-holms, and the Welsh coast beyond them; but they were wrapped in the ambiguity of a hazy atmosphere, which was of no advantage to the view. Haziness has often a good effect in a picturesque scene. The variety of objects, shapes, and hues which compose an extensive landscape, though inharmonious in themselves, may be harmoniously united by one general tinge spread over them. But here the land bore so small a proportion to the water, that as we could not have a *picture*, and expected only *amusement*, we wished for more distinctness.

tinètness. We had it soon; for before we left our station, a light breeze arising from the west swept away the vapours: the distant coast became distinct, and many a little white sail appeared in different parts of the channel, which had been lost before in obscurity.

The *going off* of mists and fogs is among the most beautiful circumstances belonging to them. While the obscurity is only *partially* clearing away, it often occasions a pleasing contrast between the *formed* and *unformed* parts of a landscape; and like cleaning a dirty picture, pleases the eye with seeing one part after another emerge into brightness. It has its effect also, when it goes off more suddenly.

The exhibition we just had of the fog's leaving the Welch coast, was a *pleasing* one; but where there is a *coincidence of grand objects under such circumstances*, the exhibition is often *sublime*. One of the grandest I remember to have met with was presented at the late siege of Gibraltar*.

It was near day-break on the 12th of April 1781, when a message was brought from the

* See Drinkwater's Journal.

signal-

signal-house at the summit of the rock, that the long expected fleet, under Admiral Darby, was in sight. Innumerable masts were just discerned from that lofty situation; but could not be seen from the lower parts of the castle, being obscured by a thick fog, which had set in from the west, and totally overspread the opening of the straits. In this uncertainty the garrison remained some time; while the fleet, invested in obscurity, moved slowly towards the castle. In the mean time, the sun becoming powerful, the fog rose like the curtain of a vast theatre, and discovered *at once* the whole fleet, full and distinct before the eye. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led on by twenty-eight sail of the line, and a number of tenders and other smaller vessels. A gentle wind just filled their sails, and brought them forward with a slow and solemn motion. Had all this grand exhibition been presented *gradually*, the sublimity of it would have been injured by the acquaintance the eye would have made with it, during its approach; but the appearance of it in all its greatness *at once*, before the eye had examined the detail, had a wonderful effect.

To this account of a grand effect from the clearing away of a fog, I shall subjoin another, which, though of the horrid kind, is grand and sublime in the highest degree. It is taken from Captain Meares's voyage from China to the northern latitudes of America. That navigator, having gained the inhospitable coast he was in pursuit of, was sailing among unknown bays and gulphs, when he was suddenly immersed in so thick a fog, that the seamen could not even discern an object from one end of the ship to the other. Night too came on, which rendered every thing still more dismal. While the unhappy crew were ruminating on the variety of distresses that surrounded them, about midnight they were alarmed with the sound of waves bursting and dashing among rocks, within a little distance of the head of the ship. Instantly turning the helm, they tacked about. But they had sailed only a short way in this new direction, when they were terrified with the same dreadful notes a second time. They altered their course again: but the same tremendous sound again recurred. At length day came on; but the fog continuing as intense as before, they could see nothing. All they knew was, that they were surrounded by rocks on every

every side ; but how to escape they had no idea. Once, during a momentary interruption of the fog, they got a glimpse of the summit of an immense cliff, covered with snow, towering over the mast. But the fog instantly shut it in. A more dreadful situation cannot easily be conceived. They had steered in every direction, but always found they were landlocked ; and though they were continually close to the shore, on sounding they could find no bottom. Their anchors therefore were of no use. Four days they continued in this dreadful suspense, tacking from side to side : on the 5th the fog cleared away, and they had a view at once of the terrors that surrounded them. They had, by some strange accident, found their way into a bay, environed on all sides with precipices of immense height, covered with snow, and falling down to the water, in lofty rocks, which were every where perpendicular, except in some parts where the constant beating of the surge had hollowed them into caverns. The sound they heard was from the waters swelling and rushing into these caverns, which absorbing them, drove them out again with great fury against the rocks at their mouths, dashing them into foam with a tremendous

mendous sound. Captain Meares now perceived the passage, through which he had been driven into this scene of horrors, and made his escape.

On reading such accounts as these in a picturesque light, one can hardly avoid making a few remarks on the grand effects which may often be produced by, what may be called, *the scenery of vapour*. Nothing offers so extensive a field to the fancy in *invented* scenes; nothing subjects even the *compositions of nature* so much to the control and improvement of art. It admits the painter to a participation with the poet in the use of the machinery of *uncertain forms*; to which both are indebted for their *sublimest images*. A *sublime image* is perhaps an incorrect phrase. The regions of sublimity are not peopled by *forms*, but *hints*; they are not enlightened by *sunshine*, but by *gleams* and *flashes*. The transient view of the summit of a cliff towering over the mast, filled the despairing seaman with more terror than if he had seen the whole rocky bay. It set his imagination at work. The ideas of *grace and beauty* are as much raised by leaving the image half immersed





immersed in obscurity, as the ideas of *terror*. Definition, which throws a light on philosophic truth, destroys at once the airy shapes of fiction. Virgil has given more beauty in three words,

—— Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum——

than he could have done in the most laboured description; as Grey likewise has in the two following lines, though some cold critic would probably ask for an explanation:

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

It is by snatches only that you catch a glimpse of such beauties. Would you analyse them, the vision dissolves in the process; and disappears, like life pursued to its last retreat by the anatomist. You ruin the image by determining its form, and identifying its tints.

As we proceeded farther along the heights of Quantoc, we had views of the promontory of Minehead, which forms a more beautiful coast than Bridgewater-bay: the land is higher and more varied. Here we had still a distinct view of the Bristol channel, and the coast of
Wales.

Wales. The sea, as is not uncommon, happened to be beautifully variegated. It had a reddish hue with a tinge of rainbow green, which being mixed together, formed different gradations of kindred colours ; and sometimes going off in purple, gave the surface of the ocean a great resplendency.

Minehead seems by its situation to confirm what we were told, that its harbour was the best and safest in this part of the coast. When the great storm of 1703 ravaged all these shores with peculiar fury, Minehead was the only harbour which could defend it's shipping. It is chiefly useful in the Irish trade, as it lies in the midway between Ireland and Bristol.

In so ordinary a town as Watchet, we were surpris'd to find so handsome a pier. But in many of the ports along this coast, though inconsiderable in appearance, we see a great air of business. This little Mediterranean is crowded with skiffs passing and repassing ; and has a brisk trade within itself in corn, metals, lime-stone, and other commodities. The coast about Watchet is very rocky ; and the crevices of the rocks are curiously veined with alabaster, which

which makes a part of the traffic of the place. But the stone from which the greatest advantage is derived, is a kind of pebble, found on the shore, when the tide leaves it. These pebbles burn into lime of so peculiar a texture, that when placed under water, it assumes its original hardness. Even when pulverized, and laid upon land, it is turned into a kind of hard grit by the first shower of rain. In the foundation of bridges, therefore, and all stone-work, which lies under water, the lime of Watchet is exceedingly valued. A species of this kind of lime, Mr. Bryant informs us, was in use among the Romans: the foundation-stones particularly of the great mole at Puteoli were united by this cement*.

From Watchet we pursued our route along the coast. The promontory of Minehead still continued the principal feature of the view. As we approached it, a woody hill, which in the distance adhered to the promontory, began more and more to detach itself from it: and as we came still nearer we discovered a light airy building on its summit, which by degrees ap-

* See Bryant's Dissert. on the Wind Euroclydon, p. 17.

peared to be an unfinished edifice with its scaffolding about it. In this condition it has probably a more picturesque effect than it will have, when it has completely taken the form which seems to be intended. At a distance it had the appearance of the Sibyl's temple at Tivoli: the tower is round, and the scaffolding annexed the idea of a range of ruined pillars supporting the roof.

As we turned a little from the sea, Dunster-castle, the seat of Mr. Lutterell, opened before us at about the distance of half a mile, and made a striking appearance. It is, indeed, on the whole, one of the grandest artificial objects we had met with on our journey. Its towers, which are picturesque, arise near the summit of a woody hill, which seems connected with another hill, much higher, though it is in fact detached from it. This apparent union makes the composition more agreeable, and is of great advantage to the view. It takes away that idea of art which an insulated hill would be apt to raise. The consequence of this grand object is greatly increased by a *dead flat* between it and the eye. *Broken ground* in





itself is more beautiful; but a *flat* often carries the eye more directly to a capital object, with which also it often very agreeably contrasts. I speak, however, undecidedly, because sometimes it is otherwise. But in the present case we thought the approach by a flat had a good effect.

From the terrace of the castle we had a great variety of amusing landscapes; though nothing very interesting. We obtained a good idea, however, of the form of the country; and found that Dunster-castle, which stands high, is surrounded, though at a considerable distance, by grounds that are much higher. In this amusing circle round the walls of the castle, we had three distinct species of landscape, a *park-scene*; a tract of *mountainous country*; and a *sea-coast*.

In the time of the civil wars, Dunster-castle had a respectable name; and was considered as one of the strongest of the King's garrisons in the west. When his affairs were in the wane after the battle of Naisby, it was fixed on as the best place of refuge for the Prince of Wales; but the plague immediately breaking out in the town of Dunster, some other place of security was sought for.

At Dunster, we were told, there is a very elegant Gothic church, built in the time of Henry VII. when it is commonly supposed Gothic architecture was in its purest state; though I think it was rather, as all arts end in refinement, at that period, on the decline. Whether this church, however, were of elegant architecture, or not, the late intelligence we received did not suffer us to examine. We had already left the place; and when there, had conceived the castle to be the only thing worth visiting.

From Dunster, in our route to Dulverton, we had a pleasant ride for half a dozen miles, through a winding valley, and along the sides of hills on the left, which came sloping down with their woody skirts to the road. But we soon exchanged these vallies for a naked open country; and the woody hills for dreary slopes, cut into portions, by naked hedges, unadorned by a single tree.

As we left Dulverton, in our way to Tiverton, we entered another pleasing valley, wooded
thick

thick with oaks, which climbed a steep on the right, and formed a hanging grove. On the left ran the Ex, a rapid rocky-channelled stream, shaded likewise with trees. Beyond the Ex, the ground rose in a beautiful park-scene; in the midst of which stands the house of Sir Thomas Acland.

From hence to Tiverton the country affords nothing that is striking. We had hills; but they were tame and uniform, following each other in such quick succession, that we rarely found either a foreground or a distance. As we mounted one, we had another immediately in view. At Tiverton are the remains of a castle, which was formerly the mansion of the earls of Devonshire.

S E C T. XVII.

FROM hence we travelled through the same kind of hilly country towards Barnstaple. In our way we turned aside to see Lord Fortescue's at Castlehill, where we did not think we were sufficiently repaid for going so far out of our way. Lord Fortescue has improved a large tract of ground; but with no great taste or contrivance*. Into one error he has particularly fallen, that of over-building his improvements. From one stand we counted eight or nine buildings. This is the common error of improvers. It is a much easier matter to erect a temple, or a Palladian bridge, than to improve a piece of ground with simplicity and beauty, and give it the air of nature. One of his buildings, an old castle upon a hill, from which his place, I suppose, takes its name, stands beautifully. Little more, I should think, in the way of building, would have been ne-

* The reader will recollect this was written several years ago; and that many alterations may since have been made.

cessary.

cessary. This lofty castle might be object sufficient from almost every part of his improvements.

As we approached Barnstaple, the view from some of the high grounds is very grand, composed on one side of Barnstaple-bay, and on the other of an extensive vale; the vale of Taunton carrying the eye far and wide into its rich and ample bosom. It is one of those views which is too great a subject for painting. Art, confined by the rules of picturesque composition, must keep within the compass of inch, foot, and yard. But such slender confines cannot rouse the imagination like these extensive scenes of nature. The painter, jealous of his art, will sometimes deny this. If the picture, he tells us, be well painted, the size is nothing. His canvas (however diminutive) has the effect of nature, and deceives the eye. You are affected, says he, by a landscape seen *through the pane of a window*. Why may you not be equally affected by a landscape *well painted within the same dimensions*?

It is true, the eye is frequently imposed upon. It is often *purposely* misled by *tricks* of deception.

But

But it is not under the idea of deception, that the *real* artist paints. He does not mean to *impose* upon us, by making us believe that a picture of a foot long is an extended landscape. All he wishes is, to give such *characteristic touches* to his picture, as may be able to rouse the imagination of the beholder. The picture is not so much the *ultimate end*, as it is the *medium*, through which the ravishing scenes of nature are excited in the imagination.—We do indeed examine a picture likewise by the rules of picturesque composition : but *this mode* of examination we are not now considering. The rules of composition serve only to make the picture answer more effectually its *ultimate end*. We are now considering only the effect which the picture produces on the mind of the spectator, by carrying him forcibly, and yet willingly, with his *eyes open*, into those scenes which it describes.

It is just the same in every species of painting. The portrait-painter must raise the idea of wit, or humour, or integrity, or good sense, or piety, or dignity, in the character of the person whose portrait he represents, or he does nothing. In history too, unless the picture rouse the imagination to something more than
you

you see on the canvas, it leaves half its work undone. You coolly criticise it indeed by *picturesque rules*. But that is not all. It ought to raise in you those ideas and sentiments which paint cannot express; that is, it should produce something *in you*, which the painter could not produce *on his canvas*.

On the whole, then, the *true enjoyment of the picture* depends chiefly on the *imagination of the spectator*; and as the utmost the landscape-painter can do, is to *excite the ideas* of those delightful scenes which he represents, it follows, that *those scenes themselves* must have a much greater effect on the imagination, than any *representation* of them which he can give; that is, the idea must be much more strongly excited by the *original*, than by a *representative*. The fact is, art is a mere trifler compared with Nature. The efforts of both, it is true, may be called the works of God: but the difference lies here. In the efforts of *art*, God works with those little instruments called *men*; he works in miniature. But when he works in the grand style of *nature*, the elements are his instruments*.

* See the subject of these last pages treated in another view, in vol. ii. of For. Scen. p. 232.

S E C T. XVIII.

THE approach to Barnstable from the lower grounds, is as beautiful as from the higher. The river, the bridge, the hills beyond it, and the estuary in the distance, make all together a good landscape. The town itself also, situated about nine or ten miles from the sea, stands in a pleasant vale, shut in by hills, forming a semilunar cove around it. When the tides are high, it is almost insulated. The flat grounds which lie immediately about it make an agreeable contrast with the hills. Once these grounds were little better than marshes; but by proper draining, they are now become beautiful meadows. In a word, Barnstable is the pleasantest town we met with in the west of England.

From hence to Torrington the country is uninteresting; but between Torrington and Oakhampton it assumed a better appearance. In some parts of it we had grand distances; in other parts hanging woods; particularly a
very

very noble one belonging to Mr. Harris, which travelled with us a considerable way on the left, and afforded us a view sometimes over it, and sometimes through it, but at all times pleasing.

From Oakhampton we visited the falls of Lidford, which compose the most celebrated piece of scenery in this country.

Lidford was formerly a town of the first consequence in England. In William the Conqueror's time it was taxed pretty nearly on an equality with London. As tin was at that time the staple commodity of the country, Lidford might draw its consequence from being one of the principal marts of that metal. Here afterwards a stannery-court was kept. The castle, in which it was held, is still in being. It is a large square tower, rather out of repair, than in ruin. Near it stands the parish church; and at a distance we had a view of another church, loftily seated, called Brentor. But the falls of Lidford are a mile and half from the castle.

In our way, we were to pass a bridge, which, we were informed, was thrown over the rocky

sides of two frightful precipices of the river Lid, each eighty feet high. The idea was terrific; and we expected a very grand scene. But we were disappointed, from the omission of a single circumstance in the intelligence, which was, that the separation between these two tremendous precipices is little more than the crevice of a rock; and, in fact, we had passed it before we knew we had been upon it. It is only seen by looking over the battlements of the bridge. If the day be clear, you just discover the river foaming among rocks many fathoms below. If not, you must be content with listening to its roar. The music, however, is grand; for if the river be full, the notes swell nobly from the bottom, varied, as they are, by ascending so narrow and broken a funnel.

We were told a story of a London rider, who travelled this road in a stormy night; and being desirous to escape the rain, as quickly as he could, pushed his horse with what exertion his whip and spurs could excite. The next morning he heard that Lidford bridge had been carried away in the night, when he recollected that his horse had made a singular bound in the middle of its course. In fact, he had seen better

ter in the dark than his master, and had saved both his own life and his rider's by springing over the chasm.

In the back settlements of Virginia, at the bottom of the Allegeny mountains, near a place called Stanton, there is a specimen of this mode of scenery in a very grand style. A valley winds several leagues in length, and yet is scarce any where more than a hundred feet wide; though in many places it is two hundred and fifty deep. It is adorned in various parts with rock; and secured by lofty mountains, covered with wood. This valley, through much of its course, is little more than the channel of a considerable river. But in one part the rocks approximate so nearly as to form a complete natural arch, not only over the river, but over the valley itself. When Nature *mimics* (if I may so speak) the works of man, for bridges are not a natural production, you see the comparative magnificence of her operations not only in their vastness, but in the careless simplicity with which they are wrought. When the hand of man throws an arch over a river or a chasm, he piles up a number of little stones or bricks, fixing them with cement carefully and painfully, one upon another,

another, in a certain regular shape. All is nicety, exactness, and precision. If one stone be fixed awry, the whole structure is endangered. But when Nature throws an arch, her first operation perhaps is, to bury deep in the soil one end of some vast diagonal or horizontal stratum of rock, flinging the other end athwart over the chasm; or, if that be not sufficient, she unites it perhaps to the fragment of a rock, formed in the same manner on the other side of a valley. Sometimes she works in a still grander style, and forms her arch of one single mass of perforated stone, which in *her* way she hews into a vast irregular surface. In both operations it is evident a variety of forms must result. Sometimes the arch is pointed; sometimes it is flat and horizontal; and often varied into some nameless form. When the grand mass of the edifice is thus reared, Nature proceeds to ornament. She leaves the cornice and the balustrade to human artists. Her ornaments are of a different kind. She first spreads the whole over with soil. In the American arch here specified, the thickness of the soil, including the substratum of rock, is at least forty feet. This is a depth of soil sufficient for trees of considerable size; many of which

which adorn the arch. Among these Nature has planted various shrubs and hanging bushes, which are often highly coloured, and, streaming down, wave in the wind in great profusion. Then perhaps with one of her broadest pencils she dashes the sides of the rock with a thousand beautiful stains from mosses, and other incrusted vegetation of various kinds, which finish and complete the operation.

Thus Nature works, as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers.
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.

Such an arch is the American one we are now surveying; which, on the authority of an eye-witness, I have heard described as a most magnificent structure of the kind. Sometimes, I understand, when the water is low, the traveller may walk under it, survey its massy abutments, and looking up admire its tremendous roof, raised at the vast height of at least two hundred feet above his head, and frosted over with various knobs and rocky protuberances, which have stood for ages, though they continually threaten ruin. When he hath satisfied his curiosity below, he may find a path,
which

which leads him to the top. There he meets a commodious road which is the only passage the inhabitants have over the valley. He finds also, in different parts, a rude rocky parapet; and if his curiosity carry him farther, he may cling to some well-rooted plant, and have a perpendicular view to the river below, as terrific as the view he had just had over his head. He will probably see also on one side, the river as it approaches, and on the other as it retires. Many beauties, I doubt not, might likewise be pointed out from this station. But what I have heard chiefly noticed, are the rocky hills which environ the valley, and shoot into it, here and there, in vast promontories, covered with stately pines and oaks, which perhaps flourished, as they now do, in the days of Columbus. Let us now return to humbler scenes.

The channel of the Lid, though contracted at the bridge, soon widens, both below it and above, and would afford many beautiful scenes to those who had leisure to explore them. This river rises about three or four miles above Lidford, on the edge of Dartmore, and flowing through a barren plain, finds a small rocky barrier, through which it has, in a course of ages, worn a whimsical passage. As it issues





from the check it meets with here, it falls about thirty feet into a small dell, which was not represented to us as a scene of much beauty. But a little farther the banks rise on each side; vegetation riots, the stream descends by a winding and rapid course; and the skreens, though small, are often beautifully adorned with wood and rock. By this time the river approaches the bridge, where it is lost in the narrowness of the channel, and, as I have just observed, becomes almost subterranean.

From the bridge we proceeded directly to what are emphatically called *the falls of Lidford*, which are about three miles below. We alighted at a farm-house, and were conducted on foot to the brow of a steep woody hill, from which we had a grand view of Lidford-castle, which appeared now, at a distance, more proudly seated than it seemed to be when we rode past it. Of the river we saw nothing, but could easily make out its channel, under the abutments of grand promontories, which marked its course.

Having viewed this noble landscape, we descended the hill by a difficult winding path, and at the bottom found the Lid. The appearance which the river and its appendages made

here from the lower grounds were equally pleasing, though not so grand as from the higher. Indeed no part of this magnificent scenery would be a disgrace to the wildest and most picturesque country.

The *fall of the river*, which brought us hither, and which is the least considerable part of the scenery, (for we had heard nothing of these *noble views*,) is a mere garden-scene. The steep woody hill, whose shaggy sides we had descended, forms at the bottom, in one of its envelopes, a sort of little woody theatre; rather indeed too lofty when compared with its breadth, if Nature had been as exact as Art would have been, in observing proportion. Down the central part of it, which is lined with smooth rock, the river falls. This rocky cheek is narrow at the top, but it widens as it descends, taking probably the form of the stream, when it is full. At the time we saw it, it was rather a spout than a cascade; for though it slides down a hundred and eighty feet, it does not meet one obstruction in its whole course, except a little check in the middle. When the springs are low, and the water has not quantity enough to push itself forward in one current, I have been told, it sometimes falls

in various little streams against the irregularities of the rock, and is dashed into a kind of vapoury rain, which has a good effect.

This cascade, it seems, is not formed by the waters of the Lid, as we had supposed from its name; but by a little stream, which runs into that river, rising in the higher grounds, at the distance of about two miles from the cascade.

S E C T. XIX.

FROM Lidford we found a cheerful country to Tavistock. In our way we passed Brentor, which we had seen at a distance when we first saw the castle of Lidford. It is seated on the top of a mountain, and was enveloped, when we rode past it, in all the majesty of darkness. In fact, it was so much immersed in clouds, that we could not even distinguish its form; and if we had not seen it before at a distance, we should have been at a loss to have known what it was; though we should certainly have thought it rather a castle than a church. How very lofty its situation is, may be supposed from its being a good sea-mark in opening Plymouth harbour, though it stands at the distance of twenty miles from the sea.

At Tavistock, from the appearance which the river Tavey makes at the bridge, it is probable there may be some beautiful scenes along its banks, but we had not time to explore them.

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As to the abbey, though it was once of mitred dignity, and though a considerable portion of it still remains, we did not observe a single passage that was worth our notice. What is left is worked up into barns, mills, and dwelling-houses. It may give the antiquarian pleasure to reverse all this metamorphosis; to trace back the stable to the Abbott's lodge; the mill to the refectory; and the malt-house to the chapel: but the picturesque eye is so far from looking at these deeds of economy under the idea of pleasure, that it passes by them with disdain, as heterogeneous absurdities.

From Tavistock our next stage was to Launceston, through what seemed an unpleasant country. But the whole road was involved in so thick a fog, that we saw but little of it. Where we could have wished the fog to clear up, it fortunately did, at a place called Axworthy. Here we descended a steep winding woody hill, through the trees of which we had beautiful views of tufted groves, and other objects on the opposite side. At the bottom we found the Tamar, a fine stream, adorned with a picturesque bridge.

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The road soon brought us to Launceston, the capital of Cornwall, which is a handsome town. The castle was formerly esteemed one of the strongest fortresses of the west, as we may suppose at least from the name it bore, which was that of *Castle-terrible*. During the civil wars of Charles I. it continued among the last supports of the royal cause in those parts: though it has suffered great dilapidations since that time, its remains are still respectable; and, what is more to the purpose at present, they are picturesque. The great gate and road up to it, and the towers that adorn it, make a good picture. The stately citadel makes a still better. It is raised on a lofty eminence, and consists of a round tower, encompassed by the ruins of a circular wall; in which, through a wide breach, you discover the internal structure to more advantage. The construction of this whole fortress is thought to have been very curious; and they who wish to have a full account of it, may be gratified in Borlase's History of Cornwall.

A little





A little to the north of Launceston lies Werrington, an estate belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. The park contains many beautiful scenes, consisting of hanging lawns and woods, with a considerable stream, the Aire, running through it. In some parts, where the ground is high, the views are extensive. Many antiquarians suppose this to have been the seat of Orgar Earl of Devonshire, whose beautiful daughter, Elfrida, is the subject of one of the most affecting stories in the English history, and one of the purest dramatic compositions in the English language.

Somewhere in this neighbourhood lived Thomazine Percival; at what time, I find not; but the story of this extraordinary woman is still current in the country. She was originally a poor girl, and being beautiful, had the fortune to marry a rich clothier, who dying early, left her a well-jointured widow. A second advantageous match, and a second widowhood, increased her jointure. Being yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, her third husband was Sir John Percival, a wealthy merchant of London, of which he was Lord Mayor. He also
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left her a widow with a large accession of fortune. Possessed of this accumulated property she retired to her native country, where she spent her time and fortune altogether in works of generosity and charity. She repaired roads, built bridges, pensioned poor people, and portioned poor girls, setting an example, which should never be forgotten among the extraordinary things of this country.

From Launceston we travelled as far into Cornwall as Bodmin, through a coarse naked country, and in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived. Of wood, in every shape, it was utterly destitute.

Having heard that the country beyond Bodmin was exactly like what we had already passed, we resolved to travel no farther in Cornwall; and instead of visiting the Land's-end, as we had intended, we took the road to Lescard, proposing to visit Plymouth in our return.

An antiquarian, it is probable, might find more amusement in Cornwall than in almost any country in England. Even along the road
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we saw stones, and other objects, which seemed to bear marks both of curiosity and antiquity. Some of the stones appear plainly to be monumental : the famous *Hurlers* we did not see.

The naturalist also, the botanist, and the fossilist, especially the last, might equally find Cornwall a country full of interesting objects. Here his search would be rewarded by a great variety of metals, fossils, stones, pebbles, and earths.

Here too the historian might trace the various scenes of Druid rites, and of Roman and Danish power. Here also he might investigate some of the capital actions of the civil wars of the last century ; and follow the footsteps of Fairfax, Sir Beville Grenville, Lord Hopton, and other great commanders in the west. The battle of Stratton, in which the last of those generals commanded, was an action masterly enough to have added laurels to Cæsar, or the King of Prussia. Indeed we could have wished to have gone a few miles farther to the north of this country, to have investigated the scene of this action. Lord Clarendon has described it so accurately, that it can hardly be mistaken. It was a hill, steep on all sides, bordering, if I understand him rightly,

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on a sandy common. On the top were encamped a body of 5400 of the parliament forces, with thirteen pieces of cannon, under the Earl of Stamford. At five o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of May 1642, the royalists attacked them with very inferior force, in four divisions, who mounted four different parts of the hill at once. After a well-fought day, they all met about three in the afternoon at the top, and congratulated each other on having cleared the hill of the enemy, and taken their camp, baggage, ammunition, and cannon. The scene of so notable an exploit may be still perhaps pointed out by the inhabitants of the country. From Lord Clarendon's description, however, it may certainly be found.

It is probable also that, in a picturesque light, many of the castles of this county might have deserved attention; many of the coasts might have amused us with elegant sweeping lines, and many of the bays might have been nobly hung with rocky scenery. We should have wished also to have heard the winds howl among the bleak promontories of the Land's-end; to have seen, through a clear evening, the light fall indistinctly on the distant isles of Scilly; and to have viewed the waves beating
round

round the rocks of that singular situation, Mount St. Michael. The loss of this last scene we regretted more than any thing else. But to travel over deserts of dreariness in quest of two or three objects seemed to be buying them at too high a price ; especially as it is possible they might have disappointed us in the end. Many a time has the credulous traveller gone in quest of scenes on the information of others, and has found (such is the difference of opinions) that what gave his informant pleasure, has given him disgust.

S E C T. XX.

IN returning from Bodmin, we passed over that part of Bradoc-downs, where Lord Hopton's prowess was again shewn in giving a considerable check to the parliament's forces in those parts. This wild heath, and much of the neighbouring country, is in the same style of dreary landscape, with that we had found between Launceston and Bodmin. So very undisciplined the country still is, that the wild stags of nature, in many parts, claim it as their own. We did not see any of them; but we were told, they sometimes shew themselves on the high moors about Bodmin and Lescard.

And yet these are the lands, wild as they are, that are the richest of the country. They bear little corn, it is true; but it is very immaterial what the surface produces: the harvest lies beneath. In this neighbourhood some of the richest of the Cornish mines are found; and Lescard, where we now were, is one of the Coinage-towns, as they are called. Of these towns there are five, which are scattered about

about the different parts of Cornwall, where mines are most frequent. After the tin is pounded, and washed from the impurities of the mine, it is melted, separated from its dross, and run into large square blocks, containing each about three hundred pounds weight. In this form it is conveyed to the Coinage-town, where it is assayed and stamped. This stamp makes it a saleable commodity.

We had not, however, the curiosity to enter any of these mines. Our business was only on the surface. Great part of this country, it is true, is in a state of nature, which in general is a state of picturesque beauty; but here it was otherwise. Our views not only wanted the most necessary appendages of landscape, wood, and water, but even *form*. We might, perhaps, have seen this part of Cornwall in an unfavourable light; as the sweeping lines of a country depend much for their beauty on the light under which they are seen; but to us they appeared heavy, unbroken, and unaccommodating. In the wild parts of Scotland, where this dreariness of landscape often occurred, we had still a distance to make amends for the fore-grounds. It was rarely that we had not a flowing line of blue mountains, which

which gave a grandeur and dignity even to an impoverished scene. But in these wild parts of Cornwall we sometimes saw a face of country, (which is rather uncommon in the wildest scenes of nature,) without a single beauty to recommend it.

This dreariness, however, had begun to improve before we arrived at Lescard. Plantations, though meagre only, arose in various parts; and the country assumed somewhat of a more pleasing air; particularly on the right towards Leftwithiel. The high grounds formed interfections; something like a castle appeared on one of them, and the woody decorations of landscape in some degree took place.

As we left Lescard, the country still improved. Extensive sides of hills, covered with wood, arose among the fore-grounds, and ranging in noble sweeps, retired into distance. These bursts of sylvan scenery appeared with particular beauty at a place called Brown's-woods. Here too we were entertained with an *incidental beauty*. The whole sky in front was hung with dark clouds to the very skirts of the horizon. Behind us shone the brightest
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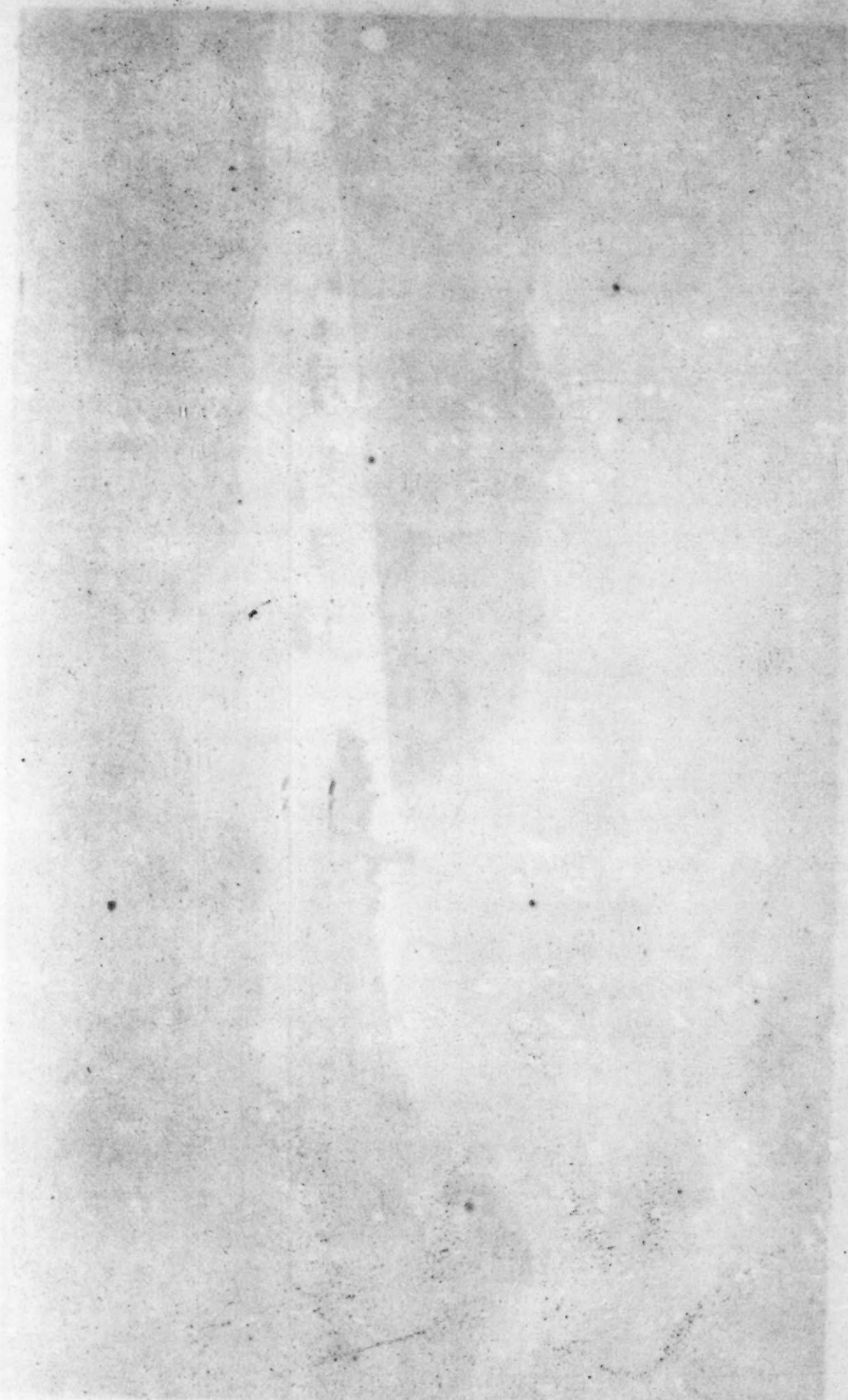
ray of an evening sun, not yet indeed setting, but very splendid: and all this splendor was received by the tops of trees, which rose directly in front, and being opposed to the gloomy tint behind them, made a most brilliant appearance. This is among the most beautiful effects of an evening-sun. These effects are indeed as various as the forms of landscape which receive them; but nothing is more *richly* enlightened than the tufted foliage of a wood.

We now approached the sea, at least the river Tamer, which is near its estuary; and as this coast is perhaps one of the most broken and irregular of the whole island, we had several views of little creaks and bays, which being surrounded with wood, are often beautiful. But they are beautiful at full-sea only; at the ebb of the tide, each lake becomes an oozy channel.

The picturesque beauty of a scene of this kind once cost a poor traveller dear. He had long been in quest of a situation for a house, and found one at length offered to sale, exactly suited to his taste. It was a lake scene;
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in which a little peninsula, sloping gently into the water, presented from its eminence a pleasing view of the whole. Charmed with what he had seen, he ruminated in his way home on the various improvements it might admit; and fearing a disappointment, entered, without farther scrutiny, into an agreement with the owner, for a considerable sum. But what was his astonishment, when, on taking possession, his lake was gone, and in its room, a bed of filthy ooze! How did he accuse his rashness, and blame his precipitate folly! In vain he wished to retract his bargain. In vain he pleaded, that he had been deceived; that he had bought a lake; and that, in fact, the object of his purchase was gone. "You might have examined it better," cried the unfeeling gentlemen of the law: "What have we to do with your ideas of picturesque beauty?" "We sold you an estate, and if you imposed upon yourself, you have nobody else to blame."

From the road, as we passed, we had a view of Trematon-castle, where a stannery court is still kept, which had formerly very extensive
privi-





privileges. *Trematon-law* is almost to this day an object of reverence among the common people of Cornwall.

Soon after, Saltash-bay opened on the left, and on the right, Hamoaz harbour, with many a gallant ship of war at anchor upon its ample bosom. Beyond the Hamoaz rose the hanging lawns and woods of Mount Edgcomb, forming a noble back-ground to the scene.

At Saltash we had good views of the river Tamer, both above and below the town. A sweeping bay is formed on each side, in many places at least a mile in breadth. In both directions the banks are high, and the water retires beautifully behind jutting promontories.

Having crossed the Tamer at Saltash, we had four miles farther to Plymouth. Through the whole way we had various views of the the sound, Mount Edgcomb, Plymouth harbour, Hamoaz, Plymouth town, and Plymouth dock. From all these views together we were able to collect a clear geographical idea of this celebrated harbour.

Two rivers, the Tamer and the Plym, (the first of which is considerable,) meeting the sea at the distance of about three miles asunder, form at their separate mouths two indented bays. These two bays open into a third, which is the receptacle of both, and larger than either. The bay formed by the Tamer, is called the *Hamoaz*; that formed by the Plym is called *Plymouth Harbour*; and the large bay, into which they both open, is called the *Sound*. At the bottom of the Sound, where the two bays communicate with it, lies St. Nicolas, a large island, fortified with a castle and strong works; which are intended to defend the entrance into both these inlets. The entrance into Hamoaz is very intricate; for the island can be passed only at that end next Plymouth; which makes the passage narrow and winding. The entrance at the other end is wide and direct; but is defended by a dangerous shelf of hidden rocks; the situation of which appears plainly at low-water from the rippling of the tide above them. The Cornish side of Hamoaz is formed by Mount Edgcomb.

S E C T. XXI.

PLYMOUTH-dock, or Dock-town, as it is often called, lies at the entrance of Hamoaz, and is about two miles distant from the town of Plymouth. It is chiefly worth visiting, as it is the station of the docks, storehouses, gun-wharfs, and other appendages of this noble arsenal; which is a wonderful sight to those who have seen nothing of the kind. The citadel too, and the victualling-office, which is close to it; the bake-house also, and the slaughter-house, (whatever unpleasant ideas may accompany the latter,) are all grand objects of their kind.

Among the things which attracted our attention at Plymouth-dock were the marble quarries. We saw several of the blocks polished; and thought them more beautiful than any foreign marble. The ground is dark brown, the veining red and blue. The colours are soft in themselves, and intermix agreeably;

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whereas

whereas in the Sienna, and other foreign marbles, there is often, amidst all the richness of their colours, a glare and harshness in their mixtures, disagreeable to the picturesque eye, which always wishes to unite harmony with colouring. In the verde antique the tints are sufficiently soft; but they are so much the same, and broken into such minute parts, that they have no effect, when exhibited in quantity. After all, however, different kinds of marble are suited to different purposes. But I think there are two rules which should direct the choice of all marbles. In columns, and other large surfaces, the parts should be large; that is, the veins of the marble should be conspicuous. I think also that no marble, in any situation, can be beautiful, unless there be a degree of softness and harmony in it: if it be veined, for instance, the veins should, in some parts, strike out boldly, and in other parts sink and retire, as it were, into the ground of the marble, leaving only slight traces of their colours here and there behind them. In both these respects I have thought the columns in the hall at Kidderston in Derbyshire models of beauty. It will, however, be understood, that when *form*
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or *inscription* is required, veined marble of any kind is improper. In some works, as in most kinds of ornaments, the marble itself is the principal object: in others, as in statuary and inscription, the marble is only the vehicle.

With the Plymouth marble, in its rough state, most of the buildings of the dock are constructed. The refuse burns into excellent lime. Between Launceston and Kellington, I have heard there is a species of marble found almost purely white; but as I never heard of its being applied to any use, I suppose it is only of a spurious kind.

There is also another species of beautiful stone much in use at Plymouth, which is of Cornish extraction, and is found chiefly on the moors, from whence it is called the *Moor-stone*. The best kind of it is a perfect granite, and will bear a polish; though the spars sometimes fly off in the operation, and leave an unequal surface. The more friable kind of this stone spangles the road with an excellent binding gravel.

Among the sights of a dock-yard, the careening of a ship is not the least picturesque. We happened to see an operation of this kind
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in great perfection. The ship itself, lying on one side, is a good object. Its great lines, which in an upright state are too regular, take now more pleasing forms; and while the rolling volumes of smoke harmonize the whole, the fire glimmering, sparkling, or blazing, is sometimes enveloped in these black voluminous eddies, and sometimes brightening up, breaks through them in transient spiry blazes.

But as *light* is best supported by *shade*, a conflagration by *night*, from whatever cause produced, has the grandest effect. By day the effect depends chiefly on the smoke, aided perhaps by some accidental objects; as it was here by the pitchy side of a vessel. But at night, the darkness of the hemisphere makes the grandest opposition. The light is concentrated to one spot, only variously broken, as it may happen to fall on different objects. At the same time it receives the full beauty of gradation. The ruddy glow which spreads far and wide into the regions of night, graduates, as it recedes from its centre, and becoming fainter and fainter, is at last totally lost in the shades of darkness. A conflagration, therefore, by night presents us with the justest ideas

ideas of the great principles of light and shade. It gives a *body of light variously broken*; and at length dying *gradually away*.

A common bonfire, furrounded by a few figures scattered about it in groups, forms often a beautiful scene. That passage, in which Shakespeare describes the camp-fires of the French and English, gives us a different picture. In that description the fires are *distant*; and the *paly flames* just *umber* the faces that watch round them. Touched with the pencil, they should be marked only as ruddy specks: all distinction of feature is lost. But round a *bonfire on the spot* you see action and passion distinctly represented; the hat waved, the agitated body, and the lips of the bawling mouth, all marked with the strongest effects of light; while some of the figures, which stand between the eye and the fire, are as picturesquely distinguished by being totally in shade.

Grand indeed, though dreadful, is the conflagration of houses; especially if those houses have any dignity of form. The bursts of fire from windows and doors, the illumination of the internal parts of a structure, and the varied force of the fire on the different materials it meets with, which may be more or less combustible,

bustible, are all circumstances highly picturesque. It may be added also, that wind makes a great difference in the appearance of a conflagration; and yet I know not whether its most splendid effects are not seen best in a calm.

But the operations of war produce still grander effects of this kind. The burning of ships is productive of greater ideas, and more picturesque circumstances, than the burning of houses. The very reflections from the water add great beauty. But these representations are among the difficult attempts of the pencil. Vanderveld, who did every thing well, and burnt many a ship in a truly picturesque manner, failed most in his grandest work, the burning of the Armada. *Some parts* of his pictures on this subject at Hampton Court are masterly; but in *general* they are but an indifferent collection of Vanderveld's works. Probably the subject was *imposed* on him; and when that is the case, the painter seldom arrives at the excellence which *his own subjects* produce. It cannot well indeed be otherwise; for the *choice of a subject* is, in other words, *that just arrangement* of it, which he conceives in his own mind, both in regard to composition

sition and light. So that when a subject is *imposed*, the arrangement is to *seek*; and it is probable, he may not easily find one that suits his subject. Besides, he sets to it without that enthusiasm which should animate his pencil. When the Empress of Russia, therefore, employed Sir Joshua Reynolds, she did well in leaving him to choose his own subject. One thing, indeed, which injures Vanderveld in burning the Armada picturesquely, is the number of fires he is obliged to introduce, which can never have so good an effect as one.

But among all the grand exhibitions of this kind, the siege of Gibraltar furnishes two of the noblest. They had every circumstance to recommend them. They were grand in their own nature; they were connected with great and prosperous events, which is a recommendation of any subject; and they were actions performed in the night. The first relates to the burning of the enemy's batteries by a sally from the garrison; the second, to the destruction of the battering ships. I shall give them both in the words of a published Journal of that siege, in which the effects are well described*.

* See Drinkwater's Account of the Siege of Gibraltar, p. 201.

“ Nov. 27, 1781. The batteries were soon
 “ in a state for the fire-faggots to operate, and
 “ the flames spread with astonishing rapidity
 “ into every part. The column of fire and
 “ smoke, which rolled from the works, beauti-
 “ fully illumined the troops, and neighbour-
 “ ing objects ; forming all together a *coup*
 “ *d’œil* not possible to be described.”

“ Sept. 13, 1782. About an hour after mid-
 “ night one of the battering-ships was com-
 “ pletely in flames ; and by two o’clock she
 “ appeared one continued blaze from stem to
 “ stern. Between three and four o’clock, six
 “ other ships were on fire. The light thrown
 “ out on all sides by the flames, illumined the
 “ rock, and all the neighbouring objects ;
 “ forming, with the constant flashes of our
 “ cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and
 “ terror*.” The former of these scenes would
 have made a good picture : the latter, if repre-
 sented, should be taken, when one ship only
 was completely in flames, with small appear-
 ances of fire in some of the others.

At the end of the 8th book of Homer we
 have the effects of an illumination very pictu-

* See Drinkwater’s Account of the Siege, p. 287.

resquely detailed. Hector having driven the Greeks to their intrenchments, was prevented by the night from completing his victory. Resolving therefore to push it the next morning, instead of retreating to Troy, he encamped under its walls in the field of battle, where

Unnumbered flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shadowy lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.

Homer, however, has nothing to do with most of these picturesque images. They are only to be found in Pope's translation. Though it may be fashionable to depreciate this work, as a translation, it must at least be owned, that Pope, who was a painter, has enriched his original with many of the ideas of his art.

But still, in all these operations, however grand, the fire ravages only the *works of man*. To see a conflagration in perfection, we must see the *elements engaged*. Nothing is *eminently grand*, but the exertion of an *element*. The effect of the *air* is grand, when excited by a storm. Piles of *earth* or *mountains* are superbly grand.

grand. The *ocean* in a storm is still grander: and the effect of *fire*, when let loose in its full fury, carries the idea of grandeur to a still greater height.

One of the most astonishing effects of this kind, which is any where to be met with, may be found in the 70th volume of the Philosophical Transactions, in a letter from Sir William Hamilton. It contains the account of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the autumn of the year 1779. The whole relation is full of grand ideas; but the parts of it, to which I particularly allude, were the *concluding efforts* of the eruption; from which I shall select a few circumstances.

The relater, who was an eye-witness, tells us, that on Saturday the 7th of August, as he was watching the agitations of the mountain from the mole of Naples, which gave him a distinct view of it, a violent storm came on, just as the volcano was throwing out some of its fiercest fires. The clouds of black smoke sometimes covered great part of the fire; at other times disparting, presented it in fuller view. This awful conjunction of light and shadow, was farther assisted by various tints, which were produced by lights reverberated from

from the clouds, and by pale flashes of lightning, which were continually issuing from them.

But the appearance of the volcano, the next day, was still more sublime. About nine o'clock in the morning, a loud report issued from the mountain, which shook the houses of Portici to such a degree, as to alarm the inhabitants for their safety, and drive them into the streets. Immediately volumes of liquid fire, or rather, as the relater describes it, fountains of red-hot lava, shot upwards to such an amazing height, that they seemed three times as high as the mountain itself, which is computed to rise three thousand feet from the level of the sea. Together with these volumes of liquid fire, vast clouds of the blackest smoke succeeded each other in bursts, intercepting this splendid brightness here and there by masses of the darkest hue.

The wind was south-west ; and though gentle, was sufficient to put the smoke into motion, removing it by degrees so as to form behind the fire a vast curtain, stretching over great part of the hemisphere. To add to the solemnity, this black curtain was continually disparted by pale, momentary, electric fires.

In

In the mean time, the other parts of the sky were clear, and the stars shone bright. The contrast was glorious beyond imagination. The splendor, which was sufficiently balanced by the shadowy curtain behind it, illumined the sea, which was perfectly calm, far and wide, and added much to the sublimity of the scene.

Some of the fiery lava being thrown on mount Somna, in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, its woods were frequently in a blaze. This introduced a secondary light, very different in its tint, either from the fiery red of the volcano, or the silvery blue of the electric fire.

This grand and awful vision, in which as sublime *an effect of light and shade* was presented, as Nature perhaps ever exhibited before, lasted about half an hour.

I make no apology for introducing all these grand effects of fire, as I never think myself out of sight of my subject, when I can lay hold of any picturesque idea.

S E C T. XXII.

OUR curiosity having been gratified among the dock-yards at Plymouth, led us next to visit Mount Edgcomb.

The promontory of Mount Edgcomb running a considerable way into the sea, forms, as was just observed, one of the cheeks of the entrance of Hamoaz-harbour, which is here half a mile across. The whole promontory is four or five miles long, and three broad. In shape it is a perfect *dorsum*, high in the middle, and sloping gradually on both sides towards the sea; in some places it is rocky and abrupt.

Lord Edgcomb's house stands half way up the ascent, on the Plymouth side, in the midst of a park, containing an intermixture of wood and lawn. It makes a handsome appearance with a tower at each corner; but pretends only to be a comfortable dwelling.

The great object of Mount Edgcomb is the grandeur of the views. As we advanced towards the summit of the promontory, we saw, in various exhibitions, on one side, all the
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intricacies and creeks, which form the harbour of Plymouth; with an extensive country spreading beyond it into very remote distance; and scattered with a variety of objects; among which we distinguished the well-known features of Brentor.

The other side of the promontory overlooks the Sound, which is the great rendezvous of the fleets fitted out at Plymouth; though seamen speak very indifferently of its anchorage. One of the boundaries of this extensive bay is a reach of land running out into pointed rocks; the other is a lofty smooth promontory, called the Ram's-head. The top of this promontory is adorned with a tower, from which notice is given at Plymouth, by a variety of signals, of the number of ships, and their quality, that appear in the offing.

Between the Ram's-head and Mount Edgcomb is formed a smaller inlet, called Causand-bay, at the head of which lies Kingston. Before this little town rode a large fleet of what appeared to be fishing boats; but we were informed that most of them were smuggling vessels.

The simplicity of the few objects which form the Sound on one side, made a pleasing contrast

contrast with the intricacies of the Plymouth-coast on the other.

At the distance of about three leagues from the Ram's-head, stands the Edystone lighthouse. We could just discern it, as it caught a gleam of light, like a distant sail.

Having viewed from the higher grounds of Mount Edgcomb this immense landscape, which is, on both sides, a mere map of the country, and has little *picturesque beauty*, especially on the Plymouth side, we descended the promontory, and were carried on a lower stage round its utmost limits.

The grounds here are profusely planted. On that side which overlooks Causand-bay, the plantations are only young; but on the other, which consists of at least half the promontory, they are well-grown, and form the most pleasing scenes about Mount Edgcomb. That immense map, as it lay before the eye *in one view* from the higher grounds, and appeared variously broken and scattered, was now divided into portions, and set off by good foregrounds. Some of these views are pleasing; but in general they are not picturesque. A large piece of water full of moving objects, makes a part

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of

of them all ; and this will always present at least an amusing scene.

The trees, both evergreens and deciduous, are wonderfully fine, considering their sea-aspect. But chiefly the pine-race seems to thrive; and among these the pinafter, which, one should imagine, from its hardy appearance, to be indigenous to the soil. The woodman would dislike that great abundance of hoary moss, which bedecks both it and most of the other plants of this marine scenery ; but to the picturesque eye, the vegetation seems perfect ; and the moss a beauty. It is moss of a peculiar form, at least of an unusual growth. Its hue is generally cerulean, with a strong touch here and there of Naples-yellow, mixed with other pleasing tints, which being scattered profusely about the whole plantation, give it an uncommon richness. In these woods the arbutus grows in great perfection, and many other shrubs, which are generally found only in sheltered situations.

Besides a luxuriance of wood, a variety of rocky scenery embellished our walk, especially about the vertical point of the promontory. It is a well-coloured brown rock ; which appears

in all forms. Nor is it bald and naked, but every where garnished with twisting boles and hanging shrubs.

Upon the whole, though there are many formalities about Mount Edgcomb, terraces particularly, and vistas near the house, a few puerilities also *, and too little advantage taken every where of the circumstances which nature has pointed out ; yet it is certainly a noble situation, and very well worth the attention of a traveller.

* The reader will recollect when this was written.

S E C T. XXIII.

AMONG the curiosities of this coast, the Edystone light-house is not one of the least. About three leagues beyond Plymouth-sound, in a line nearly between Start-point and the Lizard, lie a number of low rocks, exceedingly dangerous at all times, but especially when the tides are high, which render them invisible. On these rocks it had long been thought necessary to place some monitory signal. But the difficulty of constructing a light-house was great. One of the rocks indeed, which compose this reef, is considerably larger than the rest: yet its dimensions are still narrow; it is often covered with water, and frequently, even in the calmest weather, surrounded by a swelling sea, which makes it difficult to land upon it; and much more so to carry on any work of time and labour. The uncommon tumult of the sea in this place is occasioned by a peculiarity in the rocks. As they all slope and point to the north-east, they spread their inclined sides, of course, to the swelling tides and storms
of

of the Atlantic. And as they continue in this shelving direction many fathoms below the surface of the sea, they occasion that violent working of the water, which the seamen call a *ground swell*. So that after a storm, when the surface of the sea around is perfectly smooth, the swells and agitation about these rocks are dangerous. From these continual eddies the Edystone derives its name.

The first light-house of any consequence, erected on this rock, was undertaken by a person of the name of Winstanley, in the reign of King William. Mr. Winstanley does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work; but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms, a ghost would start up; or if you sat down in an elbow-chair, its arms would clasp around you. His light-house, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries, and other ornaments, which encumbered it, without being of any use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanley certainly

tainly deserved the credit of being the first projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron, which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally indeed thought well founded; and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say, he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish; for he happened to be in it, at the time of that memorable storm on the 26th of November 1703, which hath been already mentioned*. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work: it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could invent, to bring a boat from the shore. The terrors of the storm were such, that the boldest vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is unknown; but in the morning no appearance of the lighthouse was left. It and all its contents, during that terrible night, were swept into the sea. This catastrophe furnished Mr. Gay with the

* See pages 156 and 168.

follow-

following simile in his Trivia, which was written a few years after the event :

So when fam'd Edyfton's far-shooting ray,
That led the failor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind born,
Fleets bulged their fides againft the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the ftand.

A light-house was again conftituted on this rock before the conclufion of Queen Anne's reign. It was undertaken by one Rudyard, who built it alfo of wood, but having feen his predeceffor's errors, avoided them. He followed Winfanley's idea in the mode of fixing his ftucture to the rock ; but he chofe a plain circular form, without any gallery, or ufelefs projecting parts for the ftorm to faften on. To give ftability alfo to his work, he judiciously introduced, as ballaft at the bottom, 270 tons of ftone. In fhort, every precaution was taken to fecure it againft the fury of the two elements of wind and water, which had deftroyed the laft. But it fell by a third. Late one night, in the year 1755, it was obferved from the fhore to be on fire. Its upper works having been conftituted of light timber, probably could not bear the heat. It happened fortunately that Admiral Weft rode with a
fleet

fleet at that time in the Sound; and being so near the spot, he immediately manned two or three swift boats. Other boats put off from the shore; but though it was not stormy, it was impossible to land. In the mean time the fire having descended to the lower parts of the building, had driven the poor inhabitants upon the skirts of the rock; where they were sitting disconsolate, when assistance arrived. They had the mortification, however, to find that the boats, through fear of being dashed in pieces, were obliged to keep aloof. At length it was contrived to throw coils of rope upon the rock, which the men tied round them, and were dragged on board through the sea. The case of one of these poor fellows, who was above 90 years of age, was singular. As he had been endeavouring to extinguish the fire in the cupola, where it first raged, and was looking up, the melted lead from the roof came trickling down upon his face and shoulders. At Plymouth he was put into a surgeon's hands; and, though much hurt, he appeared to be in no danger. He constantly, however, affirmed, that some of the melted lead had fallen down his throat. This was not believed, as it was thought he could not have survived such a circum-

circumstance. In twelve days he died; and Mr. Smeaton says, he saw the lead, after it had been taken out of his stomach; and that it weighed seven ounces*.

The next light-house, which is the present one, was built by Mr. Smeaton, and is constructed on a plan, which it is hoped will secure it against every danger. It is built entirely of stone, in a circular form. Its foundations are let into a socket in the rock, on which it stands, and of which it almost makes a part; for the stones are all united with the rock, and with each other, by massy dove-tails. The cement used in this curious masonry is the lime of Watchet†, from whence Mr. Smeaton contrived to bring it barrelled up in cyder-casks; for the proprietors will not suffer it to be exported in its crude state. The door of this ingenious piece of architecture is only the size of a ship's gun-port; and the windows are mere loop-holes, denying light to exclude wind. When the tide swells above the foundation of the building, the light house makes the odd appearance of a structure emerging from the waves. But sometimes a wave rises above the

* See Mr. Smeaton's Account of the Edystone.

† See page 169.

very top of it, and circling round, the whole looks like a column of water, till it breaks into foam, and subsides.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Edystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench; listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly comfort, but what is administered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion chusing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder. In
fine

fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires.

Such total inaction and entire seclusion from all the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess.

Yet though this wretched community is so small, we were assured it is generally a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals too were solitary, each, like a brute, growling over his food alone.

We are sorry to acknowledge a picture like this to be a likeness of human nature. In some gentle minds we see the kind affections *rejoice* in being beckoned even from scenes of inno-

cence, mirth, and gaiety, to mingle the sympathetic tear with affliction and distress. But experience shews us, that the heart of man is equally susceptible of the malevolent affections; and religion joins in confirming the melancholy truth. The *picturesque eye*, in the meantime, surveys natural and moral evil, under characters entirely different. Darken the storm; let loose the winds; let the waves overwhelm all that is fair and good; the storm will be sublime, and the catastrophe pathetic; while the moral tempest is dreary, without grandeur, and the catastrophe afflicting, without one picturesque idea.

The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain: and yet from a story, which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow, who got a good livelihood by making leathern-pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained.

obtained. As the Edyftone-boat was carrying him to take poffeffion of his new habitation, one of the boatmen asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable bufinefs to be fhut up, for months together, in a pillar? "Why," faid the man, "because I did not like confinement."

S E C T. XXIV.

AT Plymouth we heard much of the scenery upon the Tamer, of which we had had a little specimen at Axworthy*. We resolved therefore to navigate that river as far as the Weir, which is about twenty-two miles above Plymouth, and as far as we could have the advantage of the tide. Procuring therefore a good boat, and four stout hands from the Ocean man of war, then lying in the Hamoaz, we set sail with a flowing tide.

The river Tamer rises from the mountains of Hartland, near Barnstaple-bay, in the north of Devonshire, and, taking its course almost due south, divides that county from Cornwall. No river can be a more complete boundary. As it approaches Plymouth, it becomes a noble estuary. The Hamoaz is esteemed, after Portsmouth, the best station for ships of war upon the British coast. This grand bay, which was the first scene we investigated on the Tamer, is

* See page 189.

about





about a mile in breadth, and seven miles in length; though the larger ships we observed seldom to anchor above a league from the sea. Its banks on each side, though rather low, are by no means flat. They are generally cultivated; and the shore is finished by a narrow edging of rock.

The next view we had of any consequence, was the opening towards St. German's on the left. This is a creek about three leagues in length. The woods of Anthony occupy one side of the opening; and a house which appeared at a distance in the centre, is Ince, a seat of the Killigrews.

Soon after, we came in sight of Saltash, which stands high, but affords no very picturesque appearance. When we crossed the ferry the day before, the views of the creek from the hill presented a beautiful scene, both above and below the town*; but when the eye is stationed *upon* the water, the retiring reaches of the river are lost, and the landscape is much impaired.

Our next scene was the opening of the Tavey into the Tamer. Sir Harry Trelaw-

* See page 201.

ney's house was one of the principal objects of this view. The distance was composed chiefly of the Dartmore hills. The banks of the Tamer were still low, and cultivated; and bore no proportion to the extent of the water, which did not begin to contract itself, nor the banks to swell, till we had proceeded nine or ten miles up the river.

The first scene, which in any degree engaged our attention, was composed of the woods of Pentilly, on the Cornish side. The house too is a good object, and a building at the bottom of the bank has a picturesque appearance; though its dignity was degraded when we learned it was only a lime-kiln. Lime is the chief commodity of trade on this river, employing many large boats in transporting it; and the lime-kilns, which we see in many places on its banks, are of such noble dimensions, that they may, at a little distance, be mistaken for castles, without any imputation on the understanding. They are among the greatest ornaments of the river. The background of the scenery of Pentilly, is a lofty bank adorned with a tower, to which belongs a history.

Mr.

Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentilly-house, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and common-place jests against religion and scripture; which are well suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a giddy mind, but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be, and are neither intended nor adapted to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree farther than we often meet with in the annals of prophaneness. In general the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his *contemporaries*; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to *posterity*. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow-chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange, on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower of such dimensions, as he prescribed; where he proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All this was done, and the tower, still inclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and prophaneness.

ness. The country people shudder as they go near it :

— Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci :—sylvam, saxumque tremebant.

As we sailed farther up the river, we came in view of the rocks and woods of Coteil, which are still on the Cornish side, and afford some beautiful scenery. Here we had grand sweeping hills, covered with wood. At the bottom of one of them stands a noble lime-kiln-castle, which is relieved by a lofty background.

Near the bottom of another stands a small Gothic ruin, situated, with much picturesque beauty, in a woody recess. It was formerly a votive chapel, built by a chief of the Coteil family ; though some say by one of the Edgcombs. Its founder had engaged on the unsuccessful side, during one of the periods of the dubious wars of York and Lancaster. His party being beaten, he fled for his life ; and as he was a man of consequence, was closely pursued. The Tamer opposed his flight. He made a short vow to the Virgin Mary, threw himself into the river, and swam safe to the promontory, before which we now lay on our





oars. His upper garment, which he had thrown off, floated down the stream; and giving occasion to believe he had perished, checked the ardour of pursuit. In the mean time Coteil lurked in his own woods, till a happier moment; and in the day of security raised this chapel to the holy Virgin, his protectress, who had the full honour of his escape.

We have the story sometimes told otherwise, and given to the times of Charles I.; but a story of so late a date, one should imagine, might have been better ascertained, than this seems to be; and if the chapel have any connection with the story, it is much more credible, that a votive-chapel should have been erected in the 15th century, when we know they were common, than in the 17th, when such structures were never heard of.

At Coteil-house we landed, which is entirely surrounded with wood, and shut out from the river. If it were a little opened, it might both see and be seen to advantage. To the river particularly it would present a good object; as it stands on a bold knoll, and is built in the form of a castle. But it is a deserted mansion, and occupied only as a farm-house. Here we refreshed ourselves with tea, and larded our bread,

after the fashion of the country, with clouted cream.

Round this old mansion grew some noble trees; and among them the Spanish chesnut, full grown, and spread out in huge massy limbs. We thought these chesnuts scarce inferior in grandeur to the proudest oaks. The chesnut, on which Salvator Rosa has hung Edipus, is exactly one of them.

We had now sailed a considerable way up the Tamer, and, during the whole voyage, had been almost solely obliged to the Cornish shores for amusement. But the Devonshire coast, as if only collecting its strength, burst out upon us at Calstock, in a grander display of lofty banks, adorned with wood and rock, than any we had yet seen, and continued without interruption through the space of a league.

But it is impossible to describe scenes, which, though *strongly marked*, have no *peculiar* features. In Nature these lofty banks are infinitely varied. The face of each rock is different; it projects differently: it is naked, or it is adorned; or, if adorned, its ornaments are of different kinds. In short, Nature's variations are as infinite on the face of a rock, as in the face

face of a man. Each requires a distinct portrait to characterize it justly; while language can no more give you a full idea of one, than it can of the other.

With the views of Calstock we finished our voyage up the Tamer; and though the banks of the river were diversified both with rocks and woods, with open and contracted country; yet, considering the space through which we had sailed, and the high commendations we had heard of this river, it was, on the whole, less a scene of amusement, than we had expected to find it. We had a few grand views; but in general the navigators of the Tamer find only some of the common characteristics of a river:

—Longos superant flexus, variisque teguntur
Arboribus; viridesque secant placido æquore sylvas.

All is beautiful, sylvan, and highly pleasing; but if you ask what we saw, we can only say *in general*, that we saw rocks, trees, groves, and woods. In short, the whole is amusing, but not picturesque; it is not sufficiently divided into portions adapted to the pencil.

The scenery itself, on the banks of the Tamer, is certainly good; but had it even been better, the form of the river could not have shewn

shewn it to much picturesque advantage. The reaches are commonly too long, and admit little winding. We rarely trace the course of the river by the perspective of one skreen behind another; which in river views is often a beautiful circumstance: and yet, if one of the banks be lofty, broken into large parts, and falling away in good perspective, the length of the reach may possibly be an advantage. In some parts of the Tamer we had this grand lengthened view; but in other parts we wished to have had its continued reaches more contracted.

These remarks, however, it must be observed, affect a river only in *navigating* it. When we are thus on a *level* with its surface, we have rarely more than a fore-ground; at most we have only a first distance. But when we take a higher stand, and view a remote river, lofty banks become then an incumbrance; and instead of discovering, they hide its winding course. When the distance becomes still more remote, the valley through which the river winds should be open, and the country flat, to produce the most pleasing effect.

In the immense rivers that traverse continents, these ideas are all lost. As you sail up
such

such a vast surface of water, as the Mississippi, for instance, the first striking observation is, that perspective views are entirely out of the question. If you wish to examine either of its shores, you must desert the main channel; and, knowing that you are in a river, make to one side or the other.

As you approach within half a league of one of the sides, you will perhaps see stretches of sand-banks, or islands covered with wood, extending along the shore, beyond the reach of the eye, which have been formed by depredations made on the coast by the river; for when the winds rage, this vast surface of water is agitated like a sea; and has the same power over its shores. As the trees of these regions are in as grand a style as the rivers themselves, you sometimes see vast excavations, where the water has undermined the banks, in which immense roots are laid bare, and, being washed clean from the soil, appear twisted into various forms, like the gates of a cathedral.

Though the banks of the Mississippi, we are told, are generally flat, you frequently see beautiful scenery upon them. Among the vast woods which adorn them, are many groves of cypresses; to which a creeping plant, called the

the Liane, is often attached. What kind of flower it bears, I have not heard; but if it be not too profuse, it must be very ornamental: hanging from tree to tree, and connecting a whole cypress-grove together with rich festoons.

These woods are interspersed also with lawns, where you see the wild deer of the country feeding in herds. As they espy the vessel gliding past, they all raise their heads at once, and standing a moment, with pricked ears, in amazement, they turn suddenly round, and darting across the plain, hide themselves in the woods.

From scenes of this kind, as you coast the river, you come perhaps to low marshy grounds; where swamps, overgrown with reeds and rushes, but of enormous growth, extend through endless tracts, which a day's sailing cannot leave behind. In these marshes the alligator is often seen basking near the edge of the river, into which he instantly plunges on the least alarm; or perhaps you descry his hideous form creeping along the sedges, sometimes hid, and sometimes discovered, as he moves through a closer, or more open path.

Contrasts, like these, between the Tamer and the Mississippi, are amusing, and set each scene off

off to more advantage. The Tamer may be called a noble river; but what is it in point of grandeur, when compared with the Mississippi, which, at the distance of two thousand miles from the sea, is a wider stream than the Tamer, where it falls into it? On the other hand, though the Mississippi, no doubt, has its beauty; yet as a river, it loses as much in this respect, when compared with the Tamer, as it gained in point of grandeur. In the Mississippi you seek in vain for the rocky banks and winding shores which adorn the Tamer, and are the glory of river-scenery.

To these contrasts I shall just add one more. As Lord Macartney and his suite, in their way to Canton, sailed down one of the rivers of China, they passed under a rock of grey marble, which arose from the water to the amazing perpendicular height of six hundred feet. It was shagged with wood, and continued varying its form, but still preserving its immensity, through the space of at least two miles. In some parts its summit beetled frightfully over the river, and gave an involuntary shudder to the passenger, as he passed under its tremendous shade.

S E C T. XXV.

AS we were leaving Plymouth, the town was greatly agitated with an account received that morning of the battle of Lexington, which happened on the 19th of April. We had been chiefly in company with General Bell of the marines; and as a large detachment from that corps was with the troops in America, the general's house was crowded with people inquiring after their relations and friends; while they who looked farther, conceived, that as blood was now drawn, all hope of accommodation was over.

We left Plymouth under the impression of these melancholy ideas, till a succession of new objects dislodged them. By the Ashburton road we took our route to Exeter.

About three miles from Plymouth stands Salterham, the seat of Mr. Parker. It is Mount Edgcomb in miniature; being situated on a
2 small

small peninsula, and surrounded, not indeed by the sea, but by a considerable creek.

Mr. Parker commands a view of St. Nicholas's island, Mount Edgcomb, and the Ram's-head; but though the objects are great, they did not appear to us either picturesque in themselves, or agreeably combined. The ground, particularly beyond the creek, is ill shaped.

The soil of Salterham seems as unkindly to vegetation, as Mount Edgcomb is friendly to it; and the creek it stands on, is entirely forsaken by the tide at ebb, and becomes a mere channel of ooze. Perhaps in our remarks here we were too much under the impression of the gloomy ideas we had brought from Plymouth.

From Salterham, we pursued our route to Ivy-bridge; where, as far as we could judge from the appearance of the river, we should have met with some beautiful scenery, if we had had time to examine it.

From hence we proceeded to Ashburton, which lies among hills; and Chudleigh, where

are stone-quarries, which at a distance have the appearance of a grand range of natural rock. Here the bishops of Exeter formerly resided. The ruins of the episcopal palace may still be traced.

We were but little amused, however, with any thing we saw in this country. The whole of it from Plymouth is but an uninteresting scene. Its very appearance on a map, shews, in some degree, its unpicturesque form. It is intersected with several rivers, which run in valleys between opposite hills. These hills we were continually ascending or descending. When we had mounted one hill, we were presented with the side of another; so that all distance was shut out, and all variety of country intercepted. A pleasant glade here and there, at the dip of a hill, we sometimes had; but this did not compensate for that tiresome sameness of ascent and descent which runs through the country.

At Chudleigh we left the great Exeter-road, to see Mamhead, and Powderham-castle. In our way

way we mounted a sort of grand natural *terrace*, about seven miles in length, and three in breadth; though this indeed is a broader surface than we commonly distinguish by that appellation. The name of this eminence is Hal-down-hill.

From hence we had a grand, extensive, and, in many parts, a picturesque distance; consisting first of the whole course of the Ex, from Exeter to the sea, the city of Exeter, the town of Topsham, Sir Francis Drake's, and Powderham-castle. Beyond these objects, all of which seemed in the distance to adorn the banks of the river, the eye ranged over immense plains and woods, hills and vales. Of these the vale of Honiton, and other celebrated vales made a part. But they were mere specks, too inconsiderable for the eye to fix on. Distance had pressed all the hilly boundaries of these vales flat to the surface. At least it had so diminished them, that the proudest appeared only as a ripple on the ocean. The extreme parts of this vast landscape were bounded by the long range of Sedbury-hills; which were tinged, when we saw them, with a light ether hue, scarce one shade removed from the colour
of

of the sky; the whole immense scene, therefore, without the least interruption from the hills of the country, faded gradually into air.

A view of this kind gives us a just idea of the surface of the globe we inhabit. We talk of its inequalities in a lofty stile. Its mountains ascend the skies; its vallies sink down into depths profound. Whereas, in fact, its inequalities are nothing, when compared with its magnitude. If a comprehensive eye, placed at a distance from the surface of the earth, were capable of viewing a whole hemisphere together, all its inequalities, great as we make them, Mount Caucasus, the Andes, Teneriffe, and all the loftiest mountains of the globe, would be compressed, like the view before us; and the whole would appear perfectly smooth. To us, a bowling green is a level plain; but a minute insect finds it full of inequalities.

In surveying the windings of the Ex, in its course to the sea, we are reminded of a sketch, by a great master, of the course of Aufente. It is slightly touched indeed, but with great spirit; and the distances are particularly well marked.

marked. We have it at the end of the seventh Æneid, where the picturesque poet, led by his subject to mention some of the countries of Italy, gives us this pleasing view :

— Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Præfidet ; et viridi gaudens Feronia luco ;
Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus ; gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditur Ufens.

In this landscape we have first the fore-ground, composed of the Temple of Jupiter Anxur, proudly seated ; and overlooking the neighbouring country.

— Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Præfidet —

The immediate distance consists of the Temple of Feronia, marked by a grove, which adorns it, and a lake lying at its foot :

— Viridi gaudens Feronia luco ;
Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus —

The lake to which the poet gives the epithet *atra*, had that deep black clear hue, which Claude and Pouffin well knew produced often the best effect. In the second distance all *colour* is gone ; and the fading landscape of course takes its aerial tinge. It is enough now, if a few principal objects are dimly seen. A winding

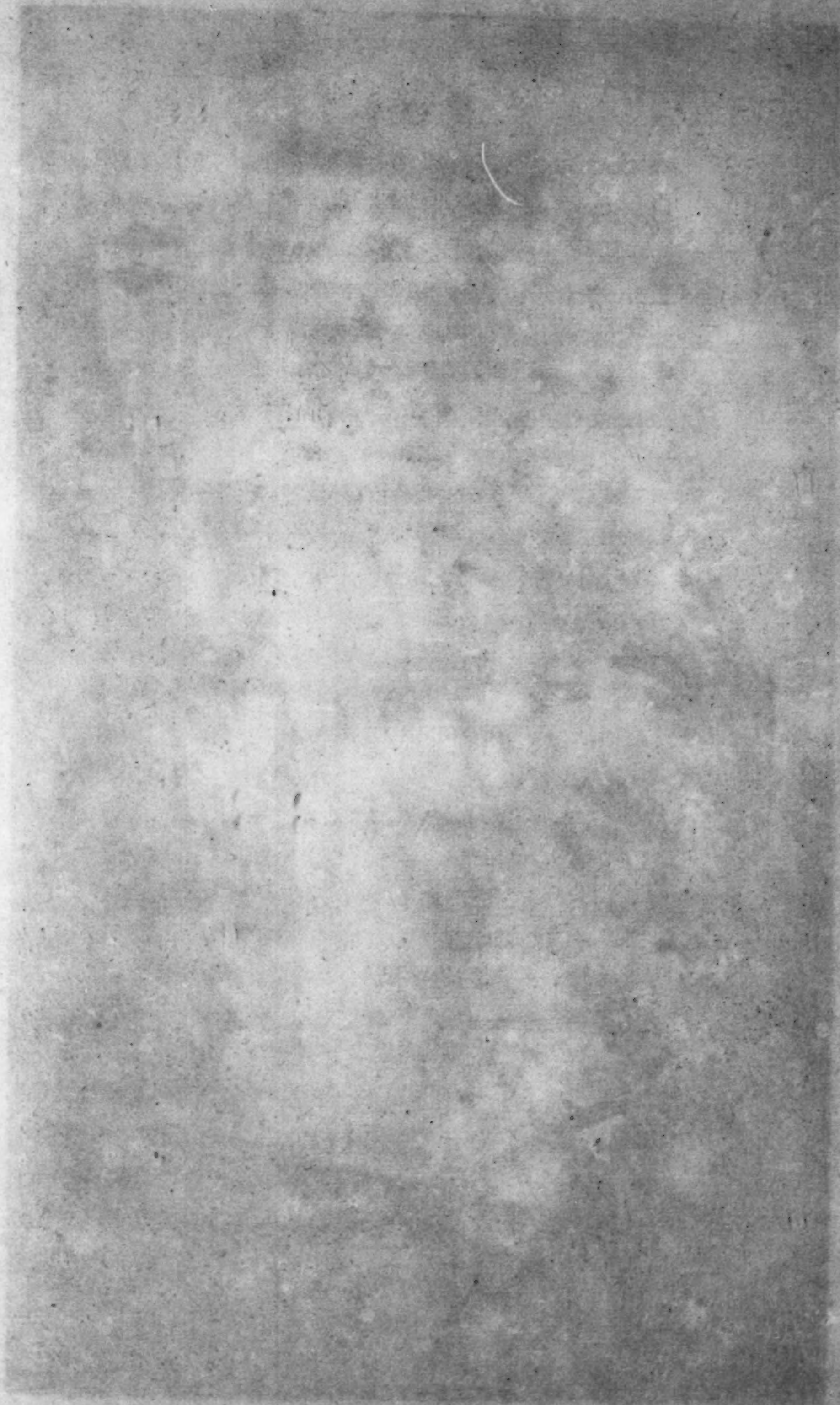
ing river is the most distinguishable. It is discovered only by its meanders along the plain :

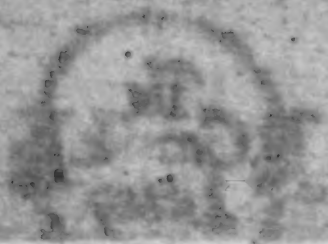
—Gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles—

It has not its course shaped out between high banks, but *seeks out* its passage, here and there, as the small depressions of a flat country allow. Beyond all appears the sea ; but the distance here is so remote, that it is not marked with any degree of strength : no epithet is applied : you can scarce distinguish it from the sky. Criticisms of this kind may seem refinement : but there is little doubt, I think, but the poet, in composing these lines, had some real landscape strongly formed in his imagination. Chance could not have marked all these distances so very exactly.

Having descended Haldown-hill, we saw Mamhead, the seat of Lord Lisburne, and Powderham-castle ; though we had no time to examine either.

The former from a woody hill, which seems to be adorned with much beautiful scenery, commands a noble view over the mouth of the Ex. The latter stands on a knoll, overlooking
a flat





a flat park, bounded by the same river; but with a less amusing view of it. The Ex in both these views is a grand tide channel; and in the former especially is very beautiful. But we saw nothing in the distance either from Mamhead, or Powderham-castle, which Haldown-hill had not already shewn us, though not in all respects perhaps to so much advantage.

On the eastern side of the Ex. From this river it derives its name; which is a corruption of Ex-ceter, or the castle on the Ex; a name which gives it a title to Roman origin. The antiquarian, however, is not obliged merely to conjecture for his proof of its antiquity. He points out vestiges of Roman masonry in the town gate; he finds variety of coins; and he measures the length and breadth of the walls, which form a parallelogram by Roman feet. Exeter is said to be very regularly built, having two large airy streets running through the length and breadth of it, and meeting in the centre. It appeared to us, however, very irregular. We were directed from the bridge to the great church through clole and disagreeable alleys. The best part of the town we did not see; as our time allowed us to examine only the most remarkable buildings.

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S E C T. XXVI.

THE city of Exeter, which we soon reached, is by far the most considerable town in the west of England. It is seated rather eminently on the eastern side of the Ex. From this river it derives its name; which is a corruption of Excester, or the castle on the Ex; a name which gives it a title to Roman origin. The antiquarian, however, is not obliged merely to etymology for his proof of its antiquity. He points out vestiges of Roman masonry in the south gate; he finds variety of coins; and he measures the length and breadth of the walls, which form a parallelogram by Roman feet.

Exeter is said to be very regularly built, having two large airy streets, running through the length and breadth of it, and uniting in the centre. It appeared to us, however, very incumbered. We were directed from the bridge to the great church through close and disagreeable alleys. The best part of the town we did not see; as our time allowed us to examine only the most remarkable buildings.





On the north side, the highest ground is occupied by the ruins of Rugement-castle, formerly the residence of Saxon kings. From the terrace of this castle, and from the walls of the town, we had the same extensive view over the country, which we had before from Haldown-hill: but as we now saw them from a different station, and from a lower point, they were less grand, but more picturesque. Hills which were there compressed to the surface, began here to arise, and take their form in the landscape; breaking the continued lines of distance, and creating new lights, and new shades with their varied elevations. Towards the mouth of the river, we were told, a light mist often prevails, when the rest of the landscape towards the west is perfectly clear. We did not see any appearance of this kind; but I should suppose it might frequently produce a good effect, not only from the beauty of the mist itself, but from its clearing away*, and leaving some objects distinctly seen, and others but obscurely traced.

The good Bishop Rundle, who was educated in this town, speaks with picturesque warmth

* See page 162.

of the views from its public walks, and the great beauty of the landscape around it. The climate he affirms to be so fine, that in no part of England trees shoot with more luxuriance, or fruits ripen to a richer flavour. The fig and the grape, he says, scarce desire better skies*.

Few places in England are more renowned in the annals of war, than Exeter. It was three times besieged by the Danes, once by William the Conqueror, again by King Stephen, a sixth time in the rebellion of Perkin Warbec in the time of Henry VII. again in a rebellion which broke out in the reign of Edward VI. and two or three times more in the civil wars of Charles I. On many of these occasions it was regularly garrisoned; and the citizens had nothing to do with its defence. But when it rested on *them*, they generally behaved with remarkable spirit. Many instances of their gallantry are preserved in history. Henry VII. was so much pleased with their behaviour, in his time, that he paid them a visit on purpose to thank them; and when he left the town, he took his sword from his side, and presenting it

* See Letters of the late T. Rundle, LL.D.

to the Mayor, desired it might always be carried before him; which it has been ever since.

The history of the great church at Exeter is remarkable. It was four hundred years in building, under the direction of several bishops; each adding something to complete the design; one of them even lengthened the nave of the church by two additional arches. Yet notwithstanding this lapse of time, in which the fashion of architecture underwent so much change; and notwithstanding the different architects employed, whose genius and taste must have been very different, it is singular, that each succeeding bishop hath so attentively pursued the plan of his predecessor, that the whole together strikes the eye as a uniform building. On examining the parts nicely, we may here and there distinguish the opposition of Saxon and Gothic; but, in general, they accord very happily. The west front is uncommonly rich, and adorned with figures. The nave of the church is fitted up for divine service; which may be useful, but injures the effect.

The curious should not forget, before he leave the church, to see the chalice and sapphire ring, which were dug out of a bishop's grave, when a new pavement was laid about
twenty

twenty years ago. To what bishop the ring belonged is only guessed; but it might be tolerably ascertained by a knowledge of the progress of art which some antiquarians possess. Such a knowledge gives the form and workmanship of these curious remains of antiquity to their proper period. If the traveller have a mind also to please his conductor, who leads him through the aisles of the church, he may tell him, he has heard that the great bell, called Peter, weighs above a thousand pounds more than Great Tom at Lincoln; and that the pipes of the organ are wider than those of any organ in Europe. Both these accounts he will probably hear confirmed with great solemnity, though the latter of them is a mistake; and as to the former, both it and its rival at Lincoln are mere hand-bells compared with the great bell at Moscow, which weighs 432,000 pounds, and measures at its mouth above twenty-one yards.

S E C T. XXVII.

FROM Exeter to Honiton we passed through a rich country, yet somewhat flatter than we had met with on the western side of Exeter. We found, however, here and there, an eminence, which gave us a view of the distances around. At Fair-mile-hill, particularly, a very *extensive* view opened before us; but nothing can make it pleasing, as it is *bounded by a hard edge*. A distance should either melt into the sky, or terminate in a soft and varied mountain line*.

This high ground, which appeared at a *distance* as a *hard edge*, is on the spot a grand terrace, running eight or nine miles from Honiton to Sidmouth, presenting sometimes the sea, and sometimes a variety of hills, vales, and distances, with which the country abounds. We had not time, however, to explore the several beauties of the landscape it overlooks. Night came on before we reached Honiton, and drew a veil over all the objects of the horizon.

* See page 29.

At Honiton we intended to sleep ; but it was ordered otherwise. This town having been twice burnt down within these last thirty years, the inhabitants take a very effectual method to prevent the catastrophe a third time, by appointing all travellers to the office of watchmen. About twelve o'clock a fellow begins his operations with a monstrous handbell, and a hoarse voice, informing us, that all is safe. This serenade is repeated every quarter of an hour, with great propriety ; for in that portion of time, it may reasonably be supposed the traveller, who is ignorant of the institution, and not accustomed to such nocturnal din in a country-town, cannot well get his senses composed, especially as his ear will naturally lie in expectation of each periodical peal. In the mean time, the sly inhabitant, who is used to these noises of the night, enjoys a quiet repose. The institution may be good : we only wished it had been intimated to us before, that we might have had an option in the case.

We had now travelled between seventy and eighty miles from Plymouth, and found the whole of the country, (except the little deviation

ation we made from Chudleigh, to examine the scenery about the Ex,) unvaried and uninteresting. Like an immense piece of high furrowed land, at least as far as Exeter, it is continually rising and falling; and though it has its beauties, yet they are chiefly seen near the coast, where its vallies break down, and open to the sea; and where its estuaries often form very pleasing scenes.

The road from Plymouth to Honiton, by the *sea-coast*, was the road we ought to have taken; but as it had not been pointed out to us as particularly picturesque, we took the upper road merely for want of better information. I shall, however, give the reader a sketch of the *coast*, from some hints which I have had on good picturesque authority. I have also myself seen a great variety of accurate drawings of this coast, which have given me a strong idea of its character.

S E C T. XXVIII.

FROM Plymouth, according to this route, you make the first stage to Totness; and so far the country wears nearly the same face which it did between Plymouth and Ashburton. You cross the same rivers, ascend the same hills, and fall into the same vallies.

This is a country, however, in which the farmer glories; though the painter treats it with neglect. Here the acre fills the bushel with abundant increase; and here the ox does credit to his pasture. But though the country abounds in corn and pasturage, cyder is its staple. The cyder of the South Hams, which is the name of a great part of this country, is every where famous.

At Totness you meet the Dart; down which river you may sail, about six or seven miles, to Dartmouth. This little navigation I have heard much extolled as a peculiar scene of beauty; but I have heard others on whose judgment I can more rely, speak of it with less emotion. And yet I can easily imagine,
that

that two people of equally picturesque taste, may conceive differently of the same scene. They may have different conceptions of beauty, though the conceptions of each may be very just; or they may examine the same scene under different circumstances. A favourable, or an unfavourable light makes a greater alteration in any scene, than a person unaccustomed to examine nature would easily imagine.

At Dartmouth you have a great variety of interesting views. The bay, which the river forms at its mouth, is one of the most beautiful scenes on the coast. Both the entrance of the Dart into it, and its exit to the sea, appear from many stations closed up by the folding of the banks; so that the bay has frequently the form of a lake, only furnished with shipping instead of boats. Its banks are its great beauty; which consist of lofty wooded hills, shelving down in all directions. You would not expect such scenery on a sea-coast: but the woods by being well sheltered grow luxuriantly.

And yet an eye versed in the various scenes of nature, would easily distinguish these bays from the pastoral simplicity of an inland-lake. The sea always impresses a peculiar character on its bays. The water has a different aspect;

its tints are more varied, and its surface differently disturbed. Its banks too have a more weather-beaten and ragged appearance, losing generally their verdure within the air of the sea. The sea-rock also wants that rich incrustation of mosses and lichens, which adorns the rock of the lake; and the wood, though it grow luxuriantly, as it does here, shews plainly by its mode of growth, that it is the inhabitant of a sea-girt clime. To this may be added, that the appendages of the bay and lake are different. A quay perhaps for landing goods, an anchor, a floating buoy, or a group of figures in seamen's jackets, are the ornaments of one scene, but unknown to the other.

The bay, in the mean time, may be as picturesque as the lake. All I mean to point out is, that the *character* of each is different; and therefore in painting they should not be confounded. Its *particular value* each receives from the fancy of the spectator. As was just observed, people may have different conceptions of beauty, and yet the conceptions of both may be equally just. The pastoral simplicity of the lake may please one person, and the bustle of the bay another. I shall only add, that representations of the two scenes are exceedingly

ceedingly well suited as companions to each other.

At the opening of Dartmouth-bay to the sea, appears the town of Dartmouth, ascending a hill. Its castle, at the distance of a mile, stands close to the water's edge. On the other side, across the bay, rises Kingwere, a sort of suburb, belonging to the town. The winding of the bay, and the varied beauty of its banks are seen to great advantage in a walk which carries you from the town of Dartmouth to the castle.

All this coast affords excellent fish. The sole breeds here in great abundance, and the john dory delights in it, as its most favourite haunt. The Torbay-boat often brings this delicious fish to the tables of the luxurious: but the epicure, who wishes to eat it in perfection, does not think a journey to these coasts too much. At Totness great quantities of salmon-peal are taken in an uncommon mode of fishing. The fish are intercepted, as the water ebbs, by dogs, which swimming after the shoal, are taught to drive them up the river into close nets provided to receive them.

Dart-

Dartmouth harbour is a very busy scene when a shoal of pilchards enters it, as they often do at particular seasons, driven in by porpoises, which lie off at sea in expectation of them. The shoal discovers itself by the tremulous motion of the water, and the leaping of the fish here and there on the surface. On this appearance every boat that can swim, puts off from the shore with nets. The whole would make a busy and entertaining water scene, if it were well painted.

From Dartmouth you return with the tide tide to Totness. From thence, in the way to Brixham, you may visit the grand ruins of Berry-Pomeroy-castle. This fortress belonged formerly to a family of the name of Pomeroy; which being seated there by the Conqueror, kept possession of it, during all the various revolutions of England, till the reign of Edward VI. It was once a formidable place; and its ruins are still magnificent. The grand gate-way remains entire, together with a round tower. A great part of the wall is standing, and many of the chambers may be traced.

From hence you proceed to Brixham, where the naturalist finds himself puzzled with a well,
which

which ebbs and flows, though the waters are not in the least brackish, but pure and limpid, which seems to indicate they have no communication with tides.

Near Brixham you begin to skirt that celebrated inlet of the sea, called Torbay. It is a grand scene, and affords many magnificent views, if you have leisure to circle the bay in quest of them.

Its general form is semilunar, inclosing a circumference of about twelve miles. Its winding shores on both sides are skreened with grand ramparts of rock; between which, in the central part, the ground from the country, forming a gentle vale, falls easily to the water's edge. Wood grows all round the bay, even on its *rocky sides*, where it can get footing, and shelter; but in the *central part* with great luxuriance.

In this delicious spot stood formerly Torabbey, the ruins of which still remain. Its situation was grand and beautiful. Wooded hills, descending on every side, skreened and adorned it both behind and on its flanks. In front the bay opening before it, spread its circling rocky cheeks, like a vast colonade, lessening in all the pleasing forms of perspective; and receiving
all

all the variety of light and shade, which the sun veering round from morning till evening, throws upon them. Here a society of monks dwelt in peaceful security. The enemy's fleet more than once, in former times, ravaged the coast, and burnt Dartmouth and other towns. The abbey feared no mischief. All it had to do, was to open its hospitable gates, and give an asylum to the terrified fugitives of the country.

This noble bay has afforded its protection many a time to the fleets of England, which in their full array ride safely within its ample basin. But it appeared in its greatest glory on the fifth of November 1688, when King William entered it with fifty sail of the line, and four hundred transports. The ships indeed were Dutch; but a British admiral led the van, and a British flag flew at the mast-head.

From Torbay your next stage is Newton-Bushel, where, crossing the Teign, you ride along the banks of that river to Teign-mouth. In your way you are entertained with a variety of river views. But Nature, laying aside here in a great degree her rocks and bold shores, works with softer materials. The banks of the

2

Teign,

Teign, I understand, are rather cultivated than wild; though at its mouth it receives the sea with rocks, which are both magnificent and beautiful. They are covered, like the generality of the rocks on this coast, with a profusion of wood.

From Teign-mouth you skirt the shore to the mouth of the Ex, over which you ferry at the bar. Here the country grows somewhat bolder, but rather in the form of swelling hills. These hills likewise are profusely covered with wood, which sweeps almost down to the water's edge. But as you take a view of them with your back to the sea, they appear in still greater magnificence, uniting with the woods of the country. Those of Powderham-castle receive them first; and beyond these you see rising and stretching into distance the woods of Mamhead, in rich, though indistinct, luxuriance.

The Ex is by far the noblest river in this part of the coast. It empties a profuse channel into the sea, and forms a basin at its mouth, which would be an excellent harbour for a royal navy, if it were not obstructed by a bar. When the tide flows, however, ships of considerable burthen advance as far as Topsham, and could formerly have proceeded with equal

ease to the walls of Exeter; but a little above Topsham the channel of the river is again obstructed.

The tradition of the country ascribes this obstruction to a quarrel between the Mayor of Exeter, and an Earl of Devonshire. The earl claimed the first salmon that was taken in the season, as an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over the river. The mayor claimed it as a perquisite of his office. The earl's claim appears to have been worse founded; because, instead of appealing to the laws for redress, he had recourse to private revenge. Both sides of the river were his property; and both sides closely wooded with ancient oak. These trees he cut down in abundance, and threw them into the channel of the river. The tide afterwards carrying up with it great quantities of sand and gravel, formed this obstruction by degrees into such a barrier, as could never afterwards be removed. If this tradition be well grounded, we have seldom an instance of revenge in so grand a style. Most people, who seek gratifications of this kind, are satisfied with revenging themselves on the person who had offended them. But the Earl of Devonshire not only revenged himself on the Mayor of

of Exeter ; but on the whole city, and for all future times.

About seventy years ago the inhabitants of Exeter cut a new channel for the river, and built very expensive locks upon it ; by means of which they can now bring vessels of some burthen to the town.

From the mouth of the Ex the coast affords nothing very interesting, till you come to the mouth of the Sid. This river opens into the sea between high promontories ; that on the west is particularly lofty, and much broken, though not rocky, and is represented as affording many picturesque views. But here is no basin opening into the land, as in the other rivers of this coast. The Sid is a mere rural stream, and preserves its character pure to the very shores of the ocean.

The valley through which it takes its course, is a scene of peculiar construction. It forms a gentle descent towards the sea between two steep hills which leave little more room at the bottom, than what the road and the river occupy. So that, in fact, it has hardly the dimensions of a valley, but might rather be called a cleft in the higher grounds, running down to the sea. The hills, however, which

compose its sides, are not (like the narrow vallies of a mountainous and rocky country) abrupt and broken; but consist chiefly of rich pasturage, and are covered with flocks and herds. They are adorned too with wood; and though in their course they now and then wind a little, they generally lead the valley in a straight line from north to south.

Through this narrow valley you rise slowly near the space of nine miles. So long an ascent, though in all parts gradual, raises you at length to a great height. At the conclusion of the valley, you find yourself on a lofty down; from whence you have some of the grandest views which this country, rich in distances, affords. You look chiefly towards the west, and take in an amazing compass; indeed all the district on both sides of the Ex, as far as the sea. These high grounds formed that *hard edge*, and made that peculiar appearance, which we observed in the road between Exeter and Honiton*. From these lofty downs you descend gently into Honiton, where these two different routes from Plymouth unite.

* See page 225.

S E C T. XXIX.

AS we left Honiton, the obscurity of a hazy morning overspread its vale; the picturesque beauty of which we had heard much commended. If, therefore, it possesses any, (which from the analogy of the country may be questioned,) we are not qualified to give any account of it. A misty morning, in general, gives new beauty to a country; but we must catch its beautiful appearance, as we do all the other *accidental* appearances of Nature, at a proper crisis. We left Honiton at too early an hour in the morning to see the full effect of the mist. It rather blotted out, than adorned, the face of the country. The most picturesque moment of a misty morning is just as the sun rises, and begins its contention with the vapours which obstruct its rays. That appearance we had soon after, and in such profusion, that it gave a beautiful effect to a landscape, which seemed not calculated to produce much effect without it.

We

We have a striking picture of a morning-sun, though unaccompanied by mist, in the short account given us of Lot's escape from Sodom. We are told, *The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar*. Descriptive poetry and painting must both have *objects of sense* before them. Neither of them deals in *abstracted ideas*. But the same objects will not always suit both. Images, which may shine under the poet's description, are not perhaps at the same time picturesque; though I believe every picturesque object is capable of shining as a poetical one. The passage before us is both poetical and picturesque. A relation of the plain fact would have been neither. If the passage had been coldly translated, *Lot arrived at Zoar about sun-rise*; the sense had been preserved, but the picture would have been lost. As it is translated, the whole is imagery. The first part of the expression, *the sun was risen upon the earth*, brings immediately before the eye, (through the *connection* of the sun and the earth,) the rays of a morning sun striking the tops of the hills and promontories; while the other part of the expression, *Lot entered into Zoar*, brings before us (through the same

happy

happy mode of raising and connecting images) a road, the gates of the town, and the patriarch approaching it. Not, by the way, that we should wish to introduce the *story* of Lot's retreat, with any *distinction* into the picture. The principal part would be the *landscape*; and Lot could only be a distant figure to adorn it, and in that light unnecessary. *History* introduced as the *ornament of landscape* appears absurd. In Basson, and some other masters, such introductions are frequent. We consider, therefore, the passage before us merely as *landscape*, and lay little stress on the *figures*. Reubens has thrown a fine glow of colouring into a picture on this subject, in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough. But Reubens has introduced, as he ought, the figures on the *foreground*, making the landscape entirely an *under-part*. I forget whether he has given his picture the full effect it might receive by throwing the back scenery into that grand shade, suggested by the words of scripture, the *smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace*. The atmosphere also might have a good effect, tinged with the ruddy glare of fire blended with the smoke.

As

As the mist cleared away, and we saw more of the country around, its picturesque charms did not increase upon us. If the hills and dales, however, of which the whole country is composed, possess little of this kind of beauty, they possess what is better, the riches of soil, and cultivation in a high degree. If any valleys can be said to *laugh and sing*, these certainly may. Nothing can exceed either their tillage or their pasturage.

Among the beautiful objects we occasionally met with in this country, the cattle, which every where grazed its rich pastures, were worthy of remark. Most of those we saw seemed to be of a peculiar breed, elegantly and neatly formed, rather small, generally red, growing gradually darker towards the head and shoulders. Their horns, which are short, are tipped with black; their coats are fine, and their heads small.

At Axminster the carpet-works are worth visiting. Some of them display a very rich combination of colours; but in general, they are so gay, that furniture must be glaring to be
in

in harmony with them. Of course they are too gay to be beautiful.

No carpeting, perhaps, equals the Persian in beauty. The Turkey carpet is modest enough in its colouring; but its texture is coarse, and its pattern consists commonly of such a jumble of incoherent parts, that the eye seldom traces any meaning in its plan. The British carpet again has *too much meaning*. It often represents fruits, and flowers, and baskets, and other things, which are generally ill represented, or awkwardly larger than the life, or at least improperly placed under our feet. The Persian carpet avoids these two extremes. It seldom exhibits any *real forms*, and yet, instead of the disorderly pattern that deforms the Turkey carpet, it usually presents some neat and elegant plan, within the compartments of which its colours, though rich, are modest. The texture also of the carpet is as neat and elegant as the ornamental scrawl which adorns it.

S E C T. XXX.

FROM Axminster we left the great road to visit Ford-abbey.

In a sequestered part of the country, where Devonshire and Dorsetshire unite, lies a circular valley, about a mile and half in diameter.

Its sides slope gently into its area in various directions; but are no where steep. Woody skreens, circling its precincts, conceal its bounds; and in many parts connecting with the trees, which descend into the bosom of the valley, form themselves into various tufted groves. Through the middle of this sweet retreat winds a stream, not foaming among broken rocks, nor founding down cataracts; but mild like the scene it accompanies, and in cadence not exceeding a gentle murmur. From this retreat all foreign scenery is excluded. It wants no adventitious ornaments; sufficiently blessed with its own sweet groves and solitude.

—Such *landscape*

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

This

This happy retirement was once sacred to religion. Verging towards one side of the valley stand the ruins of Ford-abbey. It has never been of large dimensions, but was a model of the most perfect Gothic, if we may credit its remains, particularly those of a cloister, which are equal to any thing we have in that style of architecture. This beautiful fragment consists of eight windows, with light buttresses between them, and joins a ruined chapel on one side, and on the other a hall or refectory, which still preserves its form sufficiently to give an idea of its just proportions. To this is connected by ruined walls a massy tower. What the ancient use of this fabric was, whether it belonged to the ecclesiastical or civil part of the monastery, is not now apparent; but at present it gives a picturesque form to the ruin, which appears to more advantage by the pre-eminence of some superior part*.

At right angles with the chapel runs another cloister, a longer building, but of coarser workmanship, and almost covered with ivy. The river, which enters the valley at the distance of about half a mile from the ruin, takes

* See page 135.

a sweep towards it, and passing under this cloister, opens into what was once the great court, and makes its exit through an arch in the wall on the opposite side.

This venerable pile,
—clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time,

and decorated all over with variety of lichens, streaming weather-stains, and twisting shrubs, is shaded by ancient oaks, which, hanging over it, adorn its broken walls without encumbering them. In short, the valley, the river, the path, and the ruins are all highly pleasing; the *parts* are beautiful, and the *whole* is harmonious.

They who have lately seen Ford-abbey will stare at this description of it. And well may they stare; for this description antedates its present state by at least a century. If they had seen it in the year 1675, they might probably have seen it as it is here described. Now, alas! it wears another face. It has been in the hands of *improvement*. Its simplicity is gone; and miserable ravage has been made through every part. The ruin is patched up into an awkward dwelling; old parts and new are blended together, to the mutual disgrace of both. The elegant cloister is still left; but it is completely repaired,

repaired, white-washed, and converted into a green-house. The hall too is modernized, and every other part. Sash-windows glare over pointed arches, and Gothic walls are adorned with Indian paper.

The grounds have undergone the same reformation. The natural groves and lawns are destroyed; vistas and regular slopes supply their room. The winding path, which contemplation naturally marked out, is gone; succeeded by straight walks, and terraces adorned with urns and statues; while the river and its fringed banks have given way to canals and stew-ponds. In a word, a scene abounding with so many natural beauties was never perhaps more wretchedly deformed.

When a man exercises his crude ideas on a few vulgar acres, it is of little consequence. The injury is easily repaired; and if not, the loss is trifling. But when he lets loose his depraved taste, his absurd invention, and his graceless hands on such a subject as this, where art and nature united cannot restore the havoc he makes, we consider such a deed under the same black character in matters of picturesque beauty, as we do sacrilege and blasphemy in matters of religion. The effects of superstition

we

we abhor. Some little atonement, however, this implacable power might have made in taste, for its mischiefs in religion, if it had deterred our ancestors from connecting their mansions with ruins once dedicated to sacred uses. We might then have enjoyed in perfection many noble scenes, which are now either entirely effaced or miserably mangled.

Before we leave these scenes, I must relate a story of the monks of Ford, which does great credit to their piety. It happened (in what century tradition says not) that a gentleman of the name of Courtney, a benefactor to the abbey, was overtaken at sea by a violent storm; and the seamen having toiled many hours in vain, and being entirely spent, abandoned themselves to despair. "My good lads," (said Courtney, calling them together, and pulling out his watch, if watches were then in use,) "My good lads, you see it is now four o'clock. At five we shall certainly be relieved. At that hour the monks of Ford rise to their devotions, and in their prayers to St. Francis, will be sure to remember me among their benefactors; and you will have the benefit of being saved in my company. Persevere only one hour, and you may depend on what

" what I say." This speech reanimated the whole crew. Some flew to the pump, others to the leak; all was life and spirit. By this vigorous effort, at five o'clock the ship was so near the shore, that she easily reached it; and St. Francis got all the credit of the escape.

S E C T. XXXI.

FROM Ford-abbey we were obliged to return to Axminster, and from thence we set out for Bridport, traversing vast cultivated hills, from which, on the left, we had views into the country, and on the right, over the sea. The isle of Portland ranged in the distance, many leagues along the shore, forming a long white beach; which made an uncommon appearance.

From Bridport to Dorchester we passed through a more inland country, though in other respects similar to the country we had just left. The features of it are broad and determined. Sweeping hills with harsh edges intersect each other. Here and there a bottom is cultivated, inclosed, and adorned with a farm-house and a few trees; but, in general, the whole country is an extended down. It is every where fed with little rough sheep; which have formed it, with constant grazing, into the finest pasturage. Indeed a chalky soil itself, which is the substratum of these downs,
is

is naturally inclined to produce a neat smooth surface. The several flocks which pasture these wide domains, have their respective walks; and are generally found within the distance of a mile from each other. We saw them once or twice issuing from their pens, to take their morning's repast after a hungry night. It was a pleasing sight to see such numbers of innocent animals made happy, and in the following lines it is beautifully described:

———The fold

Poured out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.

At first, progressive as a stream, they sought

The middle field; but scattered by degrees

In various groups, they whitened all the land.

But the progressive motion here described, is one of those incidents, which is a better subject for poetry than painting. For, in the first place, a *feeding flock* is seldom well *grouped*; they commonly *separate*; or, as the poet well expresses it, *they are scattered by degrees, and whiten all the land*. Nor are their attitudes varied, as they all usually move the same way, *progressive like a stream*. Indeed the shape of a *feeding sheep* is not the most pleasing, as its back and neck make a round heavy line, which in contrast only has its effect. To see a flock

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of

of sheep in their most picturesque form, we should see them repofing after their meal is over ; and if they are in sunshine, they are still the more beautiful. In *repofing* they are generally better grouped, and their forms are more varied. Some are commonly ftanding, and others lying on the ground, with their little ruminating heads in various forms. And if the light be ftong, it fpreads over the whole one general mafs ; and is contrafted, at the fame time, by a fhadow equally ftong, which the flock throws upon the ground. It may be obferved alfo, that the fleece itfelf is well difpofed to receive a beautiful effect of light. It does not indeed, like the fmooth covering of hair, allow the eye to trace the muscular form of the animal. But it has a beauty of a different kind: the flakinefs of the wool catches the light, and breaking it into many parts, yet without deftroying the mafs, gives it a peculiar richnefs.

We faw another circumftance alfo, in which fheep appear to advantage. The weather was fultry, the day calm, and the roads dufty. Along thefe roads we faw, once or twice, a flock of fheep driven, which raifed a confiderable cloud. As we were a little higher on the downs,

downs, and not annoyed by the dust, the circumstance was amusing. The beauty of the incident lay in the contrast between such sheep as were *seen perfectly*, and such as were *involved in obscurity*. At the same time the dust became a kind of harmonizing medium, which united the flock into one whole. It had the same effect on a group of animals, which a heavy mist, when partial, has on landscape. But though circumstances of this kind are pleasing in nature, we do not wish to see them imitated on canvas. They have been tried by Louthenberg, who with a laudable endeavour hath attempted many different *effects*; but I think in this he has failed. He has represented the dusty atmosphere of rapid wheels. But it is an incident that cannot be imitated: for, as motion enters necessarily into the idea, and as you cannot describe motion, it is impossible to give more than half the idea. It is otherwise with vapour, which, from the *light mist* to the *sleeping fog*, is of a more permanent nature, and therefore more adapted to the pencil.

The only circumstance which can make a cloud of dust an object of imitation, is *distance*; as this gives it somewhat of a stationary appearance.

pearance. One of the grandest ideas of this kind, which I remember to have met with, may be found in Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

As Cyrus was approaching Artaxerxes over one of those vast plains which are often found in the east, a horseman, who had been making observations, returned at full speed, crying out to the troops, as he rode through them, that the enemy was at hand. Cyrus, not suspecting the king to be so near, was riding carelessly in his chariot; and the troops unarmed, were marching negligently over the plain. The prince, leaping from his chariot, presently armed himself, mounted his horse, called his generals around him, and drew up his troops. This was scarce done, when the historian tells us, "a white cloud was seen in the distant horizon spreading far and wide, from the dust raised by so vast a host. As the cloud approached, the bottom of it appeared dark and solid. As it still advanced, it was observed, from various parts, to gleam and glitter in the sun; and soon after, the ranks of horse and foot, and armed chariots, were distinctly seen *."

* As the translation is not *exactly* faithful, the critical reader may be better pleased perhaps with the greater simplicity of the original. Εφ' ἧν Κορυτῶν, &c. p. 109, vol. i. Edit. Glasg.

The extended plains of Dorsetshire, however desolate they now appear, have once been busy scenes. The antiquarian finds rich employment among them for his curiosity. To follow him in quest of every heaving hillock, and to hear a discussion of conjectures about the traces of a Danish or a Roman mattoc, where the eye of common observation perceives no traces at all, might be tedious; but he shews us several fragments of antiquity on these plains, which are truly curious; and convinces us, that few places in England have been more considerable in Roman times than Dorchester. Poundbury and Maiden-castle, as they are called, are both extraordinary remains of Roman stations; the latter especially, which encompasses a large space of ground. Numberless tumuli also are thrown up all over the downs. These were antiquities in the times even of the Romans themselves.

But the most valuable fragment on these plains, is a Roman amphitheatre, about half a mile from Dorchester. It is constructed only of earth; but it is of so firm a texture, that it retains its complete form to this day. Its mounds are of immense thickness, and seem to be at least twenty feet high. The area contains

tains about an acre of land, and is now a corn field. There are two openings in the mound opposed to each other, which have formerly been gates. The circumference without, appears circular to the eye, though, in fact, I believe it is rather oval; the inside is *apparently* so. The difference of the figure seems to have been occasioned by the swelling of the mound within, where the seats have been disposed. This piece of antiquity is known by the name of *Maumbury*. How much it resembles in form and size the old amphitheatres now subsisting in Italy, may be seen from the following description of one near Nice. “ I made a second excursion to these ancient ruins, and measured the area of the amphitheatre with thread. It is an oval figure, the longest diameter extending about a hundred and thirteen yards, and the shortest about eighty. In the centre of it was a square stone, with an iron ring, to which I suppose the wild beasts were tied, to prevent their springing upon the spectators. Some of the seats remain, with two opposite entrances, consisting each of one large gate, and two smaller lateral doors, arched: there is also a considerable portion of the external wall; but no columns

" columns or other ornaments of architec-
" ture *."

On comparing the amphitheatre of Dorchester with this at Nice, we find the form of both exactly similar ; and no great difference in the size. The area of Maumbury is two hundred and eighteen feet, by a hundred and sixty-three. Dr. Stukely calculates, that it might have contained about thirteen thousand people. At Mrs. Canning's execution, who was burnt in the middle of this amphitheatre for the murder of her husband, it is supposed to have contained in the area, and on the mounds, at least ten thousand spectators. It is surprising that Camden takes not the least notice of this singular piece of antiquity.

Dorchester, as we may judge from these noble remains, was a place of great consideration in Roman times. The works of Maiden-castle, supposed to be capable of receiving fifteen thousand men, shew plainly the consequence of this station in a military light ; and I know not, that the erection of an amphitheatre was thought necessary in any other part of Britain ; at least we have not, that I recollect, the re-

* See Smollett's Letters.

mains of any other that is well ascertained, except that at Sylchester.

The situation of Dorchester is pleasant. It stands on a high bank of the Frome, and is surrounded with dry sheep-downs, on which, however, the plough has lately made large encroachments. The town is clean, and well built; and round it is a variety of pleasant walks, which, to a certain degree, I think, should always engage the attention of the magistrate.

In the neighbourhood of Dorchester are many gentlemen's seats, well worth visiting. The woody dips among these downy hills afford naturally very fine situations. The only one, however, which we regretted our not being able to see, was Milton-abbey, the seat of Lord Milton, which lies about three miles from Dorchester. The day which we had laid out for seeing it was rainy, and we had not time to wait for a better. The capital feature of the landscape, we were told, is a valley winding among hills of various forms, and covered with woods, which sometimes advance boldly on projecting knolls; and some-
2 times

times retire in bays and recesses. We heard also the ruins of the abbey-church commended, as remains of the purest Gothic. All these materials are in a high degree picturesque; and if they are happily united, Milton-abbey must be a very interesting scene. To make a good picture, composition, however, is as necessary as pleasing objects.

This town has been twice burnt almost within the memory of man. The last fire, which was in the year 1731, destroyed it so completely, that only twenty-six houses remained standing. Here we cannot help be-
 P P
 meaning the singular use of these western towns.

S E C T. XXXII.

BLANDFORD, our next stage, lies about sixteen miles from Dorchester; and, though not a place of such renowned antiquity, is perhaps a still more agreeable town. It lies within a curve of the river Stour, and is pleasantly seated among meadows and woods. If a person wished to retire from business, where he might have the conveniences and pleasures of the town and country united, his choice might waver between Barnstaple, Dorchester, and Blandford. If he wished to be near the sea, he will find a pleasant sea-coast at Barnstaple. If airy downs, and open country pleased him, he might fix at Dorchester. But if he loved meadows and woodlands, he must make choice of Blandford.

This town has been twice burnt almost within the memory of man. The last fire, which was in the year 1731, destroyed it so completely, that only twenty-six houses remained standing. Here we cannot help bemoaning the singular fate of these western towns.

towns. This is the fourth of them we met with, (Dorchester, Crediton, and Honiton were the other three,) which have been totally, in a manner, destroyed by fire. To these might be added Wareham, and very lately Minehead.

Near Blandford stands Eastbury, the seat of Lord Melcombe; but it did not much attract our curiosity; as it is more celebrated for the splendor of the house than the scenery around it.

Brianston, Mr. Portman's seat, which is near the town, I suppose, is a much more pleasing place. We were not at his house; but saw enough of his woody hill, and the variety both of its steep and easy slopes, together with the vale and winding river, over which it hangs, to regret the closing in of the evening upon us, before we had finished our walk.

From Blandford the country still continues wild and uncultivated, yet full of antiquities; among which the most celebrated is the found-

ation of a fort, called *Badbury-ring*. It makes a considerable figure, as we rode past; and seems from its elevation, its dimensions, and complicated works (for it has been fortified with a triple ditch) to have been a place of uncommon strength.

Some parts of these downs are very picturesque. They are finely spread, and form elegant sweeps, with many pleasant views into a woody country, which stretches away to the right. They possess indeed all the variety taken notice of by the poet, when he speaks of the

—— pure Dorsetian downs

In boundless prospect spread; here shagged with woods,
There rich with harvests, and there white with flocks.

In the last epithet he is rather unhappy; for the sheep, which graze these plains, are so far from being *white*, that they are universally washed all over with *red-ocre*, which greatly injures both the pastoral and picturesque idea.

Winborn was our next stage from Blandford; appearing, as we approach it, to stand in a wild vale surrounded with wood. This town takes its name from one of the most celebrated

lebrated abbies of Saxon times. Its form dates its antiquity. The great church, which is the only part remaining, is of the heaviest and earliest species of Saxon architecture. If it have no beauty, however, it hath at least the peculiarity of two contiguous and similar towers; on one of which stood once a spire, equal in height, it is said, to that of Salisbury.

In this church rests a large collection of royal and noble bones; but the tomb most visited is that of King Ethelred, (brother to Alfred the Great,) an excellent prince, just shewn to his subjects. In his early youth he engaged in all the toils and perplexities of government. The times were adverse. His country was overrun by the Danes. He encountered them in battle, and was mortally wounded. His remains were deposited in the chancel of this church, where the inscription upon his grave-stone, one should suppose, hath been occasionally repaired, or it could never have endured the changes of so many hundred years. His effigies too, in sculptured brass, though of miserable workmanship, is, however, better than we can suppose the times of Alfred could produce. In a life so short there was little to record, but the last great scene of it.

S: ETHEL-

S: ETHELREDI, REGIS WEST SAX-
 ONUM, MARTYRIS, QUI ANNO DOMI-
 NI DCCCLXXII, XXIII APRILIS, PER
 MANUS DANORUM PAGANORUM, OC-
 CUBUIT.

The whole monument has a monkish air, and was probably the production of later times than those of Alfred. Mr. Gough, in his splendid publication on sepulchral antiquities, supposes from the form of the letters, that this inscription is not older than the times of the Reformation, which is perhaps bringing it as much too low, as other people are inclined to carry it too high.

From Winborn we passed through a heathy, barren, flat, unpleasant country to Pool, which lies about nine miles farther. This country, unpleasant as it is, is rendered more so as we approach the town. The whole coast is oozy, and when the tide ebbs, it has the appearance of a vast swamp, with which the heathy flat before us unites in one level surface. Nothing, under the idea of landscape, can be more disagreeable. When the tide flows, the view is somewhat mended. The

water covering the swamp gives some variety to the surface of a dead uninteresting flat.

Beyond the water appear the high lands of *the isle* of Purbeck, as it is called; though it is, in fact, only a vast promontory running eight or nine miles in the form of a peninsula along the coast. It is washed by the river Frome on one side, and by the sea on the other. Here are dug great quantities of that hard species of stone, which takes the name of the country, and is of such excellent use in paving. Here too are found marbles more beautiful than the marbles of Italy; but less valued, because more common. They are something like the marbles we admired at Plymouth*; but I think more variegated. The veins, running on a brown ground, are white, red, and blue.

Seated high on one of the eminences of Purbeck, far to the west, we saw Corff-castle; but the distance was too great to distinguish its features clearly. The ruins of it are said to be the most considerable of the kind in England. It was reduced to this state by the parliament at the conclusion of the civil wars.

* See page 203.

Vast piles of ruin were thrown down into the ditch ; but the immense massiness of them, and the tenacity of the mortar, will long preserve them from any farther separation. The principal facts commemorated in this celebrated castle, are the murder of Edward the Martyr, by Elfrida ; the imprisonment of Edward the Second, till he was carried to his last horrid confinement at Berkly-castle ; and the long siege it underwent in the civil wars of Charles I. defended by Lady Banks (wife of Lord Chief Justice Banks, to whom it belonged) with a garrison only of forty men, against an army with artillery.

In the king's library in the British Museum*, are a set of maps of the several counties of England, which belonged to the old Lord Burleigh ; and are rendered curious by several of his notes and memoranda written upon their margins. To the island of Purbeck he seems to have paid great attention. His notes upon it probably have a reference to the Spanish invasion. We are not to expect any picturesque remarks from Lord Burleigh : but his observations give us *an idea of the coast*. " At Stud-

* No. 18. D. III.

" land-

"land-bay he observes that forty boats may
 "land, but not without danger. At Swanage,
 "boats may land, and retreat at any time of
 "the tide. In this bay and Studland-bay, six
 "or seven hundred ships, of a thousand ton
 "burden, may ride safe in any wind. Along
 "this coast, for three miles, there is a good
 "landing. Shipman's-pool is a creek, where
 "the enemy cannot land more than two or
 "three boats. Batterage-bay is full of rocks
 "and shelves. Such also are Worbarrow-bay,
 "Arestmiff, and Lullworth-cove. But in
 "Worbarrow-bay, and Shipman's-pool, five
 "hundred sail of large ships may ride in al-
 "most every wind."

Pool lies on a bay of the sea, which is very
 intricate. The body of it is a large and com-
 modious harbour; but it runs into many little
 creeks and winding channels, which give it the
 air of a water-labyrinth. When the tide flows,
 the town appears encircled with water, and
 looks like Venice. But the shores are so low,
 especially about Brown-island, (which appears
 only like a bank,) that there is little picturesque
 scenery about the place. In some parts, when
 the tide is full, and you can get a few trees
 into the view, you have a tolerable Dutch

landscape. In general, however, all is bare; and that painter only, who can skilfully fill his foreground with figures, and marine appendages, can make a picture of it. But few painters have the art of touching small figures in landscape; though many have the misfortune to spoil their pictures by attempting it. The *general proportions* even of small figures, and their graceful actions, (for there is a species of *picturesque grace*, of which even *clowns* should participate,) are very hard to hit. We judge of the difficulty from the few who have excelled. Scot, who understood the form of a ship, and in his sea-views could give his skies and water, not indeed the brilliancy of Vanderfeld, yet a clearness, which every one could not attain, was very deficient in the necessary addition of figures. He could not place their heads on their shoulders, nor hang on their arms, nor set them on their legs, nor give them an easy action. And yet a few touches will do all this—it is surprising how few—when those touches are well understood. Vanderfeld could do it: Zeeman could do it; and yet, perhaps, neither of these masters understood the anatomy of the human body. Neither of them, perhaps, could have drawn either
a leg

a leg or an arm with accuracy. But in drawing a small figure for a landscape, accuracy is not required; it is enough to understand its *general proportion*, the *symmetry of its parts*, and the *effect of action*. To understand the *effect of action* is so exceedingly necessary, that nothing hurts the eye more, than to see a figure awkwardly using its arms and legs. Almost any eye can see the impropriety. In the management of small figures, I mentioned Callot (two of whose pictures we had seen at Longford-castle) among the most able masters *. They who have not an opportunity of seeing his pictures, which are scarce, may observe the same skill in his prints; and yet I should not care to mention this master as a perfect model; because, with all his excellence, there is often a degree of affectation in his attitudes. If his figures had been large, the eye would have taken quick disgust; but in a miniature, the exaggeration of posture is less striking.

Our route from Pool to Christ-church led us over a heath, wilder almost than any we had

* See page 73.

yet found ; but it scarcely lasted four miles. It ended in agreeable lanes, through a country not unpleasant. At least the force of contrast with the country we had just seen, gave it a pleasant appearance. Here, whenever we had an opening on the right, we had views of the sea, the Isle of Wight, and the Needles.

From Christ-church we proceeded to Ly-mington, skirting the borders of New Forest. But as I have given an account of this country in another work*, I shall pass it over here.

* See Forest Scenery.

S E C T. XXXIII.

AT Lymington we embarked for the Isle of Wight, and stood for Cowes. As we approached it, the shore soon began to form into two points of land; the nearer of which is defended by a small castle; the farther seemed high ground, and woody.

As we drew nearer, the bay began to open; and as we turned the castle-point, an ample road, well secured, lay before us full of large shipping. The town of Cowes occupied the two sides of the hill on the right and left. The harbour is a creek, running a considerable way into the country. It is formed by the river Medina, which comes down from the higher grounds, where the island swells into its greatest breadth, and is navigable as far as Newport, about six miles from the sea.

At Cowes we landed, intending to spend two or three days in the island, which we hoped would allow us sufficient time to examine its picturesque beauties.

The

The form of the Isle of Wight is that of an irregular lozenge. From the eastern point to the western, it ranges about twenty-three miles; from the northern to the southern about thirteen. Through the middle of it, in the longer direction, runs a track of high land, in some parts rather mountainous, but of the smooth downy kind, fit for the pasturage of sheep. From these high grounds we have every where a view of the island, and its boundaries, of the sea towards the south, and towards the north of the coast of Hampshire, from which the island is separated by a channel about five or six miles in breadth.

The shores of the island on the northern side fall almost every where to the water in easy declivities; except just at the western, or Needle point, where they are broken and precipitous. But all the *back of the island*, (as the southern coast is commonly called,) which is washed by the tides of the ocean, is worn bare to the naked rock, and is in most places bounded against the sea by steep cliffs. What depredation the waves, in a course of years, have made upon it, is evident from the fragments of rock which have tumbled from the undermined cliffs, and lie scattered along the shore.

shore. Many of them are far out at sea; and at low water only, shew their heads above the waves. No part of the British coast is more dangerous to vessels ungoverned, and driving in the storm.

From Cowes our road led us first to Newport, along the course of the Medina; which afforded many happy situations to those who are fortunate enough to have any of its more pleasing reaches within the view of their houses. A tide river has always its disadvantages; but it has its advantages also. It is generally once or twice a day adorned with the white sails of little skiffs passing to and fro; and at all times with boats or anchoring-barks, which have lost the tide, and wait for its return. These are picturesque circumstances, which an inland river cannot have.

Newport is the capital town in the island. It grew into repute from its situation on the Medina, after Carisbroke, the natural capital, was deserted. It is a large handsome town; and its market is often a curiosity. As the island is so fertile, that it is supposed to produce seven or eight times more grain than
its

its inhabitants consume, the overplus is commonly brought to Newport to be shipped off, and an hundred laden waggons may sometimes be seen ranged in double lines along the market-place. The free-school also, which is a handsome room, about fifty feet long, is worth looking into, as it received greater honour than perhaps any school-room ever did before. When the commissioners from the Parliament treated with King Charles I. in the Isle of Wight, this room was chosen for the conference.

From Newport we proposed to take a view of the northern coast, which extends from Cowes-point to St. Helen's, and is thought to contain the most beautiful part of the island. This might be done in two ways; either by riding along the coast, and seeing each *particular* place that was pointed out as most beautiful; or by keeping along the higher grounds, and taking a *general* view of the whole together. As we could not do both, we chose the latter, and soon found we had made the more judicious choice: for the ground quickly narrows in that part of the island; and we obtained

tained a good idea of its *general scenery*. Mr. Grose's house at the Priory, and two or three other places, we could have wished to have examined more particularly; but as we should have been confined within hedges, we could have seen little *besides the places we immediately visited*. Of the *general appearance* of the landscape, on this side of the island, some account shall be given at the conclusion of our circuit round it.

Part of the high grounds, over which we passed, is called Ashy-down. On the loftiest summit of this ridge is placed a sea-mark. When ships are driven by the storm so near the southern coast of the island, as to lose sight of this mark of security, little hope of safety remains. It is hardly possible for them to avoid the rocks.

As the high grounds began to decline, we verged towards the southern part of the island, with an intention to take a view of its rocky boundaries. But we had not here the advantageous point of view, which we had on the other side. The rocky shores, which we wished to examine, can be seen no where properly, but from the sea. We could only, therefore, get a view of them from some particular stands,

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R R

which

which commanded a lengthened reach of the coast; and such stands occurred but seldom.

From the high grounds we descended first to Sandown-bay, which lies on the south coast, and is the only part on this side, where it is supposed an enemy could effect a landing. It is defended by a fort, which takes its name from the bay. But the rocks soon commence, and continue the guardians of the coast, in an almost uninterrupted chain from this place to the very western point of the island.

Among the curious parts of this rocky scenery, we were carried to *Shanklin-chine*, a vast chasm winding between two high promontories, more than a mile into the country. The chasm opens to the sea, upon a bed of pebbles; where generally a boat or two lie moored; and the fisherman's hut stands half way up the precipice. Both sides of the chasm are adorned with rock, and both with wood; and it is in general a picturesque scene: but it has not the beauty of the dells of a mountainous country, where the wood is commonly finer, and the rocks more adorned, and more majestic; and where a stream, pouring over ledges of rock,
or

or falling down a cascade, adds the melody of sound, to the beauty of the scene.

Near Shanklin-chine, Mr. Stanley built a cottage among the rocks, where he enjoyed the sea-breezes in the heat of summer. It is called *Undercliff*, as it is built on a ledge of rock between the upper-cliffs and the sea. The view in front is not unpleasing. It is a sort of wild rocky valley, about half a quarter of a mile across, hanging over the sea; which appears abruptly beyond it, without the intervention of any middle ground. It exhibits generally a moving picture, presenting the track which ships, coasting the island, commonly take.

As it is a *bird's-eye* view, many of these vessels, especially of the smaller size, appear with their masts and sails considerably *below the horizon*. I mention this circumstance, because in a picture such representations are rather unpleasing. In representing a view of this kind, therefore, the painter (if under a necessity to paint it) should always wish to remove the vessels he introduces so far into distance, as to raise their masts above the hori-

zon *. The larger the vessel is, the nearer of course she may approach the eye. In the *variety and motion of natural views*, we are not so much hurt with these circumstances, which have a bad effect in painting; and yet a *bird's-eye view on water*, is always less pleasing than *on land*; as the variety of ground is more amusing in itself than water, and as it carries off the perspective better. The *grandeur*, which an *extensive view of the ocean* presents, is a different idea: we are speaking here only of its *beauty*. If we restrict the masts of ships, however, from appearing *below the horizon*, we object not to boats and birds in that situation. The boat either fishing or in motion, the wheeling gull, or the lengthened file of sea-fowl, appear often to great advantage *against the bosom of the sea*; and being marked with a few strong touches, contribute to throw the ocean into perspective.

But though the *situation of Undercliff or Steepbill* is pleasing, we could not say much for what is called the *cottage*. It is covered indeed with thatch; but that makes it no more a cot-

* See this subject treated more at large in the *Forest Scenery*, vol. ii. p. 115.

tage,

tage, than ruffles would make a clown a gentleman, or a meally hat would turn a laced beau into a miller. We every where see the appendages of junket and good living. Who would expect to find a fountain bubbling up under the windows of a *cottage*, into an elegant carved shell to cool wine? The thing is beautiful; but out of place. The imagination does not like to be jolted in its sensations from one idea to another; but to go on quietly in the same track, either of *grandeur* or *simplicity*. Easy contrasts it approves; but violent interruptions it dislikes.

Pleasing ideas, no doubt, may be executed under the form of a cottage; but to make them *pleasing*, they should be *harmonious*. We sometimes see the *cottage idea* carried so far, as to paste ballads on the walls with good effect. But we need not restrict what may be called the *artificial cottage* to so very close an imitation of the *natural one*. In the *inside* certainly it may admit much greater neatness and convenience; though even here every ornament that approaches *splendor*, should be rejected. Without too, though the roof be thatched, we may allow it to cover two stories;
and

and if it project somewhat over the walls, the effect may be better. We should not object to fashioned windows ; but they must not be large ; and if you wish for a vestibule, a common brick porch, with a plain neat roof, is all we allow. We often see the front of a cottage covered with what is called *rough cast* ; which has a good effect ; and this may be tinted with a yellowish tinge mixed with lime, which is more pleasing than the cold raw tint of lime and ashes. But if in the front there is any stonework, under the denomination of frieze, archetrave, or ornament of any kind, it is too much.

The ground about a cottage should be neat, but artless. There is no occasion to plant cabbages in the front. The garden may be removed out of sight ; but the lawn that comes up to the door, should be grazed, rather than mown. The sunk-fence, the net, and the painted rail, are ideas alien to the cottage. The broad gravel walk too we totally reject ; and in its room wish only for a simple unaffected one.

These things being considered, it may, perhaps, be a more difficult thing to rear a cottage, with

with all its proper uniformities, than is commonly imagined ; inasmuch as it may be easier to introduce the elegances of art, than to catch the pure simplicity of nature.

From Steephill we visited a scene of a very different kind, Sir Richard Worsley's seat at Appuldercomb. Here every thing was *uniformly grand*. The house is magnificent, and it is magnificently furnished. Enriched ceilings, a few good pictures, costly hangings, shewy carpets, Gobelin chairs, and large pier-glasses, all correspond ; and yet not in any expensive profusion*.

The grounds too, which were more the objects of our curiosity, are laid out in a stile of greatness equal to the mansion. A woody scene rising behind, is a beautiful back-ground to the house, as well as an excellent shelter from the north. In front is spread a magnificent lawn, or rather a park, (for it is furnished with deer,) well varied, and not ill-planted, stretching far and wide. Its boundary, in one

* Since this has been written, I am told, the house is adorned with some curious pieces of Greek antiquities,

part,

part, is confined, at the distance of about two miles, by a hill running out like a promontory; whose continuous horizontal ridge might hurt the eye, if it were not crowned with a castle. This object seems well executed, and is certainly well placed. Views of the sea, and various parts of the island, are judiciously opened from all the higher grounds about the house.

The house is magnificent, and it is magnificently furnished. Furnished ceiling, a few good pictures, costly hangings, heavy carpets, Gobelins chairs, and large pier-glasses, all correspond; and yet not in any expensive profusion.*

The grounds too, which were more the objects of our curiosity, are laid out in a style of greatness equal to the mansion. A woody scene rising behind, is a beautiful back-ground to the house; as well as an excellent shelter from the north. In front is spread a magnificent lawn, or rather a park, (for it is furnished with deer) well varied, and not ill-planted, stretching far and wide. Its boundary, in one

* Since this has been written, I am told, the house is adorned with some curious pieces of Greek antiquities.





S E C T. XXXIV.

FROM this scene of magnificence in splendor, we visited another of magnificence in ruin. This was Carisbroke-castle, an object perhaps the best worth seeing of any in the island. Instead of passing on therefore to the Needle-cliffs, which remained yet unseen, we returned to Newport, which lies within a short walk of the castle.

Carisbroke-castle stands on elevated ground, nearly in the centre of the island. It is a fortress of great antiquity. Its towers and battlements have been the care of several princes through a long series of years; and we easily mark the style of different ages, not only from the dates, and arms, which are placed in various parts of the castle, but also in the mode of building. Its latest works have the air of modern fortification. They are constructed of earth, faced with stone, and are carried round the castle as an outwork; forming a circumference of about a mile and a half. What is properly called the castle, stands on somewhat

less than two acres of land. It is difficult on the spot to *comprehend* the various parts of this complicated fortress; to *describe* it would be impossible. Some of the more remarkable parts are commonly shewn. We were carried to see Montjoy's tower; the walls of which are eighteen feet thick. We were conducted also to the top of the Keep; from whence we discovered the sea in the three directions of north, south, and east. On the west, a hill intercepted it. We were shewn also a well as curious for its *depth*, as the Keep is for its *height*; and were desired to listen to the echoes and *lengthened sound*, which even a pin makes when thrown into it. There lived lately an appendage to this well, which deserved notice also. It was an ass, which had drawn water patiently from it, through the space of forty years.

Carisbroke-castle was once the residence of the princes of the country; and afterwards of appointed governors, when the island became annexed to the crown. As the inhabitants had not that ready access to justice, which other parts of the kingdom had, they sometimes smarted under the despotic power of their governors. Remonstrances were often made to
the

the crown; but it seems to have been a maxim of state, especially during the reign of the Tudors, to strengthen, rather than abridge the power of governors in the remoter provinces; and though it was not always a maxim of justice, it was probably a maxim of good policy. On the borders of Scotland we have many instances of this delegated tyranny.

But though the governors of the island were sometimes apt to over-rule law themselves; they were careful not to let the inhabitants feel vexations of any law, but their own. For this reason they would never suffer an attorney to settle in the island. In the Oglander family are preserved some memoirs of the country, written by Sir John Oglander, one of their ancestors, in which we are told, that in the reign of Elizabeth, when Sir George Cary was governor of the island, an attorney came sneaking into it, with a view to settle. Sir George hearing of him had him apprehended; and ordering bells to be fastened about his legs, and a lighted firebrand tied to his back, he turned him loose to the populace, who hunted him out of the island*.

* See Sir R. Worsley's Account of the Isle of Wight.

Adjoining to Carisbroke castle is a royal domain, called Parkhurst, or Carisbroke-forest. It contains about three thousand acres; and must have been, when its woods were luxuriant, very beautiful. It is now a naked scene; but we saw its elegant lines with more advantage, than if it had been adorned with all its sylvan drapery. The deer, its ancient inhabitants, are now nearly extinct; and it is grazed by sheep, and little groups of wild horses, which are not less ornamental.

The great historical circumstance of Carisbroke-castle, is its having been long the prison of distressed majesty. Many a mournful tale on this subject, the noble historian of those times hath told us. He is circumstantial in his relation of the unhappy Charles's imprisonment here. But in an account of the Isle of Wight, collected by an ancestor of the Worley-family, and printed, though in few hands, some circumstances with regard to that event are mentioned, which had not come to the ears of Lord Clarendon.

That historian tells us, through what means this unfortunate prince threw himself into the power of Colonel Hammond, who was then governor of the Isle of Wight. Hammond,

mond, however, seems to have been a man of humanity; and while his hands were untied, was disposed to shew the king every civility in his power. Charles took his exercise on horseback, where he pleased; though his motions were probably observed; and, as the parliament had granted him five thousand pounds a year, he lived a few months in something like royal state.

But this liberty was soon abridged: his chaplains and servants were first taken from him; then his going abroad in the island gave offence; and soon after, his intercourse with any body, but those set about him. So solitary were his hours, during a great part of his confinement, that as he was one day standing near the gate of the castle, with Sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepid man walking across one of the courts, and said, that man is sent every morning to light my fire; and is the best companion I have had for many months.

All this severe usage Charles bore with patience and equanimity, and endeavoured as much as possible to keep his mind employed. He had ever been impressed with serious thoughts of religion, which his misfortunes had

now

now strengthened and confirmed. Devotion, meditation, and reading the scriptures, were his great consolation. The few books he had brought with him into the castle, were chiefly on religious subjects; or of a serious cast. Among them was Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. This book, it is probable, he had studied with great attention; as it related much to the national questions of that time, in which no man was better versed. In his slender catalogue we find also two books of amusement, Tasso's Jerusalem, and Spencer's Fairy Queen. If Charles had *acted* with as much judgment as he *read*, and had shewn as much *discernment in life*, as he had *taste in the arts*, he might have figured among the greatest princes. Every lover of picturesque beauty, however, must respect this amiable prince, notwithstanding his political weaknesses. We never had a prince in England, whose genius and taste were more elevated and exact. He saw the arts in a very enlarged point of view. The amusements of his court were a model of elegance to all Europe; and his cabinets were the receptacles only of what was exquisite in sculpture and painting. None but men of the first merit in their profession found encouragement from him;

him; and these abundantly. Jones was his architect, and Vandyck his painter. Charles was a scholar, a man of taste, a gentleman, and a christian; he was every thing but a king. The *art of reigning* was the *only art* of which he was ignorant.

But though a love for the arts, we see, has no connection with *political wisdom*; yet we cannot so easily give up its tendency to *meliorate the heart*. This effect we may *presume at least* it had on Charles.

To this supposition in favor of the arts, it is objected, that we often see among professional men very abandoned libertines. But I should here wish to suggest a distinction between an *innate love for what is beautiful*, and that sort of *mechanical turn*, which can happily delineate, colour, and express, an object of beauty. The one is seated in the *heart*, and the other in the *eye and in the fingers*. The *mechanical man*, merely following his profession, is governed by no idea, but that of enriching himself. It is not the love of beauty with which he is smitten, but the love of money. He paints a picture with as little enthusiasm, as a blacksmith shoes a horse. All this is sordid. Whereas the true admirer of art feels his mind thoroughly impressed

impressed with the *love of beauty*. He is transported with it in nature ; and he admires it in art, the substitute of nature. The love of beauty may exist without a hand to execute the images it excites. It may exist the more strongly perhaps for being only *felt* ; for the conceptions of genius never rise in value from their being embodied. The *embodied form* is always below the *original idea*.

The beauteous forms of nature and art thus impressed on the mind, give it a disposition to happiness, from the habit of being pleased, from the habit of seeking always for pleasing objects, and making even displeasing objects agreeable by throwing on them such colours of imagination, as improve their defects ; and if a *love for beauty* is not immediately connected with *moral* ideas, we may at least suppose that it softens the mind, and puts it in a frame to receive them. “ An intimate acquaintance
 “ with the works of art and genius, in their
 “ most beautiful and amiable forms, (says an
 “ agreeable writer,) harmonizes and sweetens
 “ the temper, opens and extends the imagin-
 “ ation, and disposes to the most pleasing
 “ views of mankind and Providence. By con-
 “ sidering nature in this favourable point of
 “ view,

“ view, the heart is dilated, and filled with
 “ the most benevolent sentiments: and then
 “ indeed the secret sympathy and connection
 “ between the feelings of natural and moral
 “ beauty, the connection between a good taste
 “ and a good heart, appears with the greatest
 “ lustre*.”

We left the unhappy Charles, who occasioned these remarks, in one of the gloomy mansions of Carisbroke-castle, amusing his solitary hours with Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Spencer's Fairy Queen. His exercise was now much abridged. He was skilled in horsemanship, and fond of riding. But as this was refused, he spent two or three hours every morning in walking on the ramparts of the castle. Here he enjoyed at least a fine air, and an extensive prospect; though every object he saw, the flocks straying carelessly on one side, and the ships sailing freely on the other, put him in mind of that liberty, of which he was so cruelly deprived.

In the mean time, he was totally careless of his person. He let his beard and his hair grow, and was inattentive to his dress. “ They

* Gregory's Compar. View, p. 236.

“ who had seen him,” (says Lord Clarendon)
 “ a year before, thought his countenance ex-
 “ tremely altered; his hair was grey, and his
 “ appearance very different from what it had
 “ been.”

There is a picture of him at Sion-house, in which the distresses of his mind are strongly characterised on his countenance. A person is represented delivering him a letter, which may be supposed to contain bad news. Charles's features were always composed and serious; but here they are heightened with a melancholy air, and yet they are marked also with mildness and fortitude. It is a very affecting picture, as it brings strongly before us the feelings of this amiable prince, on the most disastrous events of his life. It is painted so much in the manner of Vandyck, that it might easily be mistaken for one of his best pictures. But it was certainly painted by Sir Peter Lely, who copied after Vandyck, when he first came into England. Vandyck died in the year 1641, which was before the troubles of Charles began.

During the time of his imprisonment in Carisbroke-castle, three attempts were made, chiefly by the gentlemen of the island, to rescue him. Lord Clarendon gives us the detail
 of

of two of them; but a third, which he had heard of, he supposes to have been a mere fiction. As it is mentioned, however, in the Worsley papers, with every mark of authenticity, and as one of the principal conductors of it was a gentleman of that family, there seems to be little doubt of its being a fact. The following is an abstract of it.

By a correspondence privately settled with some gentlemen in the island, it was agreed, that the king should let himself down by a cord from a window in his apartment. A swift horse, with a guide, were to wait for him at the bottom of the ramparts; and a vessel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleased. The chief difficulty in the scheme was in the first step. The associating gentlemen were doubtful how the king should get through the iron bars of his window. But Charles assured them, he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but it was sufficiently large. All things, therefore, were now prepared, the hour was come, and the secret sign thrown up to the king's window. Charles being ready, began the attempt; but he soon found he had made a false calculation. Having protruded his head and shoulders, he could get no far-

ther ; and what was worfe, having made great exertions thus far, he could not draw himself back. His friends at the bottom heard him groan in his diftrefs, but were unable to relieve him. At length, however, by repeated efforts he got himself difengaged ; but made at that time no farther attempt. Afterwards he contrived to faw the bars of his window afunder ; and another fcheme was laid ; but the particulars of this, Lord Clarendon details.

The treaty at Newport foon followed ; after which Charles was feized by the army, and carried a prifoner to Hurft-castle. In his way thither he met Mr. Worfley, one of the gentlemen who had risked his life for him at Carifbroke. Charles wrung his hand with affection, and pulling his watch out of his pocket, gave it to him, faying, “ That is all “ my gratitude has to give.”

This watch is ftill preferved in the family. It is of filver, large and clumsy in its form. The cafe is neatly ornamented with filagree ; but the movements are of very ordinary workmanfhip, and wound up with catgut. I mention thefe particulars merely for the fake of obferving, that the arts do not certainly troop in companies together fo much as they are often

often represented. At the time when this clumsy piece of mechanism was made, which we may suppose was the work of the best artist of his day, architecture and painting were at a height, which they have never exceeded. The case seems to be this; when art has a model before it, (as painting has nature, and architecture the Grecian orders,) it soon arrives at perfection. But such arts as depend on invention, science, and mechanic skill, work their way but slowly in a country*.

From Carisbroke-castle we proposed to visit the western parts of the island, and took our course, as before, along the higher grounds, through the middle of the country. Our road led us near Swanston, the seat of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, which seems to be a pleasant scene: and afterwards near Westover-lodge, the habitation of Mr. Holmes, where we observed nothing very interesting.

* In the year 1793, on digging a grave in the church of Newport, a leaden coffin was found, with this inscription: ELISABETH, 2^d DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING CHARLES, DECEASED SEP 8th, MDCL.

A little stream, which we cross here, falling down to the northern coast, forms at Newtown, a few miles below, one of the best natural harbours in the island. The streets and vestiges of a considerable town are here traced; but scarce a house is standing. Whether it was planned and never built, or whether it was destroyed and never restored, seems to be matter of uncertainty. It is the general opinion, that it was burnt in some Danish invasion. But its being represented in parliament seems rather to indicate its having had a period of later existence.

From hence we proceeded to Yarmouth, where Henry VIII. built a castle to defend the entrance through the Needles, between the Isle of Wight and the coast of Hampshire; on which coast stands Hurst, another castle opposite to that at Yarmouth.

Here the island draws nearly to a point. The extreme part of it is almost separated from the main body by a creek, which runs up from Yarmouth almost to the opposite shore. The narrow isthmus is called Freshwater-gate. Here
we

we found ourselves among rocks and precipices of wonderful height, and had from this stand a view of an extended range of chalky cliffs, running along the southern coast of the island. Here too we found a perforated cave; which in some positions makes a picturesque foreground, while the sea appearing through it, has a good effect.

S E C T. XXXV.

WE had now taken a view of the island from one end to the other, and on the whole, found ourselves rather disappointed in the chief object of our pursuit, which was the picturesque beauty of its scenery.

Picturesque beauty is a phrase but little understood. We precisely mean by it that kind of beauty which *would look well in a picture*. Neither grounds laid out by art, nor improved by agriculture, are of this kind. The Isle of Wight is, in fact, a large garden, or rather a field, which in every part has been disfigured by the spade, the coulter, and the harrow. It abounds much more in tillage than in pasturage; and of all species of cultivation, cornlands are the most unpicturesque. The regularity of corn-fields disgusts; and the colour of corn, especially near harvest, is out of tune with every thing else.

Yet these *manufactured scenes* are commonly thought to be *picturesque*. You rarely meet a description of the beauties of the country, in
which

which some of its *artificial appendages* do not make a part of the landscape. And in *poetry* all these circumstances appear with advantage :

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green :
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land ;
And the milk-maid singing blithe ;
And the mower whets his scythe.

But however pleasing all this may be in poetry, on canvass, hedge-row elms, furrowed lands, meadows adorned with milk-maids, and hay-fields adorned with mowers, have a bad effect.

In considering the Isle of Wight in a picturesque light, we divide it into three kinds of landscape, the *high grounds*, the *lower cultivated parts*, and the *rocky scenes*.

The *high grounds*, which, as we just observed, run from the eastern to the western point, through the middle of the island, are the only parts of the country which are in a state of nature ; and yet even these are not wholly so : for large farms have, in many parts, made incroachments upon them, and cut them into squares by regular hedges, and inclosed sheep-walks. Sometimes, however, from these heights, we are able to obtain a sweep of country,

try unincumbered with the intrusions of art. About Caribroke-forest particularly, for many miles together, we see nothing like cultivation.

But still the best of these views afford little more than what may be called *extensive foregrounds*. Of *distant country* we meet with nothing in a grand stile, notwithstanding our elevation. In some parts we find little dips from the higher grounds into woody bottoms, and in other parts distances of a few miles in extent over the country below, but nothing that is remote enough to assume grandeur.

A distance must stretch away many leagues from the eye; it must consist of various *intermediate parts*; it must be enriched by *numerous objects*, which lose by degrees all form and distinctness; and finally perhaps *terminate* in faint purple mountains, or perhaps mix with the blue mists of ether, before it can pretend to the character of *grandeur*. Such were the scenes presented to us from the heights of Pontic, and the hills of Quantoc*. But here we had nothing of this kind. A scanty island could not afford them. Sometimes indeed,

* See pages 149 and 161.

when

when the foregrounds were happily disposed with the sea beyond them, we got a grand and simple sea-view, *grander* perhaps than the distances I have just been alluding to, as consisting of *fewer parts*; but for that reason less *beautiful* and *amusing*.

The northern coast between Cowes and St. Helen's is generally considered as the most beautiful part of the island; and it presents, no doubt, many lawns and woods, and a variety of ground, which must be ever pleasing: but still we have only little, pleasant, pastoral scenes; and these but seldom in any perfection; for as the whole country is under the discipline of cultivation, the picturesque eye is every where more or less offended.

To this may be added, that there is a great deficiency of wood. Though here and there a few plantations about improved scenes, make a contrast with the lawns they adorn; the country, in general is naked; and yet even so late as in Charles II.'s time, there were woods in the island so complete and extensive, that it is said a squirrel might have travelled in several parts, many leagues together, on the tops of the trees. These woods, however, are now almost universally cut down.

But it is said, the island does not depend so much on its *home scenery*. Its views over the channel and the Hampshire coast are its pride. These views, however, are far from being the most beautiful of their kind, and much less beautiful than we had expected to find them. They want the great ingredients of a pleasing *coast view*, a *variety of line*, and an *extent of distance*. Either of these ingredients would be a foundation for beauty; but here both are wanting.

In the first place, a *variety of line* is wanting. The line of the opposite coast runs generally in a straight unbroken course for many leagues. At least it appears to deviate so little from a straight line, that the deviation is lost. Whereas the true beautiful *coast line* breaks away in various irregular curves, forming either grand rocky projections, or ample bays sweeping from the eye in winding perspective. These ideas we had unhappily at this time strong in recollection, having just left the shores of the Bristol channel, in which they abound. The comparison gave additional tameness to the lines of the Hampshire coast.

But an *extent of country* might have made some amends for the want of *variety in the lines*. We had, however, no more of this circumstance than of the other. The whole length of the coast presents only a narrow edging of land. Whenever you hear the beauties of it mentioned, you always hear *places named*; but never a *country described*. You are never told, for instance, that the country forms some ample vale, with wooded hills winding on each side; or that the scene at first is woody, beyond which the country retires into remote distance. Nothing of this kind you hear; for nothing of this kind exists. Instead of this beautiful scenery, you are informed, you may see Portsmouth, and Gosport, and Lymington, and a number of other places, which lie near the shore. And so you may with a good glass; for it is the custom of the island always to contemplate landscape through a telescope.

There are indeed times when views on this coast are grander than can be exhibited in any part of the world. When the navy of England is forming a rendezvous at Spithead, or waiting for a wind at St. Helen's, every curious person, who loves a grand sight, would wish for a stand on the island-coast. And indeed the eastern

eastern end of it is generally entertained with some exhibition of this kind, even in time of peace; for though a fleet of thirty or forty sail of the line is not continually riding near the coast, yet generally, either some ships of war, or two or three frigates, are passing or re-passing from Portsmouth-harbour, going out on a cruise, or returning from one.

These are sights with which the western coasts of the island are not often entertained. The telescope there is seldom levelled at fleets, or ships of the line. Sometimes a solitary frigate, with a fair wind, or an Indiaman, may lead through the Needles, and attract the attention of the western islanders; but on that side of the coast they must generally be content with views adorned with skiffs, passage-boats, and fleets of whiting-fishers. If, however, they will be content to substitute the *picturesque* in the room of the *grand*, they have in these minuter appendages the advantage of their eastern neighbours.

Having thus considered the *higher* and *lower* grounds of the Isle of Wight, we consider lastly its *rocky scenery*. This is seldom an ornament to the

the scenes of the island, as it is seldom seen from any part of it. Sometimes you may get a perspective view of a range of rocky-coast; but in general the rocks of the island make a shew only at sea*; and there they are *grand*, rather than *picturesque*. Their *height* gives them grandeur, some of them rearing themselves six hundred feet above the level of the water. Their *extent* also is magnificent, as they range in some places perhaps a dozen miles along the coast. But their *form* and *colour* unite in injuring their beauty.

With regard to their *form*, instead of presenting those noble masses, and broad surfaces of projecting rocks, which we see along many of the coasts of England, they are broken and crumbled into minute parts. The chalky substance, of which they are constructed, has not consistence to spread into an ample surface. It shivers too much. If I were to describe these rocks therefore in two words, I should call them *magnificently little*. This, however, is a disadvantage only on the *foreground*. *At sea* all these frittered parts dissolve away, and are melted by distance into broad surfaces.

* See page 306.

But

But here again the *colour* offends. These cliffs are not chalk, yet are so like chalk, that the fossilist hardly knows what else to call them. The painter is in the same dilemma. He finds them not white, but so nearly white, that he hardly knows what other colour to give them. Nature has, in many parts, spread over them a few stains and tints, as she seems always studious to remove an offensive glare. But on so large a surface, this has but a partial effect; and the whole coast, for many leagues together, appears nearly white. Now of all hues the painter dislikes white the most; as it is the most refractory and unaccommodating to his other tints. Of course, therefore, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight offend him.

From this uniformity of colour, the rocks of Allum-bay should be excepted; the strata of which are tinted, and marbled with red, brown, blue, and other colours, in a beautiful manner. This bay is nearly opposite to Hurst-castle, and is the most western inlet, which is formed on the northern side of the island.

There is one circumstance belonging to the western rocks of the Isle of Wight, which, though

though but a trifling one, is of a picturesque nature, and ought, therefore, to be mentioned. At periodical seasons, they are frequented with prodigious flights of sea-fowl of various kinds. Their numbers can only be described by the hyperbolical expression of *darkening the air*. They sit commonly, when they are not in motion, on the ledges of the cliffs; in the cran- nies of which they breed. You see them ranged in black files through a considerable space. The report of a gun brings them all out of their recesses; and the air, which a moment before was still and quiet, is now beaten with myriads of busy wings, and filled with screams and cries as various as the several tribes from which they issue. "We have often rested on "our oars under the rocks," (says Mr. Pennant, with much descriptive elegance,) "attentive to "the sounds above our heads, which, mixed "with the solemn roar of the waves swelling "into the vast caverns beneath, and retiring "from them, produced a fine effect. The sharp "note of the sea-gull, the loud scream of the "awk, together with the hoarse, deep, peri- "odical croak of the cormorant, which serves "as a base to the rest, often furnished us with

most

X X

" a con-

“ a concert, and, joined with the wild scenery
 “ that surrounded us, afforded us a high degree
 “ of pleasure.” But it is not, I think, from
novelty, to which Mr. Pennant ascribes it, that
 the pleasure arises. These notes, though dis-
 cordant in themselves, are in perfect harmony
 with the wild scenes where they are heard;
 and this makes them chiefly interesting. In
 the views, therefore, of this rocky coast, these
 flights of birds should never be forgotten, as
 they may well be numbered among its pictu-
 resque appendages.

Neither fish nor fowl can haunt a coast, but
 the inhabitants find some means of turning
 them to advantage. These airy inmates of such
 cliffs and precipices as hang beetling many fa-
 thoms above the sea, one should imagine might
 pass their lives in full security. But man, with
 the hand of art, contrives to reach them. He
 fixes an iron crow firm in the ground, and
 tying a rope tight to it, he lets himself down
 with a basket in his hand, among the middle
 regions of the cliffs, where the fowls inhabit.
 So bold and sudden an invasion frights them
 immediately from their recesses. With a watch-
 ful eye he examines the parts of the rock
 from

from which they chiefly escape ; and scrambling about by the help of his rope, he fills his basket with their eggs, for which he can always find a ready market.

These birds also furnish *amusement* to all the neighbouring country. In summer, a number of shooting parties are formed both by land and sea ; and when the weather is fine, you can seldom sail past without falling in with some of them.

That man has a right to destroy such animals as are *noxious* to him is undoubted. That he has a right also over the lives of such animals as are *useful* to him for food and other necessities, is equally unquestioned. But whether he has a right to destroy life for his *amusement*, is another question. If he is determined to *act the tyrant*, (that is, to consider *power* as conferring *right*,) the point is decided. Power he certainly has. But if he wish to act on authorized and equitable principles, let him just point out the passage in his charter of rights over the brute creation, which gives him the liberty of destroying life for his *amusement* *.

I shall

* On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold

I shall conclude these remarks on the numerous flights of sea-fowl, with a passage from Vaillant's Travels in Africa, which is the most curious of the kind I have met with. On his landing on Dassen island, at the mouth of Saldanha-bay, near the cape of Good Hope, he tells us, "there rose suddenly from the whole surface of the island an immense canopy, or rather a sky, composed of birds of every species and of all colours, cormorants, sea-gulls, sea-swallows, pelicans, &c. I believe all the winged tribe of Africa were here assembled. All their voices united together, formed such horrid music, that I was every moment obliged to cover my head to give a little

The flesh of animals in fee; and claim
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well.
The oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.

"relief

" relief to my ears. The alarm which we
 " spread was the more general among these
 " legions of birds, as we principally disturbed
 " the females who were then sitting. They
 " had nests, eggs, and young to defend. They
 " were like furious harpies let loose against us.
 " They often flew so near us, that they flap-
 " ped their wings in our faces; and though
 " we fired repeatedly, we could not frighten
 " them. It seemed almost impossible to dis-
 " perse the cloud. We could not move a step
 " without crushing either eggs or young ones.
 " The earth was entirely strewed with them."

There is, besides these flights of birds, ano-
 ther picturesque circumstance frequently seen
 on the coasts of the Isle of Wight, which may
 be mentioned, though it is a dreadful one,
 that of shipwrecks. As the distresses of man-
 kind furnish the choicest subjects for dramatic
 scenes, so do they often for painting. And
 among these, no marine subject is equal to a
 shipwreck in the hands of a master. I put it
 into the hands of a master, because I have more
 frequently seen this subject mismanaged than
 any other. A winter seldom passes in which
 the

the inhabitants of these dangerous coasts are not called together to see some dreadful event of this kind. Long experience has taught them to judge, when the mischief is inevitable. They see that every wave, which beats over the perishing vessel, drives her nearer some reefs of rocks, well known to them, though the seaman knows it not. Signals can be of no use; yet they make what signals they can to point out the danger. In a short moment the dreadful crash arrives. The labouring vessel, now beating among the rocks, gives way in every part; and the hospitable islanders, very unlike their neighbours on the Cornish coast, have nothing left but to do every thing in their power to save the miserable people, and recover what they can from the wreck.

Having now finished our view of the Isle of Wight, we returned from the rocks of Freshwater to Yarmouth, where we took boat for Lymington.

S E C T. XXXVI.

IT has long been a question among naturalists, whether the Isle of Wight was ever joined to the coast of Hampshire? Its western point has greatly the appearance of having been torn and convulsed. Those vast insulated rocks, called the *Needles*, seem plainly to have been washed away from the shores of the island. One of them, which was known by the name of *Lot's Wife*, a tall spiral rock, was undermined and swallowed up by the sea not many years ago; and there is every probability that the rest will follow.

What renders this separation of the island from the main still more probable is, that the sea makes yearly depredations along that part of the Hampshire coast called *Hordle-cliff*, which is just opposite to the *Needles*. It has been observed too, that there are chalk-rocks at the bottom of the water, exactly like the *Needles*, all along the channel towards Christchurch.

The best *recorded authority* which we have of this early union between the Isle of Wight and
and

and the main, is given us by Diodorus Siculus. This writer, speaking of the tin trade in Britain, informs us, that the people of Cornwall brought this metal to a certain island called *Ictis*, for the sake of its being more easily transported from thence to the Continent; into which island they carried it in carts, when the tide ebbed; for *Ictis*, he says, was only an island at full sea*.

By *Ictis*, it is supposed, Diodorus meant the Isle of Wight; the ancient name of which was *Vetis*, a name nearly similar. This opinion however has been opposed by some; and particularly by Mr. Borlase in his Antiquities of Cornwall, who rather supposes the *Ictis* of Diodorus to be some island, though he does not well settle where, upon the coast of Cornwall. But Mr. Whitaker, in his History of Manchester, has brought forward the old opinion again with new authority.

If then this supposition is at length well grounded, we may gather from it these points of information, that the Isle of Wight was once a vast promontory, running out into the sea, like the Isle of Purbeck at this time; that

* Lib. iv. p. 301. ed. Hen.

it was then united solidly to the coast of Hampshire at its western point, and in all other parts surrounded by the sea; but that about two thousand years ago, (which is somewhat before the time of Diodorus,) the sea had gained so far upon it, that it became insular and peninsular, according to the flux and reflux of the tide, till at length the sea, gaining still farther possession, formed it, as it is at present, into an absolute island.

As we entered Lymington-river, we found a fresh proof of the probability of the ancient union between Vectis and the main. The tide was gone, and had left vast stretches of ooze along the deserted shores. Here we saw lying on the right, a huge stump of a tree, which our boatman informed us had been dragged out of the water. He assured us also, that roots of oaks, and other trees, were often found on these banks of mud, which seems still to strengthen the opinion that all this part of the coast, now covered with the tide, had once been forest-land.

S E C T. XXXVII.

FROM Lymington we proceeded to Southampton; but all this part of the country, through New-Forest, as far as to the bay of Southampton, hath been examined in another work*.

At Redbridge we crossed the river, which flows into Southampton-bay, over a long wooden bridge and causeway, sometimes covered by the tide. Ships of considerable burden come up as far as this bridge, where they take in timber from New-Forest, and other commodities.

A little beyond Redbridge, at a place called Milbroke, a beautiful view opens of Southampton. Before us lay Southampton-bay, spreading into a noble surface of water. The town runs out like a peninsula on the left, and, with its old walls and towers, makes a picturesque appearance. On the right, forming the other side of the bay, appear the skirts of New-

* Forest Scenery.

Forest,





Forest, and the opening in front is filled with a distant view of the Isle of Wight.

Southampton is an elegant well-built town. It stands on the confluence of two large waters; and when the tide is full, is seated on a peninsula. It is a town of great antiquity, and still preserves its respectable appendages of ancient walls and gates. The country around is beautiful.

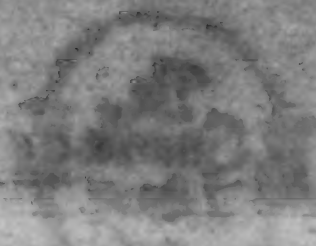
At Southampton we took boat to see the ruins of Netley-Abbey, which lie about three miles below on the bay. As we approached, nothing could be seen from the water; the bank is high and woody, and screens every thing beyond it. Having landed and walked up the meadows about a quarter of a mile, we entered a circular valley, which seems to be a mile in circumference, and is screened with wood on every side*, except that which opens to a part of the river, and which has probably once been wooded also. In a dip, near the centre of this valley, stands Netley-abbey. As you approach it, you see buildings only of the most ordinary species, gable-ends and square

* I believe much of this wood is now cut down.

walls, without any ornament, except a few heavy buttresses.

You enter a large square, which was formerly known by the name of the Fountain-court. The side on which you enter seems to have been once chambered, and divided into various offices. Such also was the left side of the court, where the bakery and ovens may still be traced. But in general, whatever the rooms have been which occupied these two sides, the traces of them are very obscure. On the third side, opposite to the entrance, the court is bounded by the fourth wall of the great church; and along the fourth side range different apartments, which are the most perfect of any that remain in this whole mass of ruin.

The first you enter seems to have been a dining-hall. It is twenty-five paces long and nine broad, and has been vaulted, and chambered above. Adjoining to it, on the right, are the pantry and kitchen. You still see in the former the aperture, or buttery-hatch, through which victuals were conveyed into the hall. The kitchen of Netley-Abbey is inferior to that of Glastonbury, but is a spacious and lofty vaulted room; and what is peculiar, from one side of it leads a subterraneous passage to the river, which some imagine to have been a common





mon sewer, but it is too ample, I should suppose, to have been intended for that purpose.

At the other end of the dining-hall, you pass through a small vaulted room, into the chapter-house, which is ten paces square. This room is beautifully proportioned, and adorned on each side by three arches, which uniting at the top in ribs, support a vaulted roof. To this adjoin two smaller rooms, from whence there is an entrance to the great church by the cross aisle.

The great church has been a very elegant piece of Gothic architecture; and is almost the only part of the whole ruin, which is picturesque. All traces of the aisles and pillars are lost; but the walls are entire, except half the cross-aisle, which is gone. The east and west windows remain; the former has not yet lost all its ornaments; and both are very beautiful without, as well as within. Maundrel tells us, that the east windows in all the Christian churches he met with in his travels as far as Tyre, which were not fewer than a hundred, were left uninjured*. A similar remark, I think, may be made on most of the ruined churches in England. The fact is singular,

* Maundrel's Travels, p. 49.

but whether it is owing to chance or superstition may be doubted. In that part of the cross-aisle at Netley-Abbey which remains, a small part of the stone roof is still left, and is a very curious specimen of Gothic antiquity.

More of this roof might still have remained if the warnings of Heaven (as that renowned antiquarian Brown Willis informs us) had taken effect. From him we have an anecdote, which, *he assures us*, is founded on fact, of a carpenter, who once trafficked with the owner of Netley for this elegant roof, which he meant to pull down and convert into gain. As he retired to rest, his slumbers were disturbed with dreadful dreams. These having no effect, the next night visions appeared; venerable old men in Monkish habits, with frowning faces and threatening hands. Still he pursued his wicked purpose. But the next night he had scarce fallen asleep, when a monstrous coping-stone fell plumb upon his head. He started with horror, and was hardly at length persuaded it was a dream. All this having only a momentary effect, in the morning he went to work on the execution of his design. No farther warning was given him. He had scarce mounted a ladder, when a coping-stone fell in earnest from the roof, and put him

him to instant death. Others, however, it seems, have been found, notwithstanding this example, who have pursued the design, for a mere fragment of the roof only now remains.

The present possessor pursues an opposite extreme. The whole body of the church is now so choaked with ruin, and overgrown with thickets and ivy-bushes, that the greatest part of the building is invisible. A degree of all these, no doubt, would be ornamental; but like other ornaments, when they are too profusely scattered, they offend. These ruins are as much obstructed on the outside, as they are within. We walked round them, and could find only two places, the two end windows, where we could possibly take a view. Every other approach is excluded, except on the side we entered, which least deserves to be exposed. This part is so very ordinary, that it raises a prejudice at first against the whole; and the ruin would be shewn to much more advantage if this side were blocked up with wood, and the approach made either by the east or west window of the great church. Beyond the ruins are the remains of large stew-ponds, which were formerly appendages of the abbey.

S E C T. XXXVIII.

AS we set sail from Netley-Abbey, we had a beautiful view of Southampton, running from us in a point directly opposite to that view which we had from Redbridge. The indentations made by the river Itchin, and other creeks, are great advantages to the view.

From Southampton we took our rout to Winchester, through a very beautiful country. The first object is an artificial avenue, composed of detached groups of fir. The idea of an avenue as a connecting thread between a town and a country, is a good one. We observe, however, that the beauty of this avenue is much greater as we approach Southampton, than as we leave it. As we leave it, the avenue ends abruptly in a naked country; but as we turned round, and viewed it in retrospect, it united with the woody scene around it, which had a good effect. A retrospect also
afforded





afforded beautiful views over Southampton river, and its appendages, the town, New-forest, and the Isle of Wight. All this pleasing country appeared under various forms; and was often set off with good foregrounds.

Having passed the avenue, and a few miles of miscellaneous country, no way interesting, we entered, about the sixth stone, a forest-scene, abounding with all the charms of that species of landscape. In this we continued three or four miles.

From these woody scenes the country becomes more heathy; but is still diversified with wood, and affords many pleasing distances on the right; till at length it suddenly degenerates into chalky grounds, which are of the same kind as those described in our approach to Winchester*.

We left Winchester by the Basingstoke road; which passes through a country, with little picturesque beauty on either hand. It becomes by degrees flat and unpleasant, and soon degenerates into common-field land, which, with its

* See page 44.

striped divisions, is of all kinds of country generally the most unpleasant.

Near Basingstoke stand the ruins of Basing-house, which we cannot pass without feeling a respect for the gallant figure it made, beyond that of any fortress of its size, in the civil wars of Charles I. It was at that time the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, who fortified and held it for the king, during the greatest part of those troublesome times, though it underwent an almost continued blockade. Once it was so far reduced by famine, as to be on the point of surrendering; and its relief by Colonel Gage was considered as one of the most soldierly actions of the war. Lord Clarendon has detailed this gallant enterprize at length. The outlines of it are these. The King was then at Oxford. He had been applied to for assistance by the garrison at Basing-house; but it was blockaded by so large a force, that all the military men about him thought any attempt to relieve it, desperate. Gage, however, offered his service; and getting together a few volunteers, well mounted, undertook the business. On Monday night he left Oxford, which is forty miles from Basing-house; came up with the besiegers before day-light on Wednesday morn-

morning; forced their lines by an unexpected attack; and entered the place with a string of horses laden with provision. The enemy soon found how contemptible a number had alarmed them; and returning to their posts, began to close up the avenues. Gage, with that readiness of invention which is able to command the crisis of a great action, sent orders into the country, to provide quantities of provision for a large reinforcement, which he hourly expected. This intelligence gave a momentary pause to the motions of the enemy. A moment was all that Gage wanted. He issued instantly from the garrison with his small troop of horse; and through bye roads got safe to Oxford without interruption. Thus relieved, Basing-house continued to baffle all the attempts of the Parliament, till the fatal battle of Naseby. After that event misfortunes came in with a full tide upon the king. Every day brought him some new account of the loss of his garrisons; and among other places he had the mortification to hear of the loss of Basing-house. Cromwell himself appeared before it, and summoning it in haughty language, was answered with scorn. The incensed chief fell upon it with a body of his veteran troops; car-

ried it by assault; and put the garrison to the sword.—Among the few fugitives that escaped, was the celebrated engraver Hollar, who had been shut up in the castle. This event, in a picturesque work, is a circumstance worth mentioning.

From Basingstoke we continued our route to Bagshot. Lord Albermarle's house and improvements appeared to great advantage, contrasted by the heath, which surrounded them. They seemed like an island in the main. As we approached Stains, the Duke of Cumberland's plantations in Windsor-park made a noble appearance.

From Stains we crossed the Thames at Kingston, where we entered Surrey.

(828)
A P P E N D I X.

SINCE this volume went to press, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures fell into the author's hands, which he had never seen before. As they point out two or three mistakes which he had made, he thinks it proper to mention them in an Appendix. In page 46, speaking of monuments in churches, he expresses his doubts, whether the "introduction of them will be any advantage to St. Paul's; which the judicious architect, he supposes, had already adorned as much as he thought consistent with the sublimity of his idea." In speaking on the same subject, Sir Joshua, on the contrary, informs us, that "Sir Christopher Wren left niches in St. Paul's on purpose for monuments, busts, single figures, bas-reliefs, and groups of figures." Vol. ii. p. 242. The author can only say, that he does not remember any niches or recesses in St. Paul's, which gave him ideas of this kind; but as what Sir Joshua says is given as *information*; and his remark depends only on *supposition*, and *recollection*, it must of course give way.

In page 112, he speak highly of Vandyck's superiority as a *portrait painter*; but slightly of

his abilities *in history*. A large piece, in which Vandyck has many figures to manage, he supposes to be a work which required more skill in composition than Vandyck possessed. His opinion is formed chiefly on the great family-picture at Wilton, which gave occasion to these remarks; and on two large pictures which he had formerly seen, and examined at Houghton-hall; in none of which the composition *pleased him*. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Travels through Flanders, tells us, that he saw at Mecklin, a picture of the Crucifixion by Vandyck, which he thought one of the first pictures in the world; and scruples not to say, he thinks Vandyck had a genius for history-painting. The author cannot withstand such authority; but must withdraw his own opinion—or, at least, keep it modestly to himself.

But though he had the mortification to find he differed from Sir Joshua Reynolds in these, and a few more particulars, he had the pleasure to find they agreed in a number of others. Two or three of them belong to the volume before us. In page 117, the author observes that he had oftener than once judged falsely on the *first sight* of Salvator's pictures, which pleased him more on a second view. This, however, he considers as a fault; for we expect from a good picture,

picture, as from a good man, a favourable impression at sight. Sir Joshua's opinion of a good picture is the same. He says, "it should please at first sight, and appear to incite the spectator's attention." Vol. i. p. 208.

In the 21st page, the beautiful effect of easy action in a statue, in opposition to none at all, is considered; and the Venus, the Apollo, the listening Slave, and the Farnesian Hercules resting from one of his labours, are instanced. All these gentle modes of *action*, or *expression*, are considered, in the passage alluded to, as much more beautiful than the uninteresting vacancy of a consul standing erect in his robes.—He had the pleasure to see remarks exactly similar to these in one of Sir Joshua's Lectures (vol. i. p. 259.): "Those works of the ancients," says he, "which are in the highest esteem, have something beside mere simplicity to recommend them. The Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, the Gladiator, have a certain composition of action, with contrasts sufficient to give grace and energy in a high degree. But it must be confessed of the many thousand statues which we have, their general characteristic is bordering at least on inanimate insipidity."

THE END.

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